

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER 25¢

ELVIS'

*last words to you
before going overseas*

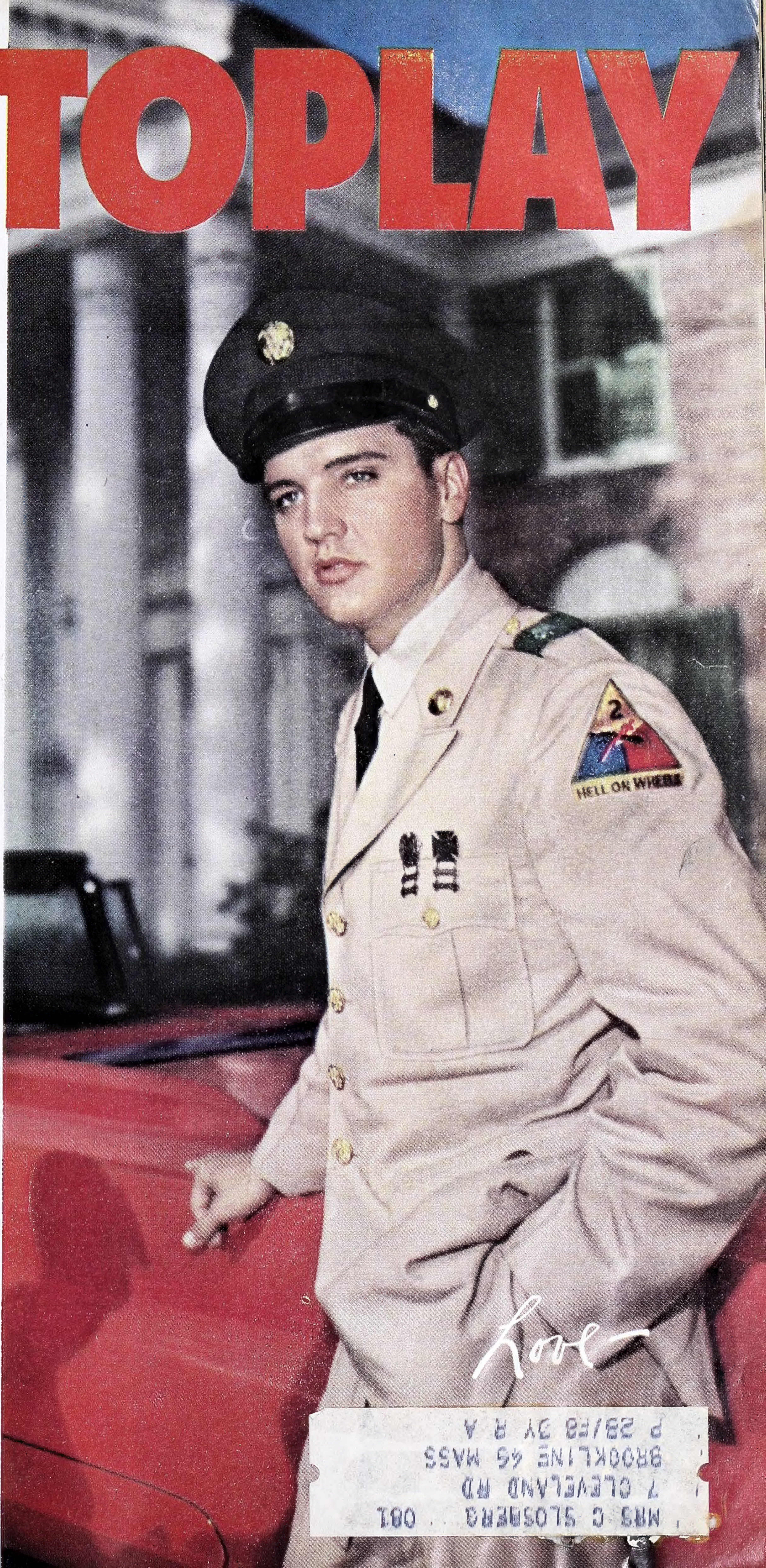
**"PLEASE DON'T
FORGET ME
WHILE I'M GONE"**



**"I'm not
Jerry Lee Lewis,"**



says Jerry Lewis



Love

MRS C SLOANER
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P 28/82 BY R A



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OCTOBER, 1958

VOL. 54, NO. 4

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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COVER: Color portrait of Elvis Presley by Frank Gilloon Agency. Elvis stars in "King Creole" for Paramount. His latest album, "King Creole," was recorded by RCA-Victor.

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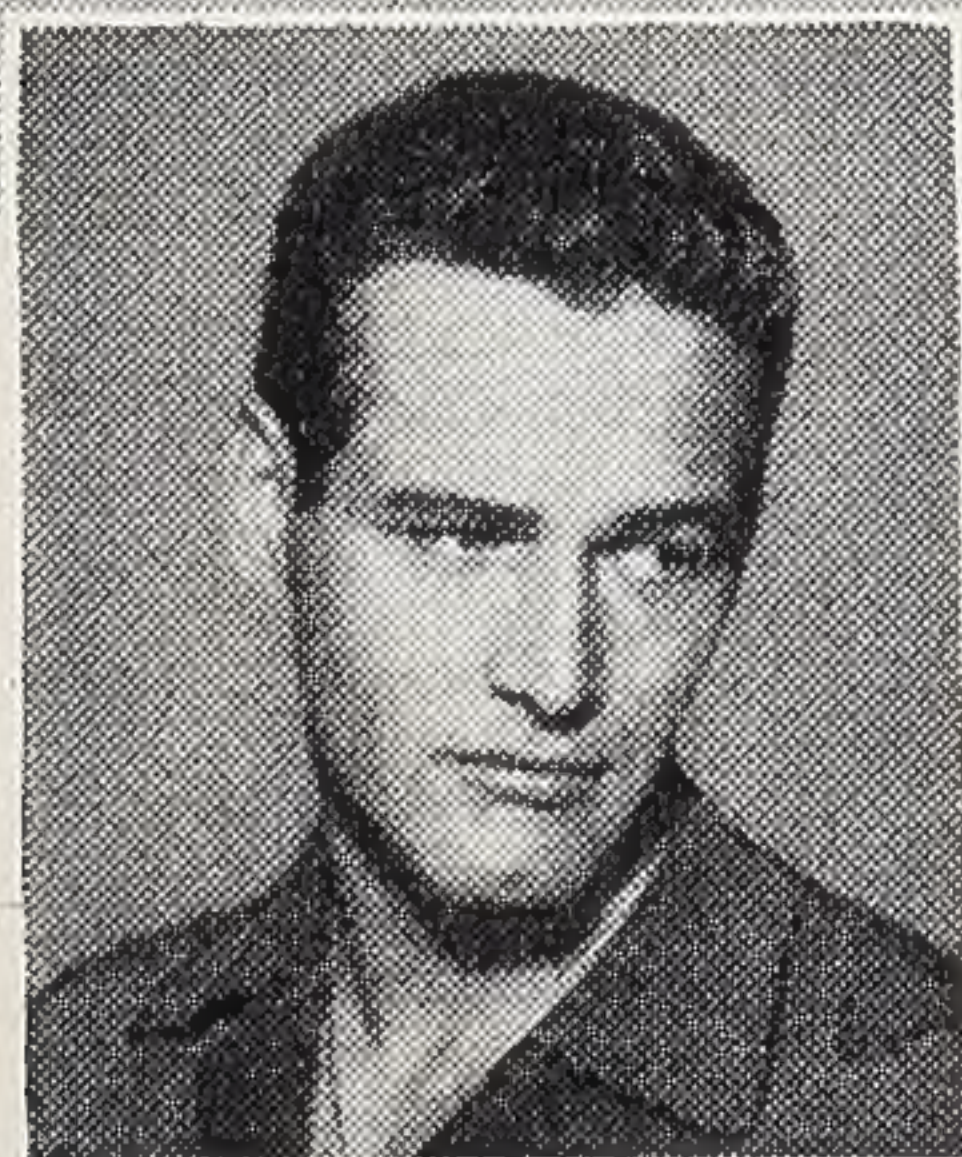
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Tommy Reynolds is producer of MBS' "Bandstand, U.S.A." Hear him Sat. nights, 8:05 till 10 p.m., New York time



ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Tommy is surprised by a fan letter from singer Connie Francis... News of other singers... Perry's latest disc

Hi, gang! Here we are back again with what *would've* been a full column of up-to-date chatter about our wonderful world of music. But *ooh-wee!* (as the guy said when he spotted that Purple People Eater) In flew a very interesting letter that I'm sure you'll enjoy. It's from a fan. After I read it, I decided I'm a fan of *hers* as well. And I'll bet you are, too!

"Dear Tommy," writes Connie Francis. "I'd like to thank you most warmly for telling your many readers about me. How do I know you've been doing this? Well, I'm a Photoplay reader and I always make sure—well, naturally!—to dig 'On The Record.'"

"As I've discovered, Photoplay is read not only by teenagers, who are so instrumental in forming a singer's career, but also by adults, who are equally important.

"For example, did you know it was an adult—my own wonderful dad—who actually suggested that I record the ballad, 'Who's Sorry Now?' in face of the obvious rock 'n' roll trend. To my amazement, teenagers weren't the only ones who purchased discs. Adults started buying, too. I certainly don't have to tell you, Tommy Reynolds, that this tune is an 'oldie' and brought back a flavor of an earlier era. Dad was right when he said, 'The world is composed of senti-

mentalists.' But what nobody seemed to notice was that although 'Who's Sorry Now?' is an old ballad and that I sang it as a ballad (very straight) the musical background that I used was actually a modified rock 'n' roll!

"So you see, I combined both the new and the old. And everything happened so fast after that that I'm still spinning—and I can't even tell whether it's 78 or 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm!

"I feel chatty, Tommy. May I go on for a few more bars?

"One of the most important events in my career was being invited to sing on Dick Clark's premiere TV show. It proved to me that music hasn't slid all the way downhill. There are loads of youngsters (look who's talking—*me!*) who appreciate good lyrics.

"May I say that teenagers are forever being berated for liking rock 'n' roll, but never praised when showing feelings for other kinds of music also. As far as r 'n' r goes, there's a good bit of it that's wholesome, a lot of fun, and in keeping with youthful energies. And it seems to me that the word 'teenager' has taken on a connotation other than its true meaning of simply people between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. It's really silly to disregard their similarities on the one hand, and their dissimilarities on the other. Furthermore,

this age group is always, and quite normally so, in a process of change. I oughta know!

"But enough of that. For the past few months I've been on a whirlwind nightclub tour covering most of the country. Often adults have come backstage to tell me how they enjoyed the show. I guess parents, too, enjoy some of the same entertainment as their offspring. If sons and daughters follow in the footsteps of mom and dad, I sure have my future nitery audiences predetermined, which is something I am looking forward to eagerly.

"Just recently I recorded 'Carolina Moon.' I hope I'm not pushing the standards too hard, but it's the type of music I've always wanted to sing. This is not to say that I don't enjoy the contemporary tunes. I *do*, and will continue to record them. As a matter of fact, the other side of 'Carolina Moon' is a novelty number called 'Stupid Cupid.' With this single recording I may be able to please both sides of the music-loving family. At any rate, I'm trying!"

Connie Francis

Thanks, Connie, for your wonderful letter. But let me add one thing you didn't say. Since *you* exploded the world of music about six months ago with "Who's Sorry Now?" (*continued*)



Connie Francis takes stand on good lyrics and defends current teenage music taste

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*You have to wash your hair anyway—
why not shampoo in curls and waves with*

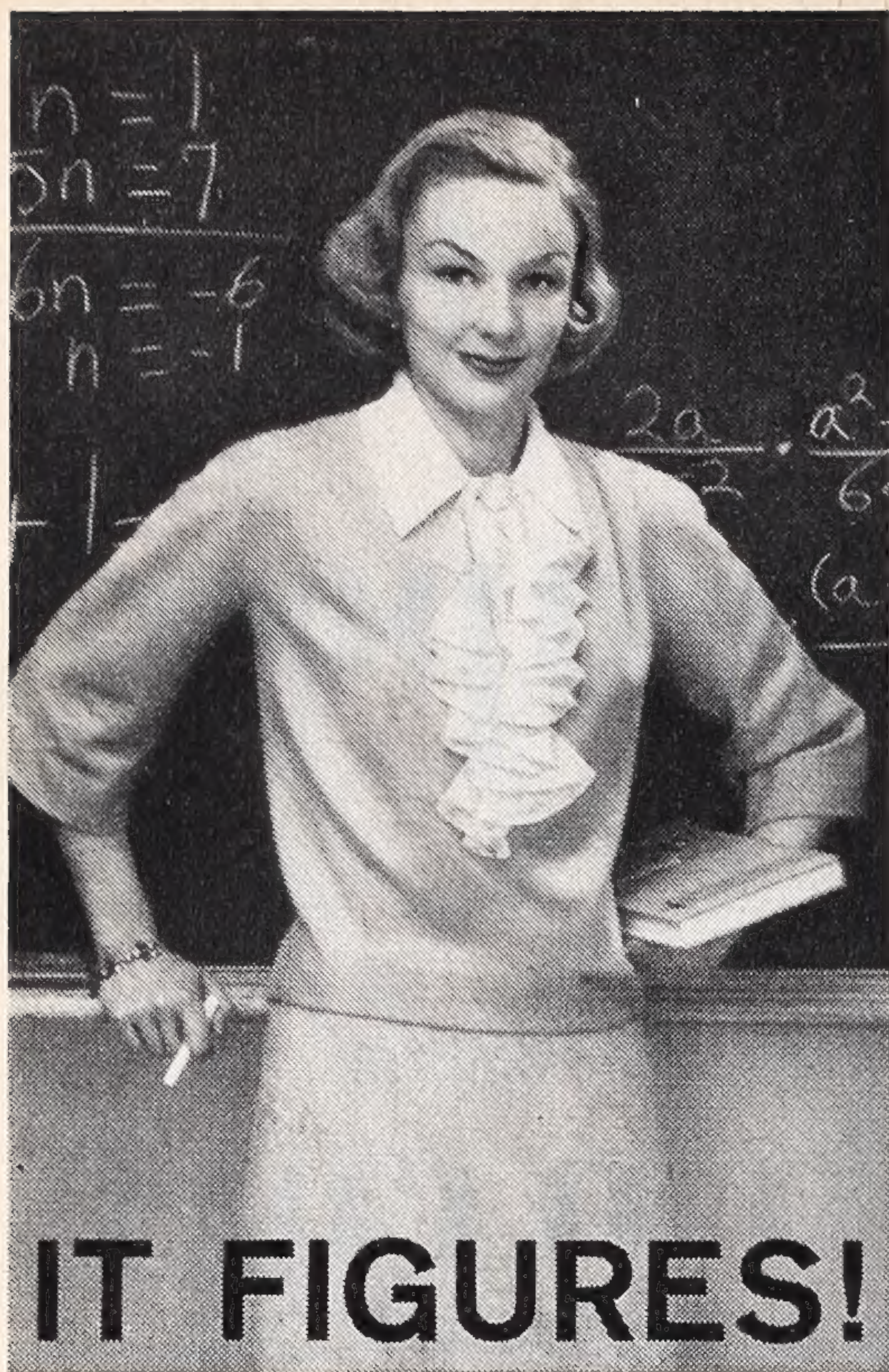
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ON THE RECORD

continued

the femmes are once again popping up on the charts. Until several months ago it was indeed rare to see the name of a girl who had a disc in the top twenty. Now you can find The Chordettes, Eydie Gormé, The Fontaine Sisters, Toni Arden, Kathy Linden and others.

Talking about “oldies,” none other than Perry (that is, *Como*) and Peggy (who else but *Lee*?) have a couple of big ones in the making. “Beats There A Heart So True” is one of the most beautiful ballads Perry has warbled in a long time. Make sure to have your hanky handy (or better still, your BF’s shoulder) when you listen. On the flip is “Moon Talk,” which is delightfully breezy and light. Peggy takes an old rhythm and blues ditty called “Fever” for a ride, and we predict it’ll be big.

And dig “Don’t Nobody Move” by Bill Haley and His Comets. A swinging hot-jump pace. And loads of fun on the dance floor—because when that drum beats and the gang says “*Don’t Nobody Move!*” that’s just what the dancers do—or should I say *don’t* do? Anyway, you get the idea . . . So long for now.

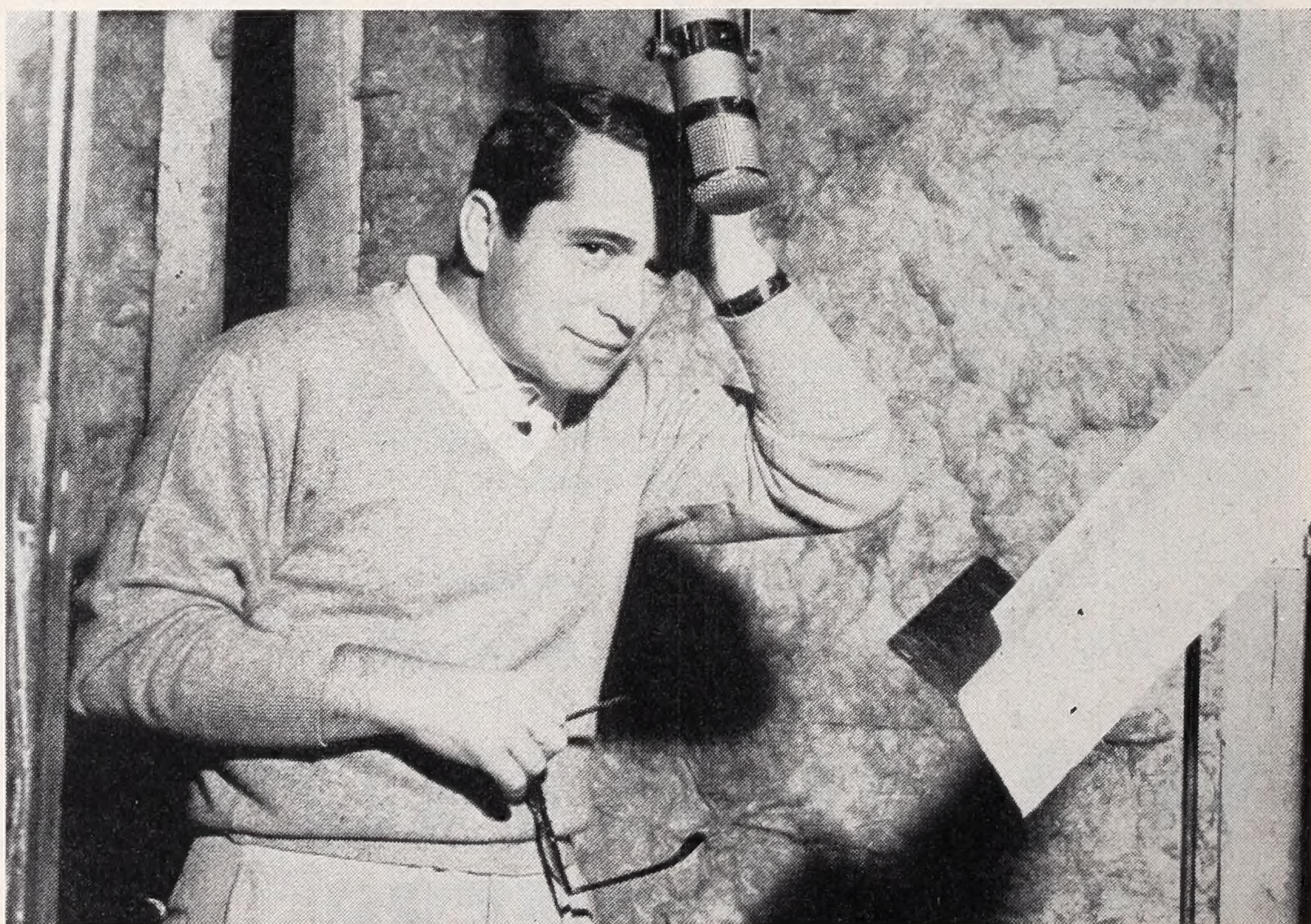
Let's Preview

“Rockin’ with Kay” (RCA Victor LPM—1720). Kay Starr, the gal with a beat, has come a long way since her big band days (with Charlie Barnet and Joe Venuti), and deservedly so. In our books, Kay always rocked. “Rockin’ With Kay” is no exception.

“Welcome to my Heart” (Gogi Grant, RCA Victor LPM-1717). Gogi, who has had several hits, including her recent LP of the Helen Morgan Story (RCA Victor LCC-1030), gets a warm sound and has the talent to phrase with emotion. The lush backgrounds arranged and conducted by Dennis Farnon fit Gogi like a glove.

“A Guy in Love” (Guy Mitchell, Columbia, CL1155). This LP demonstrates a somewhat new Guy Mitchell who seems to be phrasing with a more intimate approach than on previous releases. Some fine old songs are offered here—love songs of the outdoors. Glenn Osser’s fine arrangements.

“Put Your Dreams Away” (Frank Sinatra, Columbia CL1136). This collection of all time greats makes available some of Frank Sinatra’s finest ballad performances. Frank’s instinctively casual phrasing, as usual, is superb. Great singer, great songs.



Per just misses mike collision before waxing latest, “Beats There a Heart so True”

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Marlon's mixing genius and big business, with his "Guns Up"

I wonder what MM really thinks of BB. And vice versa . . . Rossano Brazzi should take lessons on how to unbend . . . According to past performances, Deborah Kerr's off-screen publicity should help her in the Oscar Derby . . . I'd like to have a dollar for every person who stands in the footprints of the stars in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater . . . Natalie Wood tells me it's nice to be married to her favorite actor. And R.J. says it's just as nice to be married to his favorite actress . . . I prefer lavender to purple because it's Kim Novak's favorite color; and also because of that old song favorite, "The Purple People Eater" . . . Because of the many good old movies on TV, there's big interest in former movie stars who are no longer acting. "What's Luise Rainer doing these days?" I've been asked. Well, Luise, who's been playing the channels in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Dramatic School", is the wife of book publisher Robert Knittel, and has a daughter, Francesca, age 14 . . .

I don't know a comic who'd welcome an honest ad-lib bout with Pearl Bailey . . . Sophia Loren looks, acts and is now regarded as a Hollywood star. The foreign flavor and appeal are gone . . . Eddie Fisher should make the next best-dressed list . . . I wonder if Elvis Presley ever read "On the Road" by Jack Kerouac. I wonder if Elvis reads novels. (Don't hit me. I really want to know.) . . . Stan Freberg on Pay-TV:



Princess Grace looking matronly? Frankie doesn't think so!

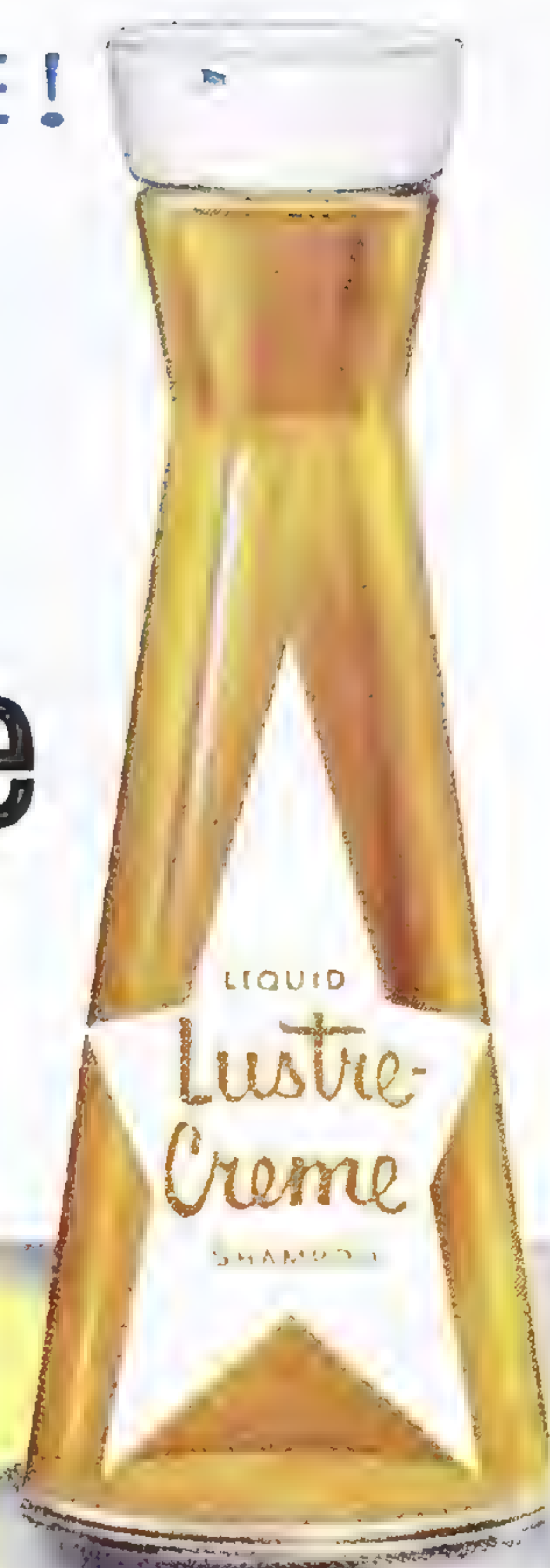
"It won't succeed. People won't pay to hate something they can hate for nothing." . . . They say Marlon Brando can't seem to get "Guns Up," his planned Pennebaker Production, off the ground. Maybe genius shouldn't mix with business?

I've the impression Zsa Zsa Gabor and General Trujillo are wise to each other . . . Joan Collins not only locks every door in her apartment, but has special bolts on every door . . . It's nice watching those old movies ("Forty-Second Street" and "Golddiggers") in which Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler sing to each other. Powell is now a movie producer-director (latest is "The Hunters"). But I bet you didn't know Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Loewe) now resides in the San Fernando Valley, and until recently had a dancing school . . . Believe it or not, but I did see Jayne Mansfield carrying a copy of "The Hidden Persuaders." . . . Eydie Gormé never had any formal stage training. "I made my mistakes in public," she told me, "and I corrected them in public" . . . Ricky Nelson looks like a youngster who's surprised to learn that he's supposed to be a member of the Beat Generation . . . I think one of the most underrated movies of the current season is "Hot Spell." Shirley Booth, Shirley Mac Laine, Tony Quinn and company set down some truths of middle-class marriage without efforts to perfume it. If this movie had been made in Italy, it would be regarded as a classic.

Barbara Nichols refers to herself as a young character actress instead of the dumb-blond type . . . To me, Peggy Lee doesn't act at being sexy when she sings "Fever." She is! . . . The youngsters in the movie colony use the attractive album covers to decorate their bedroom walls . . . Did you get a look at Princess Grace Kelly in the newsreels and her latest photos? She's put on so much weight that she's wide and matronly. She'll have to go into training to make a comeback . . . Any Keely Smith fans in the house? I was surprised to learn that Keely Smith was President of the Louis Prima Fan Club in Norfolk, Va. That's how she got to meet Prima, become his singer, and then Mrs. Prima . . . Cora Sue Collins, who plays Queen Christina as a baby in the old movie on TV, now lives in Mexico City, has several children of her own, may remarry, and is so wealthy she could make her own movies if she wanted to return to acting. That's Hollywood For You.

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Lanolin-
Blessed!

Myrna Hansen

featured in
"PARTY GIRL"

Euterpe Production.
M-G-M Release.
In CinemaScope
and Metrocolor.



MYRNA HANSEN, one of Hollywood's loveliest new stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—
The favorite of
4 out of 5
top movie stars—
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



LUSTRE-CREME · NEVER DRIES · IT BEAUTIFIES!



"Tab"

Tab is the guy we all love so much,
He's the guy with the golden touch.
There must be "99 Ways" to describe him
in all

And doing it can be a ball.
That nice boyish smile,
That blond curly hair,
is really much more than any girl can bear.
"Young Love" is the record that's golden,
The stores must have really sold 'em!
Pictures over the stores galore,
Can anyone blame us if we want more?
I conclude by saying, that never Tab
In person have I seen,
But he will always remain in my dream!

NATALIE AHL
Flushing, N. Y.

River and Rock

He's very tall and handsome,
So gentle and so kind
He's not at all stuck up
And he has a wonderful mind.
They named him after a river
And a famous rock too,
But they never knew how well
That name would fit him true.
He's tall and very gentle,
With a heart as big as gold,
And if you know his age
He isn't very old.
He is a talented actor
we all (his fans) know that too,
But if you think I'm fooling
I have some advice for you.
It isn't very easy
to get right to the top
without trying very hard

Even then you cannot stop.
Some have written awful stories
And they deserve a knock,
For I know there is no one greater
Than my favorite Rock.

PATRICIA ANN GUIGNARD
Copenhagen, Denmark

*Many thanks, Nat and Pat,
For your kind dissertations.
We know Tab and Rock
Will be touched with elation—Ed.*

Apply: Lynda Page

Wanted: A Husband. Must be Good at
hiding shoe horns in midst of chaos; good
eater; good looking.

Apply: Desperately to Lynda Page.

Honestly, I can't remember when I've en-
joyed an article so much as yours on Tony
Perkins. It had that popular off-beat humor.

I'd like to apply to the ad in August's
PHOTOPLAY and supply one of my own. As
for my own qualifications—here goes (I'll
try to be objective):

1. Dark brown hair—green eyes.
2. Love for discussing or debating any-
thing.
3. Love for cats, horses, etc.
4. Some experience in playing tennis
(actually very little but I've been trying to
learn).
5. Interest in all types of music, espe-
cially music with a good beat.
6. Love for simplicity.
7. Some neatness (let's say I know how
to either live in or clean up utter chaos).
8. Adoration of Charles Addams ("Home-
bodies" and "Drawn and Quartered" con-
tained some of the most original and hu-
morous cartoons. I've seen—he seems to
capture the hidden, sometimes grotesque,
ideas one has).
9. Lack of plays concerning F.B.I. ba-
nana peddlers.

And anyway, I have a passion for tall,
dark guitar players with untrained bari-
tone voices.

Thanks for the article.

LYNDA PAGE
Mystic, Conn.

Paying attention, Tony?—Ed.

Tony's "A Great Guy"

I have always enjoyed your wonderful
magazine and have been delighted with all
the pictures and stories on my favorite
stars.

Now I would like to take the opportunity
to thank you for the great stories and pic-
tures on my very favorite actor, Tony Per-
kins. He is a great guy, very talented, and
the best looking guy around. My friends
and I think he is absolutely the most.



*Is Cathy Crosby (top) taking back
seat to "Aunt" Kathy (Grant) Crosby?*

Thank you again for a great magazine.
Please keep up those stories on Tony Per-
kins.

LINDA SMITH
Little Rock, Ark.

Sound-off Corner

I just have to sound off. I think it's a real
crime that Bing's wife, Kathryn Grant
Crosby, is hitting headlines as Kathy
Crosby. Now what about Bob's daughter
Cathy? Doesn't she have something to pro-
tect her name? She has worked so hard and
carefully made her moves into show busi-
ness, just to take the back seat to Bing's
wife who has just acquired the name.

I think it is really very unjust and very
selfish too. As Bing always held Bob in the
background, now his wife is going to crowd
Bob's daughter to the background. All I
can say is I hope she doesn't succeed.

MRS. E. E. ROGERS
Liberal, Kans.

I've got a bone to pick with whoever does
the casting for movies. Why is John Drew
Barrymore almost always cast as a villain?
Although he is very good in those parts it
just burns me up that he should be type-
cast that way all the time. He's a great ac-

continued



Tab will always be in her dream, says a Flushing reader who writes him poem



Teen-agers! Look Sensational! Real medicated help for troubled skin...

SCRUB SET

1. CLEAN! *Medicated Scrub Soap goes deep to rout out grime, hardened oil and make-up. Special oatmeal ingredient stimulates surface circulation, helps rid skin of deep-seated impurities.*

2. CLEAR! *Medicated Refining Lotion keeps troublesome skin bacteria in check.*

3. MEDICATE! *Medicated Blemish Cream promotes healing of blemishes all night long.*

IMPORTANT: *Use your Scrub Set faithfully, every day, following each step... for a clearer, more attractive complexion. \$2.85.*



For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray

In Canada, too.

READERS INC.

continued

tor, extremely handsome, loaded with charm and has a smile that would melt the Sphinx. I think he would be just wonderful cast in a part in which he didn't kill a few people or something like that. I am sure that there are millions of others who feel the same way, so please cast him in a part like that, *for once*.

A JOHN DREW BARRYMORE FAN
Parsons, W. Va.

The art of acting is being progressively cheapened and degenerated by the seemingly endless procession of singers who are being summoned to Hollywood to make movies in order to take advantage of their popularity. As evidenced by Boone, Presley and Sands, these neophyte actors are virtually devoid of talent in the thespic field and it is grossly insulting to the moviegoer to foist such inferiority on him. Let's keep the singers out of Hollywood and leave acting to such as Kirk Douglas, Montgomery Clift, and Marlon Brando, who really know how to act. I realize that this may be a voice in the wilderness calling out unheeded, but it is high time that someone spoke up about this dastardly situation.

LEX KAVANAUGH
Dallas, Tex.

Misses Grace

Thank you for the fine article and pictures of Princess Grace and family in the August PHOTOPLAY. Grace was a wonderful actress and is greatly missed on the Hollywood scene. I would like to take this opportunity to wish her every success and happiness through your very fine magazine.

MRS. VICTOR ELSENRAAT
McKittrick, Mo.

"Oh, Brother!"

I am a girl of eighteen, and I have a crush on Gene Kelly, I think he is a real doll. I've been taking dancing, so I really appreciate the fine work he does.

I've seen many movie stars, but they can't beat Gene Kelly. He's a great dancer, and all I can say is "Oh! Brother!!!" I like him a lot, and with his good looks and singing added, he's dynamite. I've seen all of his films and I wouldn't miss a one. I think he deserves to be appreciated more. So let's see more of him.

MARY JEAN VAN TAAY
Milwaukee, Wis.

We Thank You, Carole

I'd like to tell you how much I enjoy your wonderful magazine. The stories are wonderful and the colored pictures are really beautiful. And leafing through, I've noticed that PHOTOPLAY has much more pages than any other magazine for the same price. I follow your magazine every month.

CAROLE ANNE MALINICS
Dupont, Pa.

Horror Fan

I have just recently seen a movie called "The Return of Dracula," starring Francis Lederer. I must say it is the best horror movie I have seen in years. Just watching Mr. Lederer portray Count Dracula, made my blood run cold.

Although the old Bela Lugosi and John Carradine vampire movies were very good, I feel Mr. Lederer's acting abilities and looks out-match the former's by leaps and bounds.

I know thousands of children enjoy these kind of movies each year and I also know that many grown ups like my family and me, enjoy them even more.

I do sincerely hope they keep up the good work and bring us more excellent Dracula movies starring Francis Lederer.

SARAH REDMAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pattie Picks Rick

Rick Nelson is, in my opinion, a handsome and talented young man. Do you think they'll ever star him in a movie?

I think he is very capable of handling this hard task due to his experience on "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." I would like to see him in a picture with his whole family. This would arouse the interests of a lot of movie goers, especially the younger set.

How about more colored photos of Rick in your great magazine?

PATTIE FLORENO
Lackawanna, N. Y.

Watch for Rick in Warner Brothers' forthcoming film, "Rio Bravo."—Ed.

Five-timer

Saw "Vertigo" five times. It was the best movie that my sister and I have seen in a long time. We are sorry that Kim Novak got killed. Jimmy Stewart should not have let go of her. It was very sad.

MARY LYNN AND MAGARET TAHARI
Caro, Mich.

Well-wisher

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your story "I Love You Darling—But I Can Never Marry You," by Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers.

I was recently in a car accident myself and I kept asking God why it had to happen to me. Well, thanks to Mrs. Rodgers. I have found my answer. Just as she said, "You don't ask God why things happen to you. They happen for a reason."

I want to thank PHOTOPLAY again for publishing such a wonderful story and most of all, I want to wish Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers many years of happy married life.

JANET WAGNER
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Tribute to Jean's Mother

The death on July 11, 1958 of Mrs. Jean H. Bello, I am sure, was noted by legions of former fans of her daughter, the late Jean Harlow.

The relationship between Miss Harlow and her mother was an inspiring mother-daughter bond that went into deep friendship. The twenty-one years since her daughter's death on June 7, 1937 were long ones for Mrs. Bello.

The last letter I received from her noted failing health. She said something in that letter that I think is worthwhile passing on.

"... my beloved child was indeed worthy of all friendship and love in her life. Strange, I so often think of her great compassion for her fellow man. *Not once* have I ever heard her say an unkind or critical thing of one of God's children. How I wish I could through my life have had that great understanding. Yes, I have been blest as few mothers have been..."

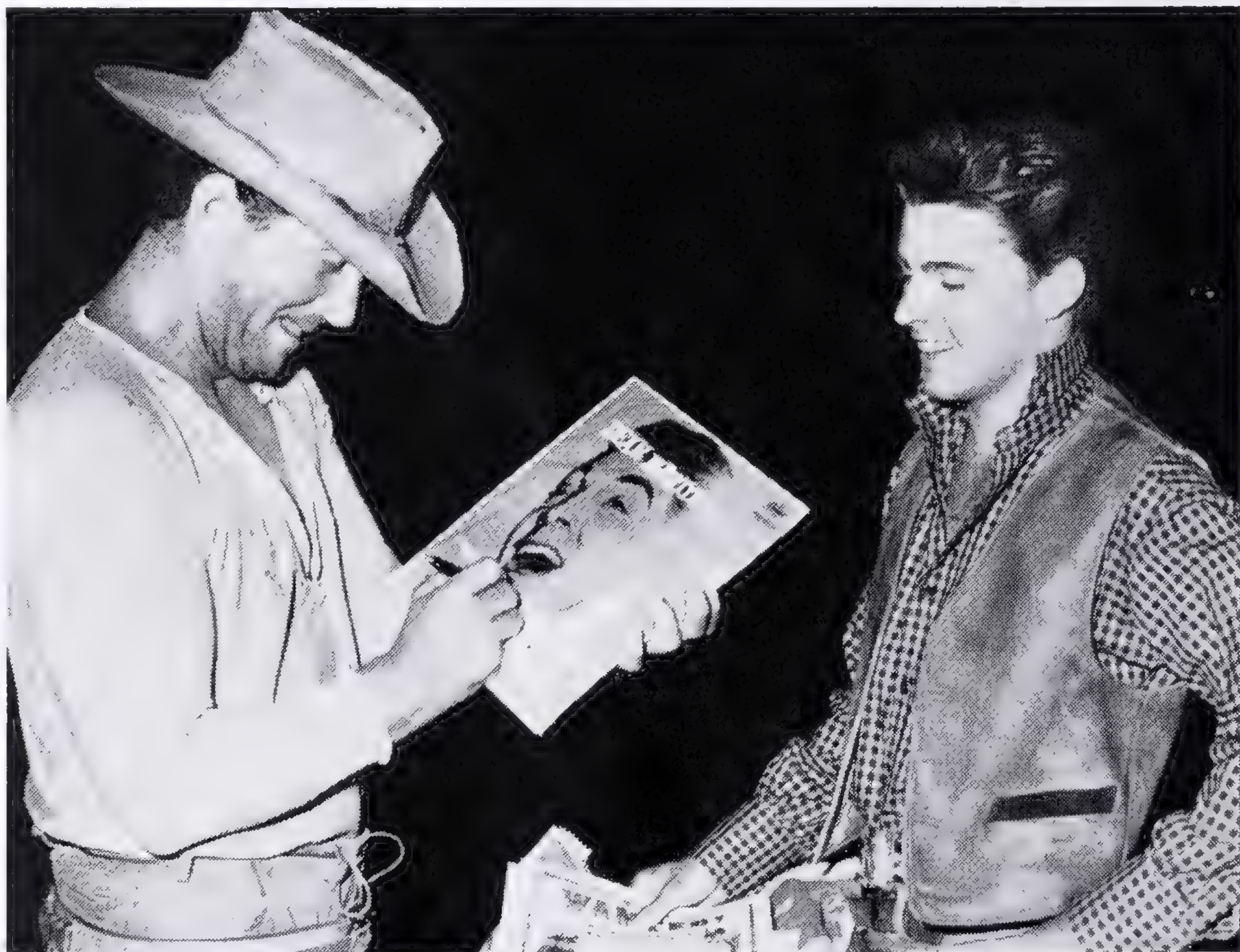
My deep regret is that she did not live to see 20th Century-Fox's film "The Jean Harlow Story."

JACK E. ATZINGER
Cleveland, Ohio

Advice to a Reader

I have just read the article in August PHOTOPLAY magazine about the young girl

continued



Stars save autographs, too! Rick Nelson gets "Rio Bravo" costar Dean Martin's



New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



whatever you do... be ahead in beauty

Just run a comb through your hair and you're ready for anything from a bargain hunt to a "special" date or a last-minute invitation. That's the beauty of a Noreen Rinse; you know your hair always looks lovely. Yet only you know it's the color magic of Noreen... color-toning each hairstrand evenly... giving your hair a sparkly, youthful look all over. Even unwanted gray is discreetly blended in! Noreen takes only minutes to apply, but stays color-right until next shampoo. Today, choose from Noreen's 14 colors the shades best suited to your natural hair beauty. Send for literature and free sample offer.

Noreen, Inc., 450 Lincoln Street
Denver 9, Colorado, Dept. S-7

39¢ and 69¢ (Plus Tax)
at cosmetic counters everywhere



Noreen

**COLOR
HAIR
RINSE**



continued

who doesn't want to give up her hobby of collecting pictures and stars, but feels she should because her new hubby and sister belittle it. This is what I have to say on the subject:

No, you should not discontinue something that you have been doing for so many years. If you enjoy doing this in your spare time, your husband should understand this and he should not belittle it, as it is a good clean hobby.

I myself have been reading PHOTOPLAY magazine for years and I keep most of them long after they have been read, as a hobby.

Maybe your new husband should find himself a hobby to work on in his spare time and then he will understand how much yours means to you.

MAFRE HAZELWOOD
Dayton, Ohio

Seeing as you have collected pictures of stars since you were eight, you must have quite a collection. I most certainly think it would not hurt to discontinue your hobby for a while—why start trouble in the beginning of a good marriage? Get off to a good start and quit! Maybe later your husband will feel better about it and won't look at it so severely seeing you stopped in agreement with him.

Later on he may even encourage a hobby for you to get your mind off housework. But for now—give your attention to him. Never mind his sister—if he later agrees with the hobby, he will stand up for you.

B. B. B.
Larchmont, N. Y.

It was so nice to read that your Orlando, Fla. reader has come up with a problem I once had.

Since I was ten I have saved movie star pictures. I buy four or five movie magazines a month and cut out the pictures and paste them in scrap-books. I have over forty books filled.

Some people look at me like I had two heads, as I'm thirty-one years old, married and with a baby girl of two. Most people thought when I married I'd give it up and then when the baby was born they *knew* I'd give it up.

But I enjoy doing this, consider it my own business and shall continue until my interest wanes.

My advice to the Orlando reader is to stand on your right as an individual to do what you please. I'll bet your husband had an idiosyncrasy too (mine collects science fiction books and has shelves of them). So you see, we all do things that other folks find odd.

LYNN HUNTER
Scarboro, Ontario, Canada

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

MITZI GAYNOR stars in Rodgers & Hammerstein's "SOUTH PACIFIC"
PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER AND DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN IN TODD A-O TECHNICOLOR



"I've used Lux for years," says Mitzi Gaynor



... the pretty colors, all four of them and white, too

... the lather, so creamy ...

the gentleness, the mildness ...

THAT'S THE BEAUTY
OF LUX

Mitzi Gaynor's lovely complexion is the nicest kind of proof that Lux care is wonderful.

But if *you* use Lux, *you know*. If not, you have a pleasant discovery ahead. You'll be delighted with the *natural gentleness* of Lux. And the rich Cosmetic lather is so good to your skin. The fragrance is a

blend of many fine perfumes. And all four pastels and white come in the complexion *and* bath sizes.

Lux is the proven beauty care ... used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux

ANDY GRIFFITH, MOTION PICTURE STAR OF WARNER BROS. "ONIONHEAD"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO *glorifies as it cleans*



Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

Once Over Lightly: **Tab Hunter** can now stop feeling sorry for himself and cease grouching over his career in print. His "That Kind of Woman," with **Sophia Loren** is a top-of-the-ladder role. It's up to Tab now to stay up there . . . **Yul Brynner** is the only man I know who suffers from five o'clock shadow on the top of his head . . . **Kathy Nolan** and **Nick Adams** have called off their romance. They discovered they gave each other ulcers . . . Flowered wigs are the latest rage in Cinemaville. And think of the money it saves at the hairdressers . . . Pink champagne popped all over the place when **Jayne Mansfield** announced impending motherhood to her Hollywood friends. In her eight-bedroom, eight-bath mansion, Jayne will have plenty of room for a nursery—all pink, of course, boy or girl . . . **John Kerr** still receives mail addressed simply, "That Saxy Man. South Pacific,

Hollywood" . . . **Ava Gardner** and **Tony Franciosa** now buddy-buddies on "The Naked Maja" set in Rome, and after all that pre-shooting feuding . . . **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** seem more or less to have taken over the "Beverly Hills Rat Pack" group with Janet the "den mother." What Tony is in that brown foulard jacket and tight, tight trousers, I wouldn't know.

Strictly Inside: Those feud rumors between **Sal Mineo** and **Rafael Campos** carried on all through the making of "Tonka" for Walt Disney. Seems the lads didn't like each other and that was that . . . Friends wish **Lana Turner** and actor **Ken Dibbs** would confine their dates to the living room. This having to slip out back doors of local bistros when **Mickey Cohen** enters the front, isn't too good, especially at this crucial period in Lana's personal life

. . . Since he's been made disc jockey at his Army post, Private **Russ Tamblyn** couldn't be happier . . . Did you know that **Joanne Woodward** will enroll at Columbia University for psychology courses while husband **Paul Newman** Broadways in "Sweet Bird of Youth" . . . Those friendly meetings between **Ingrid Bergman** and **Rossellini** in Paris, despite the annulment snags, have even the sophisticates raising eyebrows . . . Before **Tony Perkins** returned to Hollywood from his role in "Green Mansions," M-G-M studios wired his Cape Cod retreat, "Come at once for lessons in guitar playing, horseback riding and swimming. You must be proficient in all three." Tony wired back, "Am already proficient in all three. See you later." When Tony finally showed up in Hollywood, the studio discovered he was right. Tony could ride, twang and (continued)



Esther and Jeff (newlyweds-to-be?) greet those parents-to-be, Janet and Tony



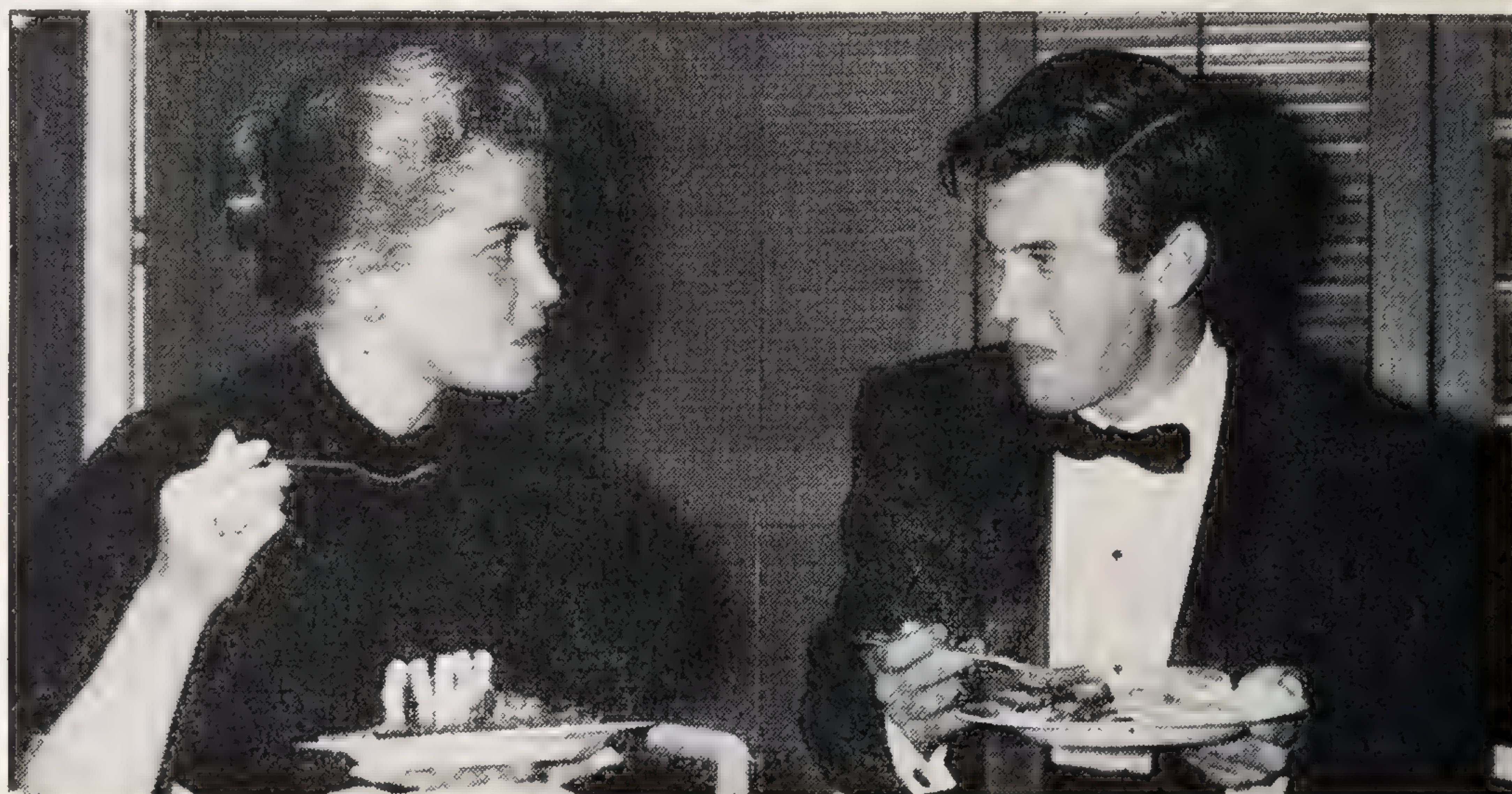
When Jayne Mansfield and her Mickey Hargitay told me about the expected baby, I was so happy for them. Jayne's always said she wanted a big family

swim with the best of them . . . The town is holding its breath over **Kim Novak's** announcement to the effect that her studio (Columbia) spoiled her romance with **Rafael Trujillo**, the Dominican General divorcing his wife and six children. Kim further announced to the press that she was now running her personal life and invited reporters to telephone her for news instead of the studio. "The studio publicity department has been messing up my life," Kim stormed . . . People for tables around thought it a little much when **Col. Parker** summoned **Pat Boone** over to his table in the 20th Century-Fox dining room and handed over four **Elvis Presley** balloons for his girls. But not Pat! Elvis is his girls' favorite actor, he claims.

Marilyn Cuts a Figure: **Marilyn Monroe** slithered into a party in honor of songwriter **Jimmy McHugh** and almost stole the show. In a form-fitting black dress, cut 'way down to there, Marilyn smiled and shied and "little girled" her way around. "Your hair is platinum now," I said by way of greeting. "Oh no," she breathed. (Marilyn breathes her words from the depth of her unfettered bosom) "It's 'white hot!' For my picture, 'Some Like It Hot.'"

Young Hollywood, USA

What is it? The place where the "beat generation" is the topic of discus-



Dolores Hart shares Mark Damon's happiness about his booming career. After a slow start, things are looking up for this young man. He's bound for stardom!

sion at places like the Seawitch, Unicorn and a hundred and one other coffee mills that have become as voguish along the Sunset as the sack dress, chemise haircut, leather jacket, blue jeans and foreign car. A changing Hollywood it is . . . as changing as its loves, heart-breaks, big deals, zooming careers and falling stars.

No falling star is **Jimmie Rodgers**. He and his beautiful **Colleen** bought themselves a new home in Beverly Hills. It'll be a \$250,000 year for JR. Thanks to his records, p.a.'s and MGM's "Good Girls Get Married."

Wedding Brigade: **James Garner** and **Edd Byrnes** will be ushers when **Peter Brown** and **Diane Jergens** say their vows this month. Peter's "Lawman" series, also starring **John Russell**, is Warners' final strike against **Allen and Sullivan**. It'll follow Garner's "Maverick" on the 8:30 slot . . . It was wedding time on the "Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" set with **Jill St. John** tying the "movie" knot with **Ron Ely**, another new 20th face; while steady date, **Lance Reventlow** laughingly eyed the whole scene from the sidelines. Comment: With Jill now divorced, I

PARTY



Nat and Bob's new short-short, look-alike haircuts have the young set agog



Dinah, George Montgomery smile at his "Return to King Solomon's Mines"



Co-stars in "Some Like It Hot," Tony Curtis, Marilyn Monroe get friendly



It's a boy! Happy Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall named him Matthew



Now blissfully vacationing on Swedish isle, Ingrid, Lars Schmidt picnic



Hollywood's fallen for Millie Perkins, "Dairy of Anne Frank" newcomer-star

wonder who'll have the last laugh here!

Wondering... if **Will Hutchins'** judo lessons will add that necessary confidence to make him less scared of girls. Hutch's new hilltop house, painted all blue, could use a little pink and a Mrs. "Sugarfoot"... if **Earl Holliman** whose latest is "The Trap" will get pleasantly "trapped" into a gold ring ceremony before **Dolores Hart** treks cross-country to Broadway and a play.

Party of the Month

It was *the* party of the year at **Mike Romanoff's** famous restaurant the

other night, thrown to celebrate Mike's recent citizenship. In the bar **Frank Sinatra** and the **Peter Lawfords** held forth, with merry songs by **Ethel Merman**, **Judy Garland** and **Dean Martin** upstairs.

Nor did Frankie glance her way when **Lauren Bacall** made an early departure. Lauren's sulkiness these days leads friends to believe she's toting a tall thin torch for the short thin singer who, at the moment, couldn't care less.

By the way, Frank claims it's **Brigitte Bardot**, not he, who will lose weight while making their picture in Paris.

Seems the minx has a way of worrying her costars into walking shadows.

I had supper in the Crown Room with **Tony Martin** and his beautiful wife, **Cyd Charisse**, whose successful marriage is a gold star achievement.

Louis Jourdan, the current rage after his triumph in "Gigi," looks younger now, with his clipped haircut, than in years... New empire and trapeze styles seemed created solely for attractive expectant mother and **Janet Leigh**, with her new dark hair and rather heavy makeup, was the epitome of chic in her black smock-like gown. (continued)

VIEWS



Those rift rumors don't seem to bother Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield



While Paul Newman's in Broadway play, Joanne will study psychology



Our photog, Roger Marshutz, chats with Dave Nelson, Venetia Stevenson



Clearasil Personality of the Month

SANDY MC NEAL, High School Junior, Bay Village, Ohio, says:

"When blemishes appeared I was embarrassed and broken-hearted. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. I thank Clearasil for the wonderful relief it gave, and the nice, clear complexion I have now."

Sandy Mc Neal

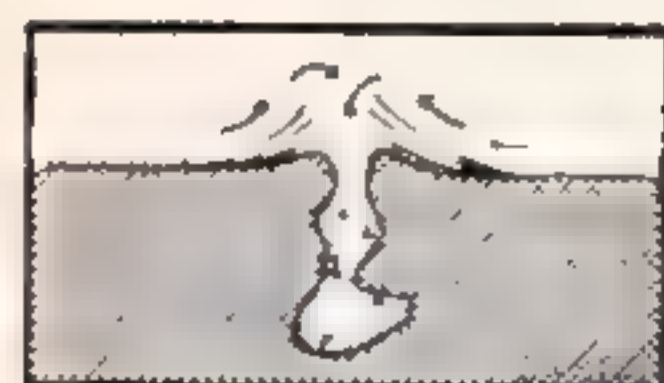
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

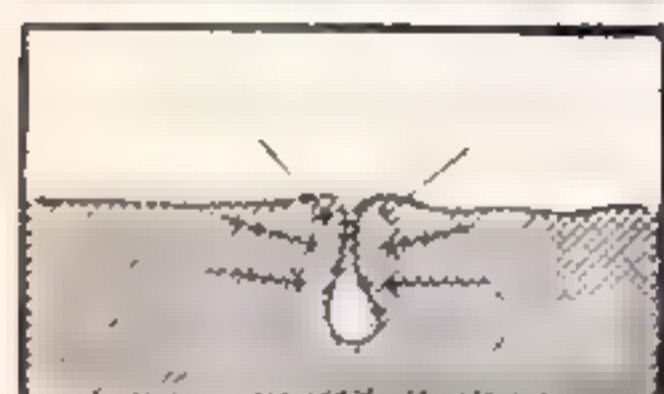
SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works*.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



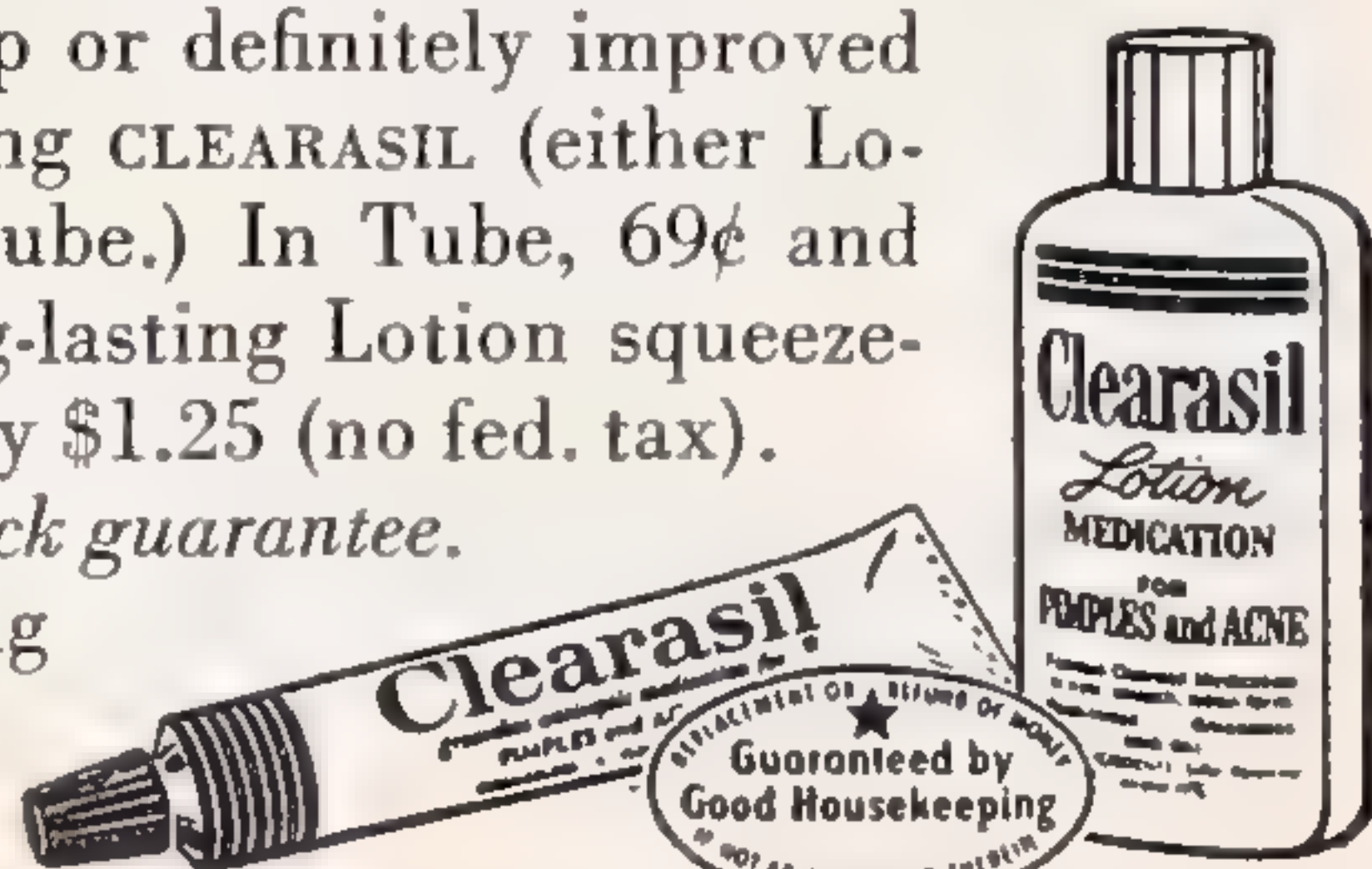
3. **'Starves' pimples.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube.) In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

INSIDE STUFF *continued*

As Janet flitted among the guests the years fell away as I recalled the naive, unsophisticated girl who once told me, "I am so anxious to be able to talk with Hollywood stars about the things they know and talk about. I've never seen a play, I don't know about famous people or anything." Today, a self-assured, assertive Janet seems to be in the know.

Bing Crosby, without his toupee and not giving a darn, seemed to enjoy himself with his lovely **Kathy**. Marriage and her motherhood have given Kathy Crosby a new radiance. In her white faille coat, cut full all around, and a white ribbon band encircling her chignon, she was simply a vision. "She grows prettier all the time," I told Bing. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, his eyes lighting up with pleasure. Is he ever happy in this marriage!

There was no exchange of greeting. I noticed, between **Joan Collins** and her former boyfriend, **Arthur Loew Jr.**, who arrived quite late with **Liz Taylor**. In her flame chiffon, Liz looked beautiful, but her eyes spoke of "other times and other places" unforgotten.

Jacques Bergerac and **Dorothy Malone** danced only with each other. And handsome **Greg Peck** followed his so-chic French wife, **Veronique**, everywhere with his eyes. **Bill Holden**, making one of his rare party appearances, came stag and caused a female traffic jam!

Cal York Jottings

Tommy Sands grows handsomer, what with his hair much shorter, his face leaner and tanned and a new self-as-

urance . . . **Pat Boone** told me about his three-year-old, **Lindy**, who had only that day come down with measles. The news gave studio execs quite a turn. Three of their biggest singers—**Gary Crosby**, **Tommy Sands**, and **Pat**—had been bouncing **Lindy** on their knees on a plane trip to Hollywood the day before. But so far, all's well. "We took the other three girls to the doctor for a measles-catching session," **Pat** said. **Shirley Boone**, so pretty in a black sheath and bright yellow headband over her dark hair, was busy greeting **Dinah Shore** and **George Montgomery**, **Sue** and **Alan Ladd**, who had just arrived from an eastern location, and pert little **Nancy Sinatra**, a doll in full white organdy and red slippers. "I've had this dress four years," **Nancy** confided, "and I expect to wear it another four" . . . Nobody's displaying surprise over the marital breakup of **Mamie Van Doren** and her band leader husband, **Ray Anthony**.

Bravo, Ricky

Ricky Nelson bought a horse on the Tucson location of "Rio Bravo" and **John Wayne** helped him pick it out. "Its name is 'Tinker Toy,'" **Ricky** told us, "but I didn't choose the name. It was called that when I bought it." During our talk **Ricky** confided he and brother **David** are buying a ranch together. Instead of college, **Ricky** will spend his free time overseeing the livestock. Incidentally, **Rick's** real unhappy about those engagement rumors. "I'm only eighteen," he says. "What do they mean *engaged*? They're not true — never were!"



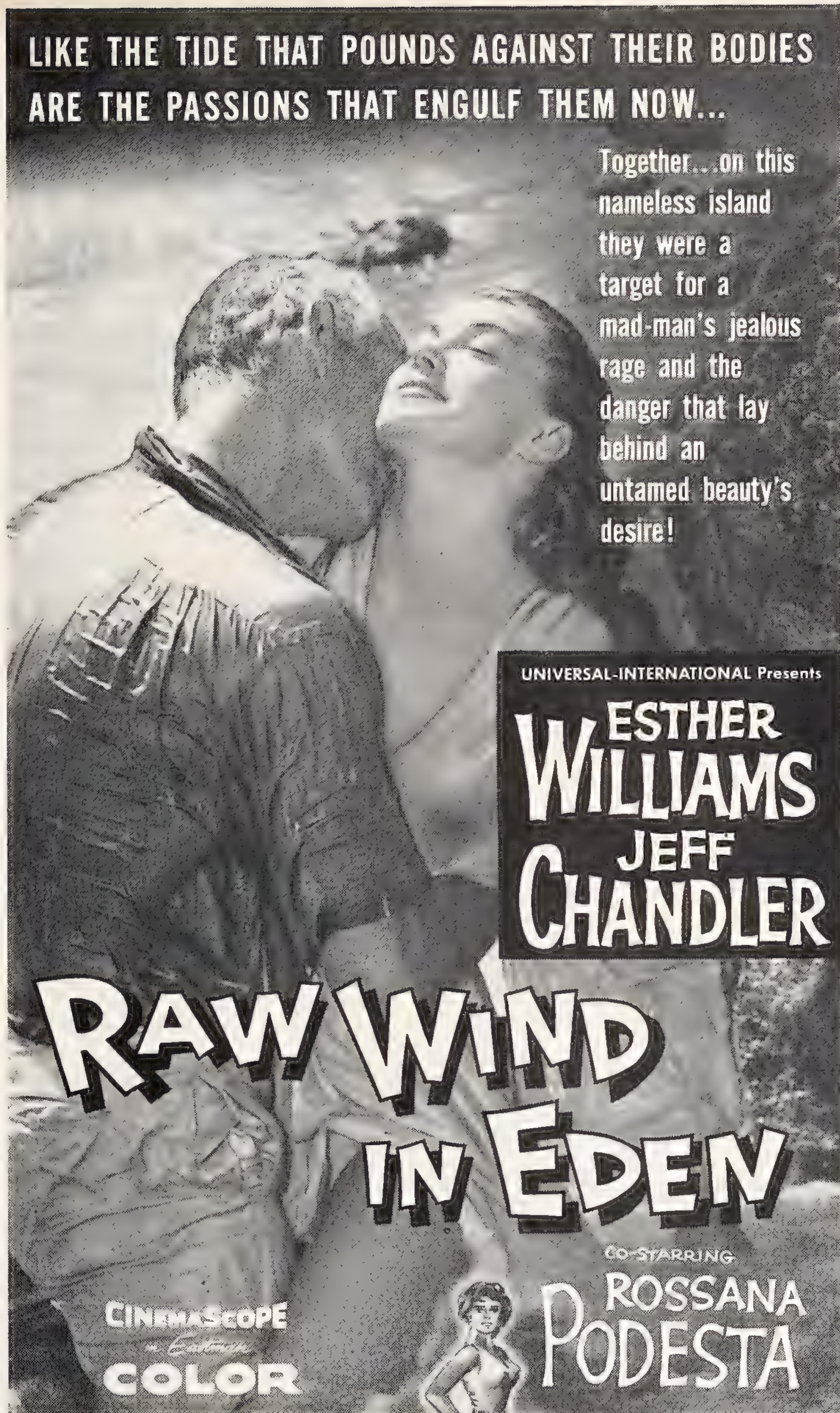
Photoplay publisher **Irving S. Manheimer**, Mrs. Manheimer, son **Raymond** (right) enjoy N.Y. reunion with **Ladds**—**Alana**, **Carol** (Mrs. **John Veitch**), **David**

Behind the Hollywood Curtain

Debbie Reynolds is unhappy with her studio, M-G-M—she hasn't made a film there for over a year . . . **Bing Crosby's** youngest, **Lindsay**, is starting drama lessons with best girl **June Blair's** coach, now that his Army hitch is over. June says Lindsay is definitely interested in acting . . . Another ring has been given—a wedding ring. This time to **Kim Stanley**, from Broadway actor **Alfred Ryder**. . . . **John Lupton** has moved out of the home shared with wife **Anne Tyson** and is living with his agent . . . **Errol Flynn's** decision to fly back to New York for a visit with **Pat Wymore** and his daughters stilled the rumor that he and Pat were phfft. However, Pat then takes off for Europe and Errol stays in the States. Seems absence makes their hearts grow fonder . . . **Natalie Wood**, not worried at all about the studio suspension, due to her refusal of a role. Says Natalie, "I'm only interested in **Bob's** career and being a housewife" . . . **Pat Wayne** joins the ranks of the record-makers with four Dot releases due shortly. Dad **John Wayne** heard Pat sing and said, "Son, I don't know whether you're good, bad or indifferent." However, he did say he thought the "words" were great. Incidentally, I love Pat's story of the time he asked his dad whether he had any advice for him about acting. "Only four words, son," John said. "Listen to the director" . . . **Tony Curtis**, who, ten years ago, spent his last eleven dollars for a night's lodging, stands to make two million this year and next . . . **Sandra Dee's** mother has given **John Wilder** the only okay for dating Sandy. Remember their first date in September Photoplay? . . . **Jane Wyman** will soon be recording a vocal album . . . **George Nader** is planning a vacation in Argentina. Must be one of the few places George hasn't already visited . . . **Earl Holliman**, whose records are hot, has never taken a singing lesson . . . **Eva Marie Saint** and **Jeff Hayden** became parents for the second time when daughter **Laurette** arrived. The little girl is the sister of **Darrell** . . . **Cliff and Cynthia Robertson** are expecting in March . . . **Susan Hayward** went and did it—cut her hair short . . . **Miyoshi Umeki** radiant as the bride of TV's **Frederick William Opie** . . . **Cary Grant** still refuses to do television shows . . . **Deborah Kerr's** husband will bring divorce action in British courts. Deborah will fight for her daughters in California . . . See you next month!

LIKE THE TIDE THAT POUNDS AGAINST THEIR BODIES
ARE THE PASSIONS THAT ENGULF THEM NOW...

Together...on this
nameless island
they were a
target for a
mad-man's jealous
rage and the
danger that lay
behind an
untamed beauty's
desire!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Presents

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CHANDLER

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THOMPSON
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de FILIPPO

Directed by RICHARD WILSON

Screenplay by ELIZABETH and RICHARD WILSON

Produced by WILLIAM ALLAND



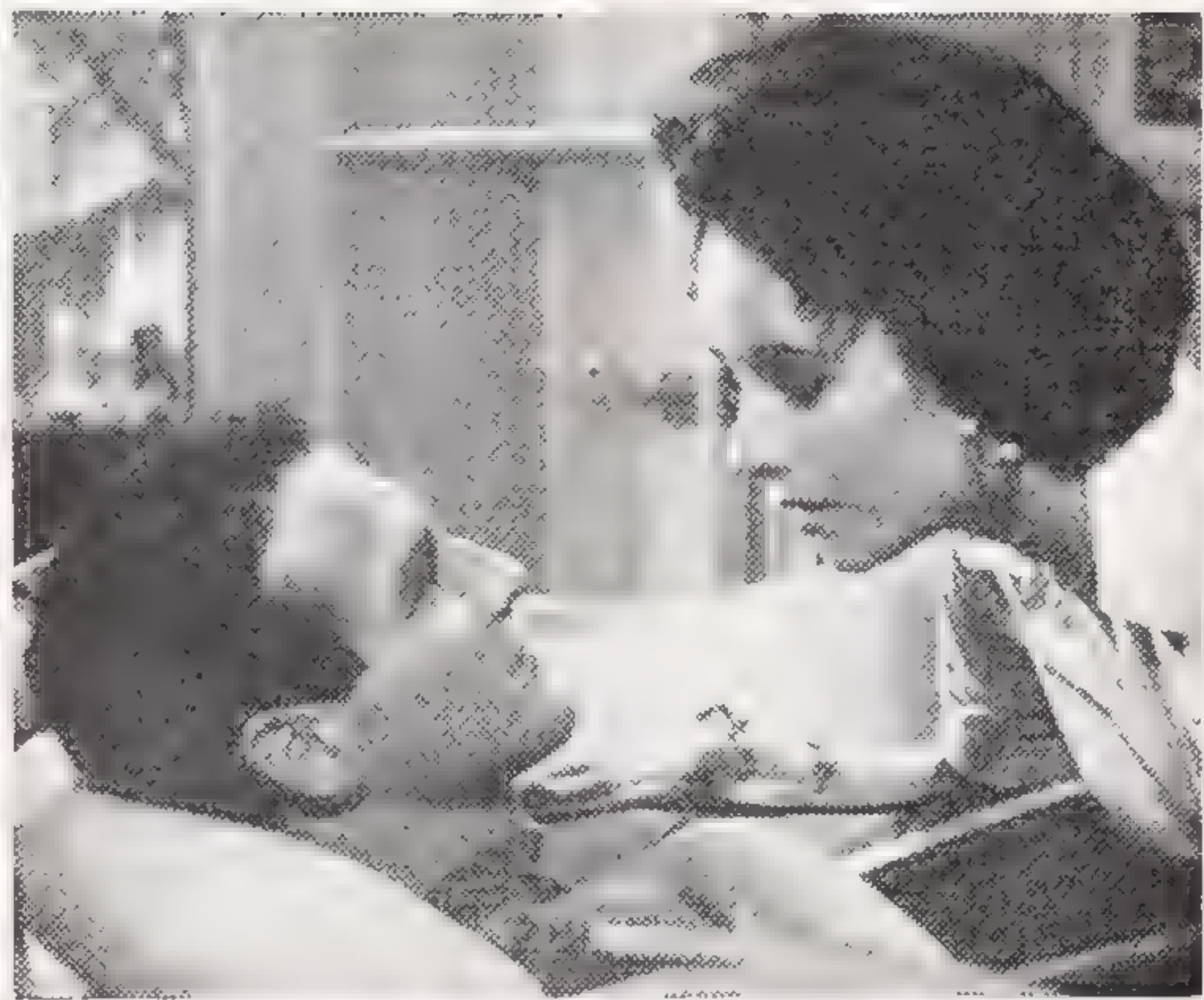
✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

WITH JANET GRAVES

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

M-G-M; METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Tennessee Williams' prize-winning tale of the day a Southern family finally faced the truth about each other makes an engrossing film, which packs a tremendous wallop, due largely to expert acting. As "Maggie the Cat," Elizabeth Taylor takes the final step to complete maturity, delivering a stinging portrayal of a wife reeling under physical and verbal abuse but desperately fighting to hold her man (see picture, below left). Paul Newman (also pictured), as the alcoholic husband who professes to loathe her, is superb, making every moment count. Burl Ives fills the screen with rumbling authority as "Big Daddy" Pollitt, patriarch of this strange clan, and Judith Anderson as his wife has power to spare. Excellent too are Jack Carson and Madeleine Sherwood, relatives whose chief interest lies in the terms of "Big Daddy's" will.

ADULT

White Wilderness

BUENA VISTA; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Master craftsman Walt Disney now presents his crowning achievement in the True-Life Adventure series. Three years in the making, this one takes us to the Arctic for seventy-two of the most fascinating minutes you'll spend in a theater this year. Here you'll see walrus battles for siesta space; baby polar bears heaving snow at each other; huge whales engaged in a delicate underwater ballet; and the golden-eye duck, who raises her brood high up in a hollow tree. She boots them out without parachute, they bounce on the ground like little rubber balls and the whole crew then waddles hilariously off to the nearest pond for the first swim. Weirdest sight of all is the "mass suicide" of the lemmings, nervous Arctic rodents who engage in a frenzied rush to destruction by leaping off the cliffs into the ocean. Wolves and the deadly wolverine also star.

FAMILY

The Fly

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a factory on the outskirts of Montreal, the grinding of a huge steel press shatters the night stillness. Inside, a body lies horribly mangled as Patricia Owens flees in terror. Police chief Herbert Marshall is sure she's a murderess. She seems calm when questioned until the buzzing of a fly sends her into hysteria. Brother-in-law Vincent Price is aghast. Pat, hubby Al Hedison and son Charles Herbert seemed so happy . . . Al was a brilliant young scientist with a daring new experiment on the verge of success. Until the fateful night Pat found a note outside the locked laboratory door. "Counting on you to keep your nerve," read the ragged scrawl. "I've had a serious accident . . ." To divulge any more of this plot would be unforgivable. Not since "The Thing" has a film combined science fiction and horror so skillfully, with steadily mounting tension.

ADULT

Smiley Gets a Gun

20TH; CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ An Australian-made film about a boy and a bicycle that's a rare delight. As the small son of poverty-stricken Australian bush country parents, Smiley's "one fierce desire" is to own a bike. Having sneaked a ride on the constable's bicycle, and damaged it in the process, Smiley must chop wood to pay the repair bill. He's such a willing worker that the constable gives him a shilling to start a bike fund. Then he gets a job ringing churchbells on Sunday. But the town bully provokes him into a fight, a church window gets smashed and Smiley's savings are wiped out. He now must start from scratch, and so it goes in a series of adventures that include a drunken father who steals and—of all things—a session of opium smuggling. Colin Petersen keeps the tears and chuckles coming in about equal parts, and the supporting cast back him handsomely.

FAMILY

Andy Hardy Comes Home

M-G-M

✓✓✓ Things haven't changed much around old Carvel since the time Andy Hardy was a young squirt romancing the likes of Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Esther Williams (all of whom put in brief appearances here in old film clips from the original series). As grown-up Andy, Mickey Rooney returns to buy some real estate for an airplane factory and runs smack into trouble from a crooked rental agent. Before you know it the whole town is up in arms and the old pals Andy grew up with aren't

so chummy any more. The plot doesn't bear very close scrutiny but then "Andy Hardy" plots never did. Their strength lay in the things they had to say about families, the love and understanding parents and children can have for each other, the right thing to do in a crisis. For that reason they were ideal for youngsters and so is this one.

FAMILY

Windom's Way

RANK; EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ In a timely drama about colonial relations between white and native, Peter Finch plays a doctor on a Far Eastern British isle. He loves its people, and earnestly tries to mediate between the underground rebels, who would rush them into independence, and arrogant whites who would suppress them indefinitely. But events move against him. A workers' meeting is violently dispersed, and when a village elder is murdered, a mob sacks and burns a plantation, killing the police chief. Finch persuades them to lay down their arms and rebuild the plantation, only to have a government plane mistake a group for looters and machine-gun them.

ADULT

The Whole Truth

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ For those who like their mysteries tricky, this one is hard to beat. It all began when film producer Stewart Granger got lonely for vacationing wife Donna Reed (see picture, bottom left) and had a brief fling with actress Gianna Maria Canale. Now he's using her in a film, and working conditions are a living nightmare. Seems Gianna is still pitching the curves but Granger's ducking; hence the temperament. In a bitter squabble, he convinces her all is over and she threatens trouble. Late to a party he arrives with blood on his shirt, explains he cut his hand. Then Scotland Yard man George Sanders enters, informs him Gianna has been murdered. Sneaking over to her rooms, Granger removes all evidence of their past relationship. Upon reentering the party, who should be there but Gianna! Interested? Then by all means see the picture; we'll never tell.

ADULT

The Naked and the Dead

WARNERS;
WARNERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A curious combination of slambang war action and puzzling characters makes this film uneven entertainment. On one hand are vivid scenes of marines storming Pacific Islands during World War II; of agonizing death in the jungle from snake-bite; of marine and Jap patrols grimly struggling to outmaneuver each other for a hill, command of which will decide the battle. Then there is the sergeant who turned sadist because his wife cheated; the general who treats his men like dirt; the young lieutenant who volunteers to lead a suicide mission; a private who brews joy juice on a homemade still between battles. Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey and Barbara Nichols head the large cast.

ADULT

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"Rave" BRA WITH ALL NEW FREEDOM-DESIGNED UPLIFT

blends beauty with comfort as no bra you've ever worn. Only with "Rave" will you enjoy these exclusive Formfit features:

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P

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on
everyone's
lips!



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new Lustre-Flame lipstick
only 39¢ in golden swivel case
ALSO 19¢ AND 29¢ SIZES

NOW, you can have the glamour . . . the gloss . . . the "Kissable Look" of luxury lipsticks at the pay-right price! Flame-Glo's new glisten ingredients puts the high-sheen on lip-shimmer . . . keeps you kissable-as-the-day-is-long! 'Cause it stays on 'til you take it off!

In your favorite shades, and three suggested FALL-in-love colors that start a flame in his heart:

MEDIUM, (perfect red red)
ORANGE GLAMOUR, (vibrant sun glow)
PROPOSAL PINK, (bright "kiss me" pink.)

For a radiant complexion
it's **FLAME-GLO® Kissable Look**
LIQUID MAKE-UP

5 beautifying skin tones to choose from. Gives your skin day-long loveliness. Never turns color or streaks. Fortified with rich lanolin.
only 39¢ in unbreakable squeeze bottle

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you asked us—

WHAT ARE



Long famed in movies, Robert Young, Jane Wyatt and Ed Wynn are winning new laurels on TV. Ed's also made surprise movie hit in dramatic roles



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond recently celebrated 21st anniversary with party at Las Vegas

THEY DOING NOW?



Ginger Rogers is mulling lush TV offers—and stepping out with Arthur Cameron



Well, if it isn't Farley Granger, now a New Yorker on a daily radio show with Vera Bacal (Lauren's aunt)



Jan Sterling was one of many who welcomed Hedy Lamarr back to Hollywood. Hedy's resuming her career



Lively as ever, Greer Garson recently scored hit as Broadway's "Auntie Mame"



"Not for me!" says Janet Gaynor of TV. But Loretta Young, with her own show going strong, loves it. Eric Johnson's neutral. Janet's happy on Brazil ranch



Rinses twice as clean..

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE—Trans-Lux. Directed by Jean-Paul Le Chanois: *Dr. Laurent*, Jean Gabin; *Francine*, Nicole Courcel; *Catherine Loubet*, Sylvia Monfort; *Dr. Bastid*, Arius; *Celine*, Mag Avril; *Andrey Loubet*, Michel Barbey; *Felicien*, Serge Davin; *Mme. Escallin*, Orane Demazis; *Simonet*, Daxley.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Margaret*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Brick*, Paul Newman; *Big Daddy*, Burl Ives; *Cooper Pollitt*, Jack Carson; *Big Mama*, Judith Anderson; *Mae Pollitt*, Madeleine Sherwood.

FLY, THE—20th. Directed by Kurt Neumann: *André*, Al Hedison; *Helene*, Patricia Owens; *François*, Vincent Price; *Inspector Charas*, Herbert Marshall; *Emma*, Kathleen Freeman; *Nurse Andersone*, Betty Lou Gerson; *Philippe*, Charles Herbert; *Dr. Ejoute*, Eugene Borden; *Gaston*, Torben Meyer.

HARRY BLACK—20th. Directed by Hugo Fregonese: *Harry Black*, Stewart Granger; *Christian Tanner*, Barbara Rush; *Desmond Tanner*, Anthony Steel; *Babu*, I. S. Johar; *Michael*, Martin Stephens; *Dr. Chorchury*, Frank Olegario; *Nurse Somola*, Kamala Devi; *Mrs. Tanner*, Gladys Boot; *Mr. Philip Tanner*, George Curzon; *Woolsey*, Archie Duncan.

MAN IN THE RAINCOAT, THE—Kingsley International. Directed by Julien Duvivier: *Albert*, Fernandel; *O'Brien*, John McGiver; *Raphael*, Bernard Blier; *Florence*, Claude Sylvain; *Blondeau*, Jean Rigaux; *Sam*, Rob Murray; *Eva*, Judith Magre.

NAKED AND THE DEAD, THE—Warners. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Croft*, Aldo Ray; *Hearn*, Cliff Robertson; *Gen. Cummings*, Raymond Massey; *Lily*, Lili St. Cyr; *Mildred*, Barbara Nichols; *Brown*, William Campbell; *Gallagher*, Richard Jaeckel; *Ridges*, James Best; *Roth*, Joey Bishop; *Goldstein*, Jerry Paris; *Red*, Robert Gist; *Wilson*, L. Q. Jones; *Dalleson*, Casey Adams; *Montelli*, John Berardino; *Conn*, Edward McNally; *Minetta*, Greg Roman.

ONCE UPON A HORSE—U-I. Directed by Hal Kanter: *Dan Casey*, Dan Rowan; *Doc Logan*, Dick Martin; *Amity Babb*, Martha Hyer; *Granville Dix*, Leif Erickson; *Dovey Barnes*, Nita Talbot; *Postmaster*, James Gleason; *Mr. Tharp*, John McGiver; *Bruno De Gruen*, David Burns; *Henry Dick Coryell*, Dick Ryan; *Ben*, Max Baer; *Beulah's Brother*, Buddy Baer; *Beulah*, Ingrid Goude; *Tom Keane*, Bob Livingston; *Kermit Maynard*, Bob Steele, Themselves.

SMILEY GETS A GUN—20th. Directed by Anthony Kimmins: *Smiley*, Colin Petersen; *Mother*, Margaret Christensen; *Father*, Reg Lye; *Sgt. Flaxman*, Chips Rafferty; *Joey*, Bruce Archer; *Rev. Lambeth*, Ralph Richardson; *Rankin*, John McCullum; *Miss Workman*, Jocelyn Hernfield.

TARZAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE—M-G-M. Directed by Bruce Humberstone: *Tarzan*, Gordon Scott; *Jane*, Eve Brent; *Tahtu*, Rickie Sorensen; *Anne Sturdy*, Jil Jarmyn; *Futa*, James Edwards; *Dr. Sturdy*, Carl Benton Reid; *Dr. Ken Warwick*, Harry Lauter; *Ramo*, Woody Strode.

WHITE WILDERNESS—Buena Vista. Directed by James Algar: Documentary.

WHOLE TRUTH, THE—Columbia. Directed by John Gullermin: *Max*, Stewart Granger; *Carol*, Donna Reed; *Carliss*, George Sanders; *Gina Bertini*, Gianna Maria Canale; *Inspector Simon*, Michael Shillo; *Gilbert*, Richard Molinas; *Willy Reichel*, Peter Dynely; *Archer*, John Van Eyssen; *Jack Leslie*, Phillip Vickers.

WINDOM'S WAY—Rank. Directed by Ronald Neame: *Alec Windom*, Peter Finch; *Lee Windom*, Mary Ure; *Anna Vidal*, Natasha Parry; *George Hasbrook*, Robert Fleming; *Patterson*, Michael Hordern; *Jan Vidal*, John Cairney; *Belchedron*, Marne Maitland; *Lollivar*, Gregoire Aslan.

YOUR PAST IS SHOWING!—Rank. Directed by Mario Zampi: *Lord Mayley*, Terry-Thomas; *Sonny MacGregor*, Peter Sellers; *Flora Ransom*, Peggy Mount; *Melissa Right*, Shirley Eaton; *Nigel Dennis*, Dennis Price; *Lady Mayley*, Georgina Cookson; *Ethel Ransom*, Joan Sims; *Rev. Bastable*, Miles Malleeson.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ BIG COUNTRY, THE—U.A., Technirama, Technicolor: Gentle Gregory Peck, an Easterner out to claim the hand of a tough rancher's daughter (Carroll Baker), finds some fun among the fisticuffs. (F) September

✓✓✓ CERTAIN SMILE, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Another poison-portrait of a young French minx from the pen of Françoise Sagan, made more palatable by Christine Carere; her unfortunate elders, Joan Fontaine, Rossano Brazzi. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ GIGI—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lots of charm and gorgeous Parisian settings distinguish a fine musical. Demure teenager of 1900, Leslie Caron is groomed to be some rich man's pet. Louis Jourdan wins her heart, but Maurice Chevalier steals the show. (A) June

✓✓✓ GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a daughter. (A) June

✓✓✓ HUNTERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast air-action over Korea, as old-pro Robert Mitchum shows his softness (with lovely May Britt) and greenhorn Robert Wagner shows his hardness under fire. (F) September

✓✓✓ IMITATION GENERAL—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Glenn Ford and Red Buttons share the laughs in this hilarious poke at the Army set in post-war Normandy. Without a word of English, Taina Elg adds to the fun. (F) September

✓✓✓ INDISCREET—Warners, Technicolor: Gabby but funny romantic caper pairs Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman as partners in a mad London affair. Cary tells actress Ingrid he's married, but his secret comes out. Her reaction is hilarious. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ KEY, THE—Columbia, CinemaScope: Sultry Sophia Loren has William Holden, as a wartime rescue captain who inherits the key to her flat, later wonders if it was good or bad. The answer's far from simple in this thoughtful, provocative tale. (A) September

✓✓✓ LIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Refreshing story of youth in America of 1764. James MacArthur's loyalties waver between his white parents and the Indian tribe that stole and raised him. Carol Lynley is a pretty bond slave; Fess Parker, a friend. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth, Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine prove that love can be a laughing matter in this bright farce about the adventures of a widow-turned-Cupid in the Yonkers of the Gay Eighties. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ NAKED EARTH—20th, CinemaScope: Hearty, witty adventure tale, set deep in Africa. Richard Todd, footloose Irishman, teams with voluptuous yet practical Juliette Greco in tobacco-farming, crocodile-hunting—and love. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—Warners, Warnercolor: A super-Academy-Award job by Spencer Tracy and poetic camerawork combine to bring Hemingway's prize novel of loneliness and manliness to rich fulfillment on the screen. (F) September

✓✓✓ PARISIENNE, LA—U.A., Technicolor: Flip French farce gives a generous view of sexy Brigitte Bardot. Suspecting bridegroom Henri Vidal of infidelity, she plays around with Charles Boyer, bored consort of a European queen. (A) August

✓✓✓ PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing onscreen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

✓✓✓ ROCK-A-BYE BABY—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Three bawling babies and two luscious babes (Marilyn Maxwell, Connie Stevens) tangle with Jerry Lewis, as a glorified babysitter, out to do a good turn to his childhood crush. Results, irresistible; gags, sophisticated. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ VERTIGO—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Hitchcock's master hand sends chills down your spine again with a new weirdy, chock-full of phobias, mysticism and reincarnation. James Stewart is fine as a neurotic dick with a case on two-faced Kim Novak. (F) August

✓✓✓ VIKINGS, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Roaring, gory yarn of those old-time sea raiders. Slave Tony Curtis loves princess Janet Leigh, who is captured by Kirk Douglas, son of Viking ruler Ernest Borgnine. Eye-filling spectacle. (F) August

✓✓✓ VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U-I, CinemaScope: Richard Egan makes the most of his first crack at a dynamic role, as an alcoholic artist who forges his own salvation, despite misguided efforts by his wife (Julie London) and doctor (Walter Matthau). A sobering case study in a low key. (A) September

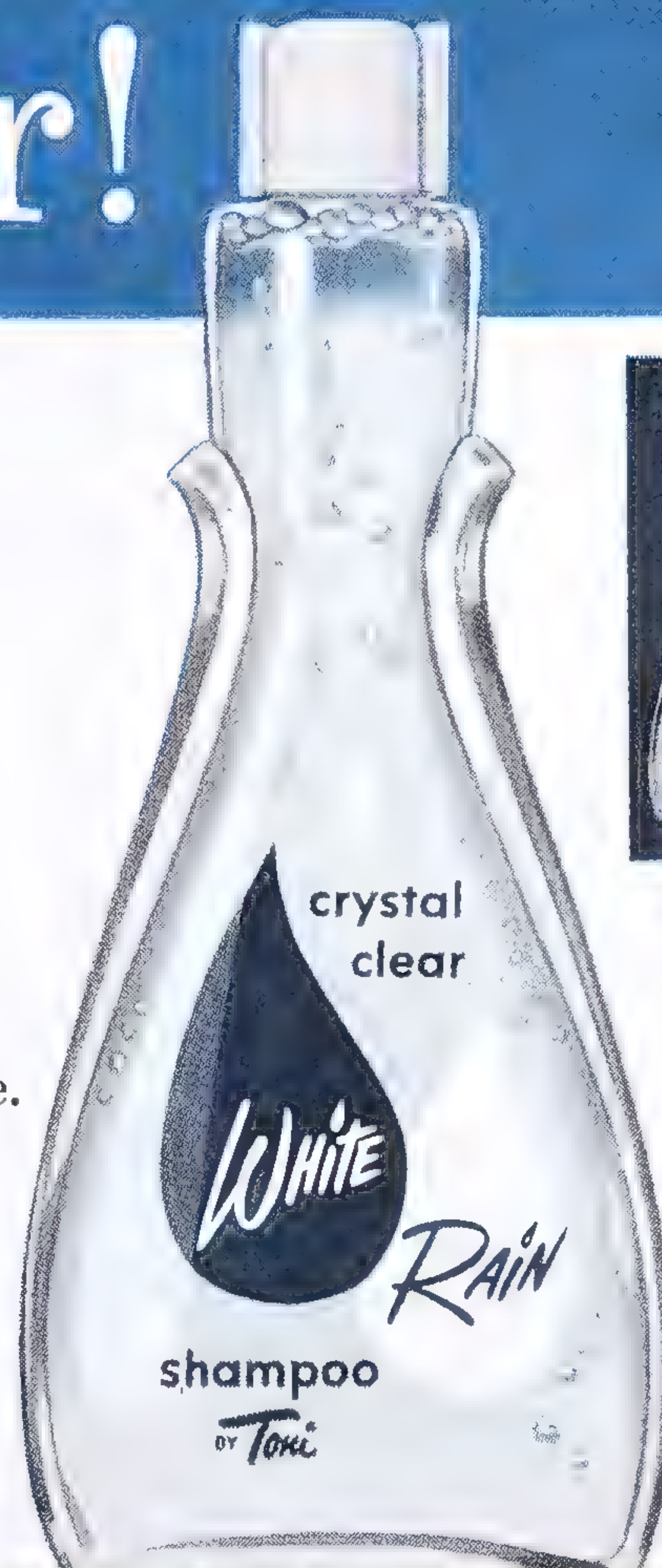
✓✓✓ YOUNG LAND, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: In a forceful western, sheriff Pat Wayne romances Yvonne Craig and tries to keep killer Dennis Hopper from escaping—or being lynched. (F) August

it's crystal-clear!

clearly unlike any shampoo you've ever seen before!

White Rain is new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear, liquid White Rain . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine.

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**For Extra
Conditioning**

Famous White Rain lotion shampoo, creamy-rich, extra-gentle.

THE FIRST AND ONLY CRYSTAL-CLEAR LIQUID SHAMPOO

YOUR NEEDLECRAFT



Leslie Caron has fun making needlework gifts for friends

SEE LESLIE IN M-G-M'S "GIGI"



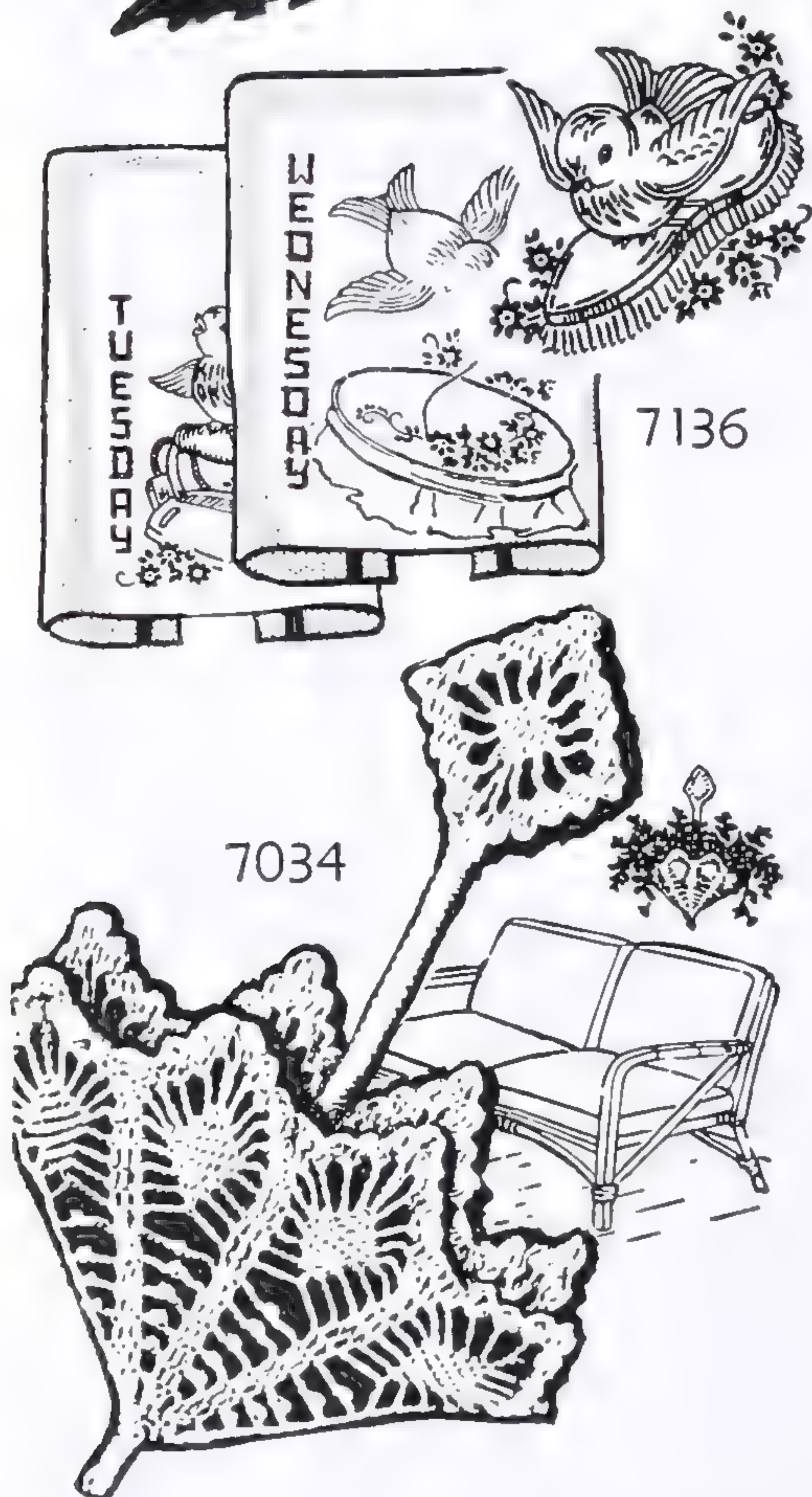
7092—Embroidered pinafore with whirly skirt; bow-tied sash. Use remnants to make it. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions. Child sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size.

7019—Quick crochet. Each little doily is done in lacy pineapple pattern. Directions for 9-inch round doily, 9-inch sq., 9½ x 14-inch oval in Number 50 cotton.

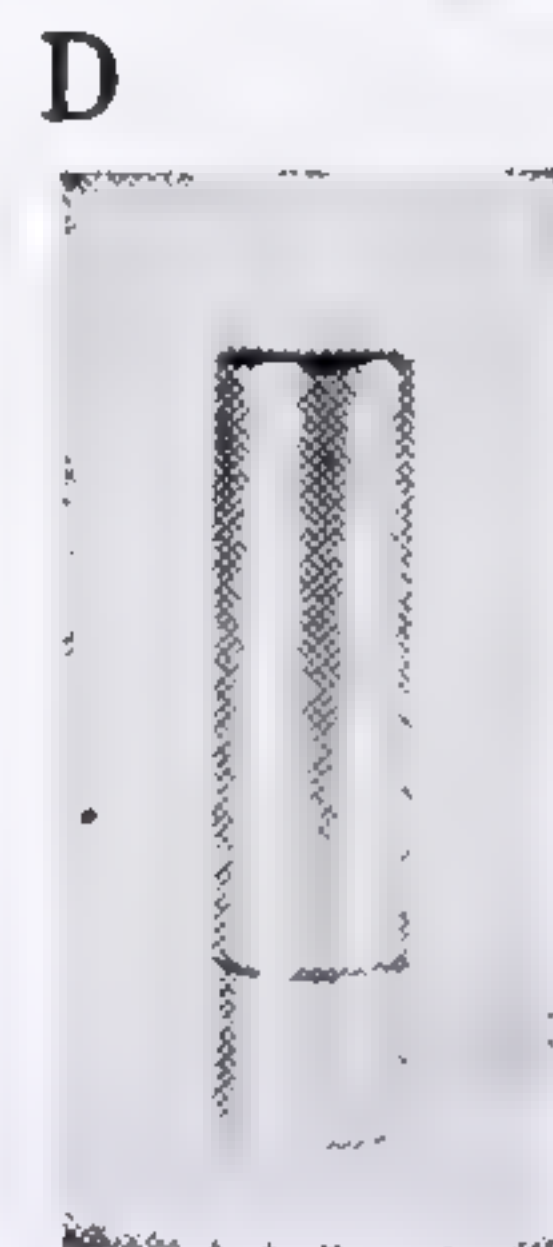
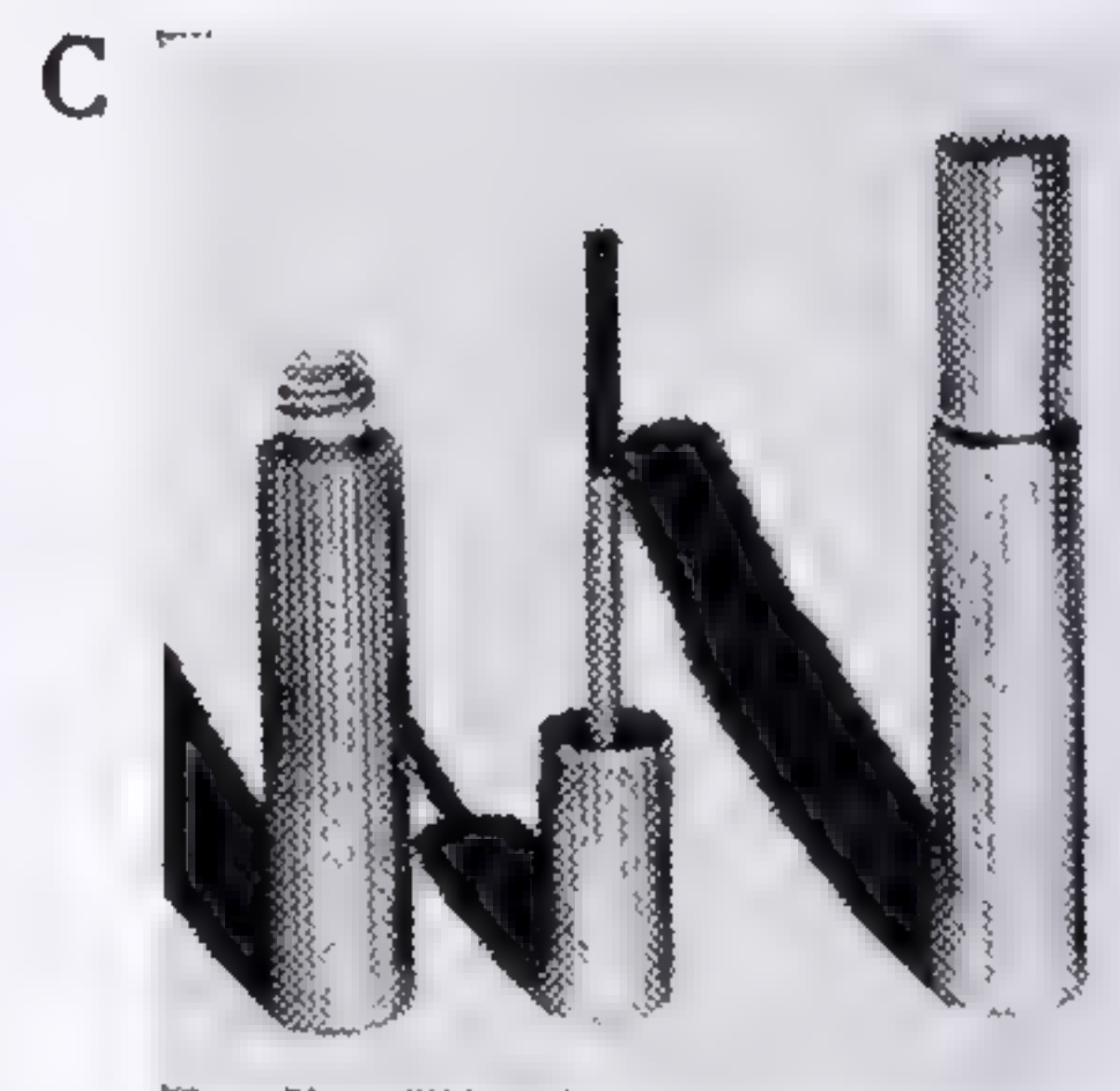
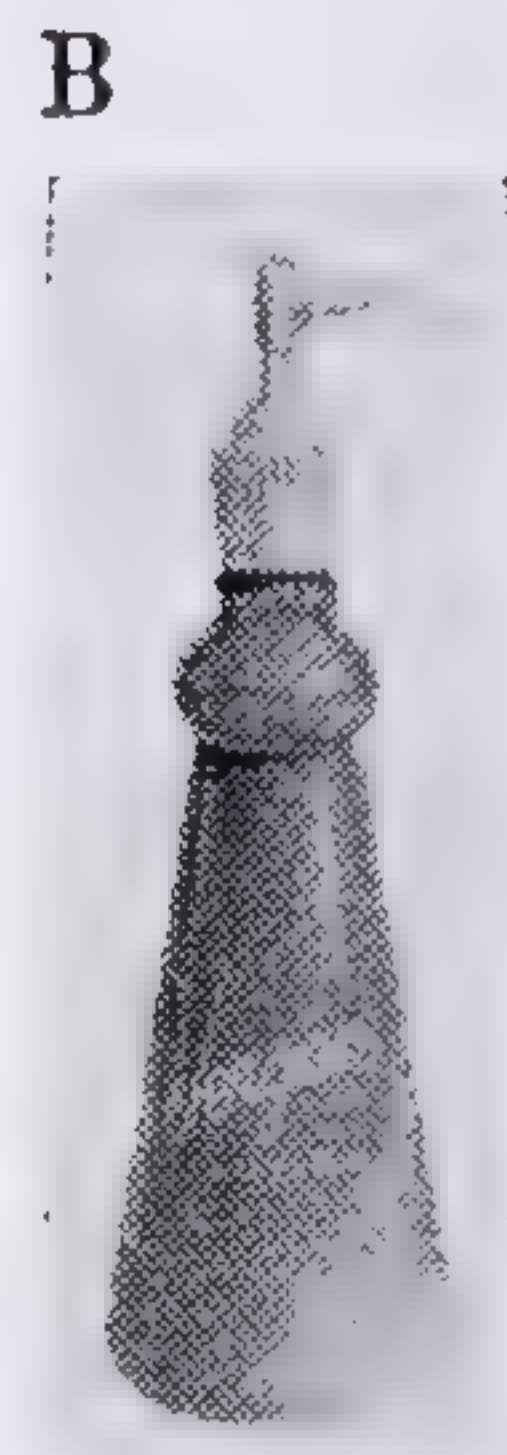
884—Cool jiffy-wrap halter. Make several in gay prints, pastels. Trim with gay embroidery. Misses' sizes 12-14; 16-18.

7136—Happy little bluebirds to embroider on your kitchen towels—a different motif for each day of the week. Transfer of 7 motifs 5½ x 6 inches. Directions.

7034—Attractive wall planter for artificial flowers. Spider-web pattern in shape of parasol. Directions for 12-17-inch planter in heavy jiffy cotton. Fun to make.



becoming attractions



A. Soft touch: New Tempo hair spray by Helene Curtis comes in three types for dry, normal or oily hair. Leaves hair shining clean and soft. \$1.50*

B. Thing of beauty: Jergens lotion in pastel-color, gold star-spattered dispenser bottle. Pink, blue, green or yellow. Refillable. 8 oz., \$1.25*

C. Eye-opener: Revlon's Roll-On mascara with self-applicator to color and curl lashes. Waterproof; no eye-smarting turpentine. Six shades. \$2.00*

D. Good enough to eat: Apple-on-a-Stick, Dorothy Gray's shiny bright fall lipstick color. Two formulas, Satura and Sheer Velvet Creamy, each, \$1.35*

E. Turn Blonde, mild new cream hair lightener by Helena Rubinstein, can lighten a little or a lot. You decide. Won't fade or wash out. Kit, \$2.50*



**“I’m not
Jerry
Lee
Lewis,”
says
Jerry
Lewis**

and i'm gonna prove it ➔

Witnesses? Clues? Plenty!

Enough to convince all of you I didn't give up Patti for my thirteen-year-old cousin

Now get this straight," Jerry sputtered into the phone. "The only thirteen-year-old girls I know are the ones my son Gary brings home on dates. My name is Jerry Lewis; I have no middle name; I'm married to an adult."

For a moment Jerry stopped talking and listened, finally managing to say quietly, "I'm sorry you disbanded your Brooklyn Jerry Lewis Fan Club, Miss Reich. Now that you know I'm *not* Jerry *Lee* Lewis, I hope you'll organize it again. Sure. . . . Of course. . . . Any time. Goodbye." And Jerry hung up.

"At least I had a chance to straighten her out," Jerry said to us, "but what about all the others who are confusing me with Jerry Lee Lewis? The ones who never call, never write, but just go on believing what they believe? How can I get through to them? I . . . Wait! Not a word!" He put his finger to his lips. With a wildly haunted expression, he glanced back over his shoulder. Getting stealthily to his feet, he went across the room and peered under the rug. He opened a desk drawer and looked inside it. He came over to me and examined (Continued on page 71)

CLUE no. 1

*"Send these to Jerry Lewis,"
I tell the saleslady.
"Plain old Jerry Lewis. No
middle name. No
Lee." One traveling case,
three picture frames—all of
them were delivered to me.
Me! That's evidence, isn't
it? Proves I'm really me*



CLUE no. 2

*Now here's a girl I
can trust! "Babe," I say to
her, "has anybody else got
a mug like mine? Nobody
but good old Jerry Lewis!"
Babe doesn't argue. Neither
does Bruce, when I tell him,
"My name is Jerry Lewis.
I'm a cop—I mean, a comic.
I'm in 'Rock-a-Bye Baby'"*

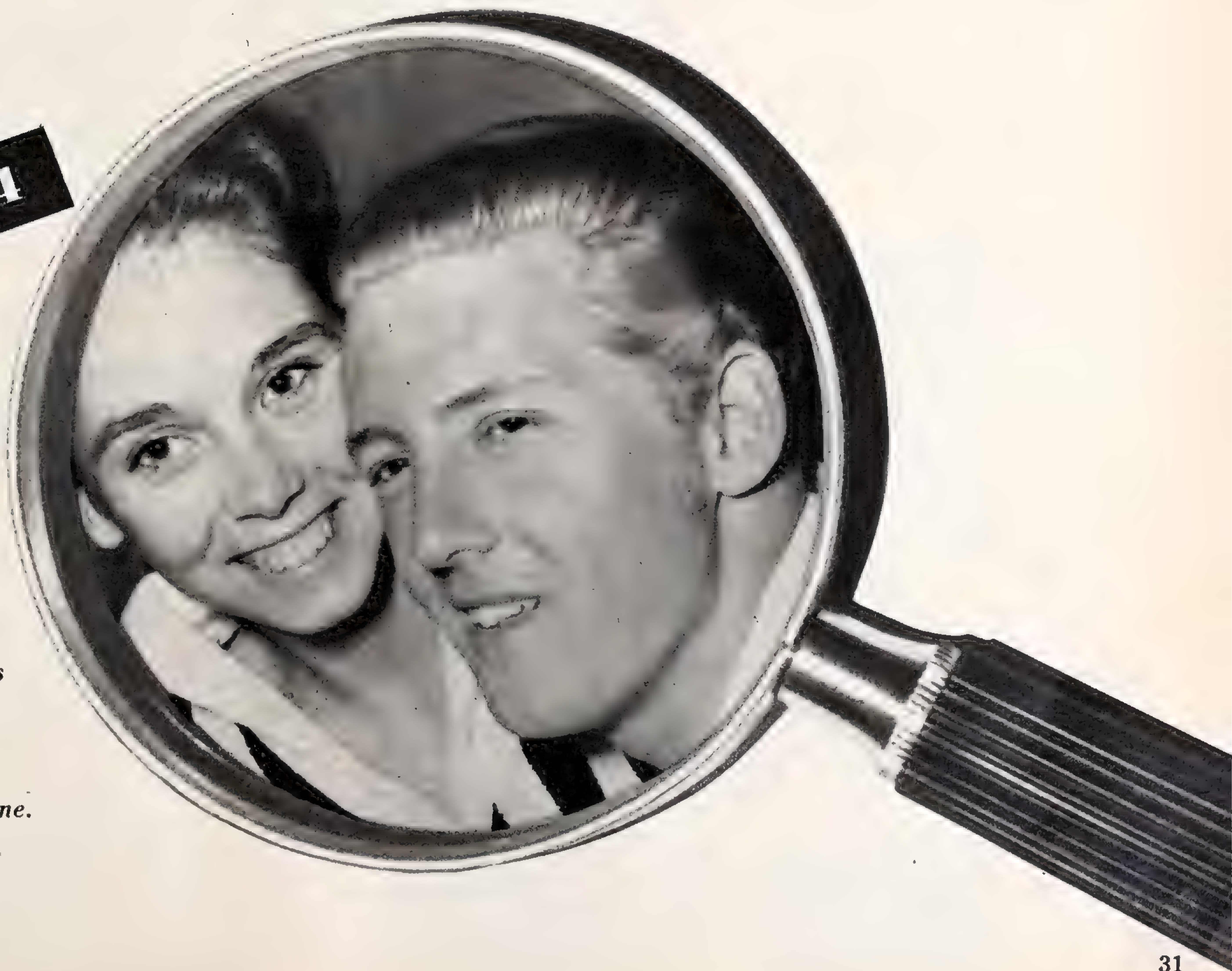




CLUE no. 3

Gotta keep an eye on everybody. That guy could be Jerry Lee Lewis in disguise. Or that one. Or I could—no, no! I'm me! But here's the bit: Here I am in plain sight at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street in New York, and is anybody asking me to sing "Crazy Arms" or "High School Rock"? More witnesses to testify I can't possibly be what's-his-name

CLUE no. 4



Now take a close look, everybody, please. Please! Is that Patti? Is that me? Even s'posing I'd swapped my dark crew-cut for a long blond job, is that your old pal Jer? That, friends, is Jerry Lee Lewis, with Cousin Myra. His cousin, I mean—not mine. Anyhow, good luck, kids. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rest my case

ONCE ROCK AND BETTY
WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
AND THEN THEY DRIFTED APART.
CAN THEY RECAPTURE THE PAST
AND THIS TIME MAKE IT LAST?
IS THERE A SECOND CHANCE
FOR ROCK'S HEART?

Rock was coming back to the fire carrying an orchid in his hand. The expression on his face was like a kid's—as if he were bringing a good report card home for the very first time. He walked towards the pretty blonde girl who chatted with his mother while they cleaned up after the barbecue. And although his guests all watched him as he approached, it was as if they and his mother weren't there. He saw only the girl.

"Happy July 3, 1958," he said formally, bowing as he gave her the orchid.

"Why Rock," she said, "it's lovely. But what's the occasion?"

"Nothing," he answered quietly, then added, "and everything. But if I have to have a reason, let's say it's because I love this crazy Mexican hat you bought me.

I always wanted a hat with donkeys and peons sleeping on the brim. I just wanted to give you something in return."

"Remember the first time you gave me an orchid, at the premiere of 'Magnificent Obsession'?" she asked.

He gazed at her for a moment and then said softly, "I remember." And suddenly, as if embarrassed by his feelings, he looked away—at the sky, and pointed upwards.

"I see it," she said, "the moon."

"No, over there," he pointed at a single star. "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight . . ."

"I wish I may," she continued, "I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight."

They both laughed.

(Continued on page 80)

by JAE LYLE



NOW

July 3, 1958

*Together again —
Rock and Betty
shop in
Hollywood
supermarket*

THEN

July 18, 1954

*In love —
right before
they broke up*



"SHALL WE TELL THEM ALL



ABOUT US?"

*Carol Lynley
whispers to
Jim MacArthur*

I threw three pebbles into the lake. Plink, plank, plunk! I watched the widening circles in the water, and I tried to take my mind off things by counting the ripples before they disappeared.

I wanted to keep calm and collected, but I was beginning to feel pent-up. The day was hot and sticky, and I pushed my hair away from my neck.

When I turned around, I saw Jim coming toward me. He smiled and took my hand and we walked toward the little green valley in the cool woods, where butterflies danced and sunbeams spangled the trees with gold. I was nervous inside, and I hoped it wasn't showing.

Then we stopped and looked at each other. He held both my hands. We were standing so close together, Jim and I, I could hear his heart going thump-thump-thump. And all the leaves in the green woods around us whispered and sh-shhd.

Gee, how vividly it all comes back to me. The sun in the treetops and the happy twitter of birds. I remember I saw a pair of animal eyes looking at us through the trees.

Then Jim smiled and said my name and he took me gently in his arms. My stomach flip-flopped. I put my arms around him. He looked at me, and my heart was pounding, and I turned away for a minute. I sighed, got up my courage and looked into his eyes. They were blue and misty. They tried to tell me something. *(continued)*

When Jim took me in his arms, my heart started to beat like a bongo drum. I, Carol Lynley, the fifteen-year-old kid, was going to be kissed! Then it happened





"SHALL WE TELL THEM ALL ABOUT US?"

continued

Out of the shadows a bobolink called. Somewhere in the tall grass, a lark trilled. So softly I could barely hear him, Jim whispered, "I love you."

I closed my eyes, and in a minute his cheek was against mine, warm and fuzzy, and before I knew it I felt his lips touch mine lightly—ever so lightly. I trembled all over, and there was such stillness in the forest it scared me. I looked up and there we were, in the shadows of the big trees.

I took a breath, and suddenly I heard the choir of birds, the bobolinks and the meadowlarks, beginning to serenade us again in the middle of that lazy August afternoon.

Out of the blue a voice yelled, "Cut!" It was Herschel Daugherty, the director of our movie, "The Light in the Forest." Jim and I had finished our love scene. Hersch's assistant bellowed, "Wrap it up, and let's go home."

"But can I take her home with me?" Jim said. I blushed all over and ran off, and the social worker attending me on the set came tramping behind my footsteps like a soldier. Jim called them "those spooky (*Continued on page 82*)



He's such a tease—especially about my age. "Ready, child?" he'd say. "Yes, Jimmy," I'd answer, knowing how he hates "Jimmy." I wound up on the floor!





Gosh, I don't know what I'd have done without Jim—Hollywood was so new. He explained everything

I'll never forget the fun we had together that summer. Jim will always be somebody very special to me



DORIS laughs:

don't
believe
everything
they're
saying
about
me



1

RUMOR: Columnists say, "The stork is going to pay a visit to the new Beverly Hills home of Doris Day and Marty Melcher. Doris is busy getting a nursery ready for the new baby. A friend reports that the Melchers are looking forward to the arrival of their bundle of joy in November."

2

RUMOR: Studio workers say, "Since the death of her brother, Paul, last year, Doris has become despondent. She has crying spells on the set, and doesn't seem to be feeling well. We're afraid this has sent her into a tailspin mentally and physically, that will be very hard to pull out of."

3

RUMOR: Acquaintances say, "Doris has been moping because son Terry went to school in the east. She didn't want it, but Marty and Terry overruled. Now she worries constantly about him, to such an extent that it has become an obsession, and it's affecting her home life very badly."

Continued on page 90



Elvis' last words to you before going overseas

**"Please don't
forget me
while I'm gone!"**



In a few weeks I'll be going away . . ." As he spoke to the crowd of about seventy-five faithful fans who had waited for hours outside his Whitehaven mansion for a glimpse of him, Elvis Presley's voice trailed off in a note of wistful sadness.

Teenagers clambered around his tomato-red Lincoln Continental, holding out photos, scraps of paper, sketches of him for his autograph. Silently, he signed them. The fans, too, were strangely quiet now. It was as if they, as well as Elvis, sensed that this was their last meeting for a long, long time . . .

"How's the Army treatin' you, Elvis?" a boy called loudly, in a boisterous attempt to break up the gloom.

"No complaints," Elvis reported with a grin. "Have tank, will travel!"

He started the motor. "Gotta go now," he said, reluctantly. "Goodbye . . . Goodbye, all . . ."

Slowly, he drove through the gates. Then, abruptly, he stopped and turned for a last, long look at the faces behind him. "Thanks," he called. "Thanks for everything. And please . . . don't forget me while I'm gone."

With a final wave of farewell, he drove on.

"Goodbye, Elvis, goodbye . . ." The shouts echoed through the quiet of the warm southern afternoon. And long after he no longer heard them, they echoed in Elvis Presley's heart.

He pulled up in front of the magnificent Colonial house, and got out of the car. For a few moments, he stood, looking affectionately at the lovely sight of the lush green rolling lawns; (Continued on page 74)





First person Cheryl turned to after tragedy was dad, Steve Crane. "I'll devote all my life to her," he says

The Santa Monica courtroom was silent. Occasionally, one of the lawyers scattered around the palm-lined room would get up from a straight-back wooden chair and go over to the water cooler for a drink, breaking the silence for a few moments. Cheryl Crane sat quietly, hardly aware of what was going on around her, conscious only of the two people seated beside her—her father and her mother—each of them holding tight to one of her hands.

She didn't look at either of them—even when her Dad, feeling her tension, and wanting to reassure her, squeezed her hand. Even then she couldn't turn around and face him.

It seems, she thought, the only time we're ever all together is times like this—when there is trouble. A fly buzzed by, interrupting her thoughts and breaking the silence, before flying

out the open window once again.

Outside the close-door session of the juvenile courtroom, the mood was different. Hundreds of people had already gathered—some had been there since early morning, even before Cheryl had arrived, shy and alone, in the big black private car with the probation officers.

She remembered how they pushed towards the car and she tried shrinking back into the corner, hiding behind her large black sunglasses, trying to escape their stares.

It wasn't that they were unfriendly. Some people had even called out "Good luck, Cheryl" as the deputy sheriffs helped her into the building, and the probation officers led her upstairs to the private chambers of Superior Judge Allen Lynch.

She was brought two hours early, to avoid the crowds, she was told. She knew that Judge Lynch was going to decide this morning who was to take care of her. Someone, she couldn't remember who, had said that she was going to be placed in a foster home or a state institution. She didn't believe them.

Suddenly, she stared down at her white shoes. She always wore flats; she was so tall, too tall for heels. Her mother had brought them with her dress, especially for today's session, when she had visited her at Juvenile Hall. All the other girls' mothers came on Sunday, but the officials said if her mother came with all the other parents she would cause too much confusion, so Mummy came on Saturdays.

Mummy looked pretty, even though her eyes were puffy and red from crying. I can never cry, she thought. I wish I could. Instead, she prayed her rosary—the one her father had brought her during last visiting hours.

It helped to pray. She still had her first Bible, the one mother bought her when she was a baby. *I wonder where it is, she suddenly thought. I don't remember unpacking it when we moved to the new house. (continued)*

CHERYL CRANE pleads:

***Mummy, how can I choose
between you and Daddy?***



CHERYL CRANE

continued

Sometimes she took the Bible with her when she went to Mass with Dad on Sunday. One time, when she was young and going to St. Paul's School, she even thought she'd like to be a nun—or a Catholic, anyway.

"I say my prayers regularly," she had explained to Mother, when she visited last Saturday. They didn't have much time together that day. The forty-five minutes went by so quickly. She explained to Mother that she couldn't open the presents she'd bought—a gift box of shampoo and soap—until Sunday when all the other girls could open their presents. They talked about the classes she was attending and she'd asked if Grandma could have a blue ribbon for her hair sent in so that it would match her blue cotton shirt-waist dress—the one she was wearing today, for the session. She knew—and Mother did too—that the session was important, but they didn't talk about it then.

Even this morning, when Mother and Dad came into the courtroom, they didn't mention why they were there. But she could tell they both were upset. She could always tell . . . even when they tried to hide it. *Daddy can pretend better than Mummy, she thought. He can always look calm.*

Even the evening—that Good Friday evening—when the terrible thing happened to Johnny and she had called Daddy at his restaurant. He was having dinner, and at first, she had difficulty making the man on the other end understand who she was.

"I don't want to interrupt him at dinner," he kept saying, but finally, after she had repeated who she was, he did. She couldn't remember much, except crying, "Daddy, (Continued on page 88)



Daddy No. 2 was wealthy Bob Topping, whose lack of success in adjusting to Cheryl caused friction



Children of third dad, Lex Barker, were her brief, welcome playmates. "Lana is a good mother," says Lex

Scare when, to escape school, she ran away and was found in Skid Row brought both parents to her side

She loved her mother enough to kill in her defense. "I love my father, too," says Cheryl. Choosing between them can cause her greatest suffering of all



Whenever a star is born, you can be sure that training deserves a share of credit for the twinkle. It takes more than natural good looks, more even than personality and talent to look and act like a star. Let alone, walk, stand and move like one. In fact, poise and grace are so important a part of an actress's equipment that no small part of her training is devoted to it.

Because Photoplay believes that every girl deserves to shine for her own particular audience, we arranged to bring our cameras to the body control classes at Estelle Harman's Actor's Workshop. "Being attractive is a serious bread-and-butter business for an actress, of course," Estelle agreed. "But what girl doesn't long for similar admiration?"

Former head of the Talent Department at Universal-International Studios and top Hollywood coach, Estelle has worked with male stars including Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, John Saxon and Ronnie Burns, as well as actresses Anita Ekberg, Marisa Pavan, Terry Moore and Mamie Van Doren among many others. "Any girl can develop a vital, expressive body," she says, "if she's willing to work for it."

If this sounds like you, join the class on the following pages. You'll share Estelle's coaching with some of Hollywood's most promising young actresses. Like them, you'll find that it takes more than just looking, thanks, to learn to move like a star. Like them, you'll have to practice, daily, to make grace and poise a natural, unaffected part of your own glamour equipment. (continued)



At work at Workshop: coach Harman, actresses Colleen Drake (center), Yvonne Craig

YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

Join classes in poise and grace along with promising young actresses at Estelle Harman's famous Hollywood Actor's Workshop

step this way



"Every girl, regardless of acting ambitions, loves to make a glamorous entrance down a staircase," says Mrs. Harman. "More often than not, we create a poor impression with head down, eyes on feet." Above, Yvonne Craig demonstrates how not to descend



Yvonne makes perfect entrance, chin up body gracefully erect

"book" learning



Slipping and sliding at first, books soon remain firmly on heads as girls learn secret of smooth stride: Step forward with one foot, keeping weight of body over back foot. Next, come up on balls of both feet, keeping knees straight, and shift weight to advanced foot. Now throw weight to heel of advanced foot, relaxing rear leg, bending knee and letting foot rest easily on the ball. If you think this takes lots of practice—you're right! But the result is the kind of walk you admire on the screen. After group practice, each girl steps out solo while rest of class look,

listen and learn. Below, Jana Lund does her stuff for onlookers Joyce Beatty, Colleen Drake, Estelle Harman, Yvonne Craig, Heather Ames and Fran Bennett. All pay careful heed to Mrs. Harman's watchful comments: "Keep toes pointed straight ahead! Swing arms easily! Be sure movement springs from balls of feet! Don't look down! Keep top of head and chin parallel to ground! No short, mincing steps, please! Or long, awkward strides, either!" Check these points yourself. Soon, you too will be walking with new poise and assurance—right in step with the stars



sitting pretty



Caught in awkward sitting positions by Patricia Lavin, assistant to Mrs. Harman, girls promptly assume more graceful positions. Patricia reminds them that knowing how is not enough. "Grace must be practiced all of the time, until it becomes natural," she says. Above, Fran Bennett, who was asked to "freeze"

in her original pose, demonstrates how entire appearance can be spoiled by clumsy position of legs. Seated behind her: Joyce Beatty, Colleen Drake, Jana Lund, Heather Ames and Erica Kulewitz. Standing: Patricia Lavin and Estelle Harman. Below, Fran plays role of awkward girl, Jana puts best foot forward.



Fran Bennett (left) shows how not to get comfortable, as she lets knees fall open ungracefully while crossing her ankles. Jana Lund, portraying attractive girl, crosses ankles neatly, keeping legs close together. In picture at right, right and wrong way to



cross knees: Fran's legs are pressed together, making calf spread and thicken, while Jana swings leg all the way across other knee so that shape of calf is not distorted. Note, too, different impressions created by posture and arm positions of girls.

Continued on page 70

HOW WOULD HE RATE YOU?

His first impression of you:

- a) She slouches; is untidy looking
- b) She's a fashion plate
- c) I didn't notice

What he thinks of your walk:

- a) Drowsy Dot—Shoulders hunched; hips, head ahead of feet; tummy out; eyes down
- b) Graceful Grace—Makes perfect entrance: head high, tummy in, back straight
- c) Athletic Ann—Takes long, awkward strides as on a golf course

Sitting pretty:

- a) Her legs cross high; skirt tight
- b) Legs cross easily or are straight; skirt over knees; back straight
- c) Legs wrap around chair; slumps
- d) Ouch! Knees apart; ankles cross

When you meet people:

- a) She's embarrassed; introvertish
- b) She's composed; thinks first
- c) She gets flustered; flounders
- d) She chatters constantly

Your telephone manners:

- a) Her talk is long and small
- b) She's pleasant, polite—and brief

Your restaurant know-how:

- a) When I ask what she'd like to order, she answers, "Anything."
- b) She names her choices quickly
- c) She asks for explanations of five or six items on menu; takes a long time to decide

Your social savoir-faire:

- a) While on a date, she spots best friend Judy, on the street, squeals, yoo-hoos and waves frantically
- b) Catches up with Judy and introduces us
- c) Ignores Judy; it's easier

Your dress:

- a) She's a sporty, outdoorsy dresser
- b) She dresses to suit the occasion
- c) She's a frilly type, come-what-may

Your makeup:

- a) Makeup is fine, but not if I can't see the girl underneath
- b) I know she wears makeup, but all I can see is how pretty she looks
- c) Could be pretty if she cared enough to use a little makeup

For how he'd rate you, see page 70.

PHOTOPLAY dared Kim Novak to
let palm-reader Stephanos reveal
the secrets of her hand – and heart

A drizzly summer afternoon, and Kim waited eagerly for palm-reader Stephanos in her New York vacation headquarters, the penthouse suite of the elegant Sherry Netherlands Hotel.

When Photoplay first invited Kim to a Stephanos palm-reading session, she refused. She didn't want her palm revealed, she told us, for a number of very personal reasons.

And then, via the Broadway grapevine, she heard of Stephanos' success with cinema stars and the jazzy international set. He'd pinned their characters right down to a T, Kim was told. And so, finally, she couldn't turn down our dare!

"You don't mind, do you—letting me read your palm?" asked Stephanos, once he was seated comfortably next to Kim in the luxurious living room of her suite.

"I'm doing it on a dare from Photoplay—for fun!" Kim answered.

And so Stephanos took Kim's left palm in his, since she writes with it, he explained, and began to (*Continued on page 69*)





PALMIST: *Wait! This line is strange . . .
it shows trouble . . .*

continued

PALMIST:

*There are
many men
in your life . . .*

KIM:

*No marriage
signs?*

PALMIST:

*Your career
will skyrocket . . .*

KIM:

*But all
I want is to be
a housewife!*



continued

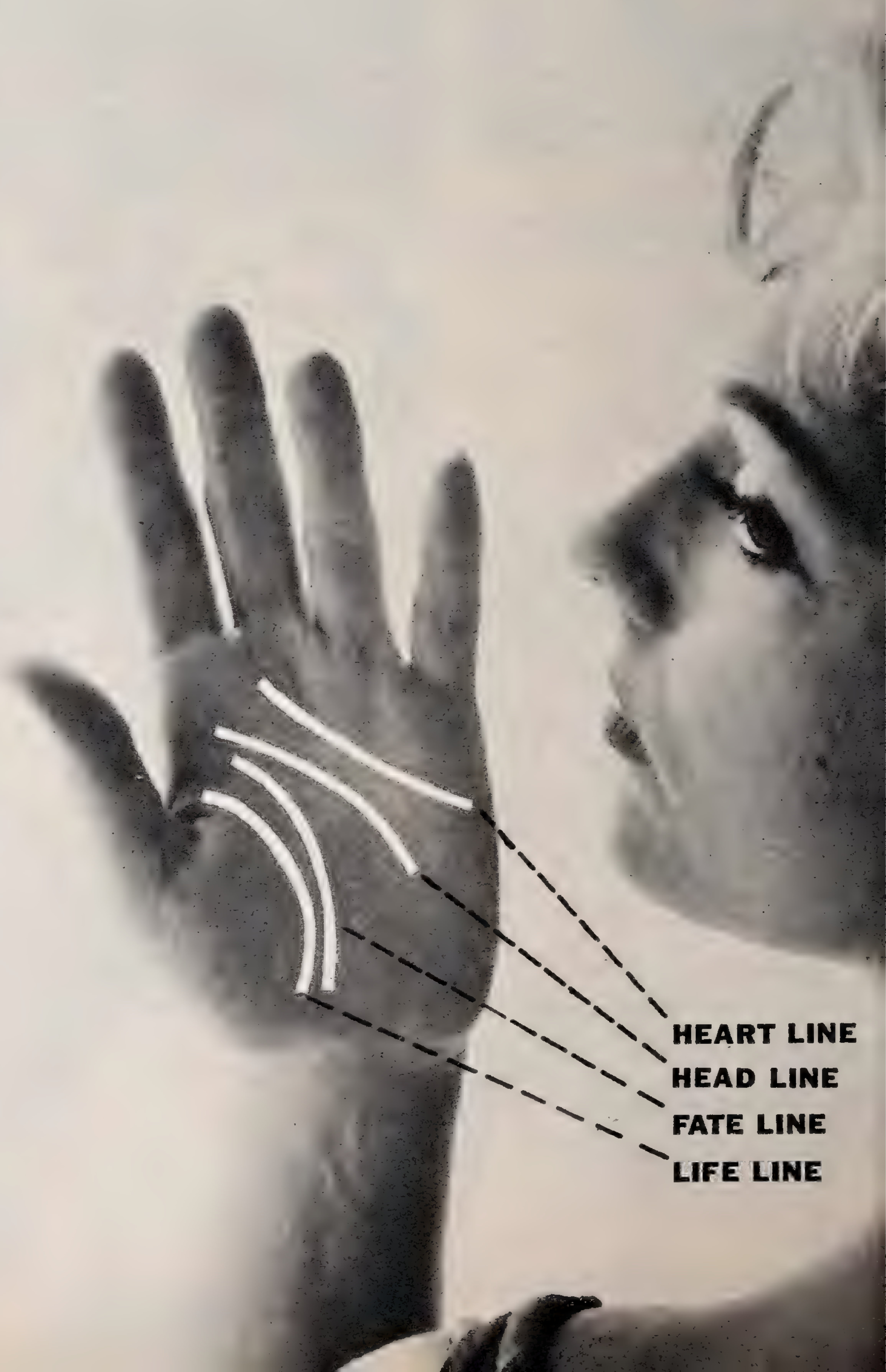
1. Are you a materialist? Thick, chubby hands or fingers show a tendency toward materialism and self-indulgence. Thin fingers reveal refinement, love of beauty.
2. If your palm has lots of little lines, no doubt you're sensitive and impressionable. If there's an overabundance of thin, thin lines, you're terribly temperamental, too.
3. Is there a Star sign (like an asterisk) on your Fate line (the Fate line runs parallel to the Life line)? Watch out. You could be involved in some kind of scandal.
4. Your thumb is the steering wheel of your palm. It guides your personality. Long, strong thumbs reveal dynamic personalities—people who'll go places in the world. Very short, weak thumbs indicate highly emotional people who are overly concerned with the petty in family, business deals.
5. Directly below your thumb is a mount of hard flesh. This is called Venus, the mount of love. Venus is the thermometer of your affections. Feel it and if it's well-padded, and fleshy, you're a generous, loving person; if hard and bony, you're selfish and stingy.
6. If the mount of Venus bulges, you appreciate art, music, writing and acting. You revel in the dramatic, and you've a warm personality, making you fun to be with.
7. Opposite Venus mount, on the pinky side of your palm, is Luna. If it's springy, it means you have a very active imagination. If it's too springy, you belong in the fantasy world. If it's flat and hard, you're much too practical!
8. Look at the ends of your fingers, where your fingerprint is. If it peaks in the center—you're inclined to be quite stubborn.

Your life is in your hand.

Compare your palm with Kim's...

Here Stephanos gives you

a few tips for your party fun



HEART LINE
HEAD LINE
FATE LINE
LIFE LINE

JOHNNY SAXON'S FIRST INTERVIEW SINCE HIS ROMANCE CRACKUP

by HILDEGARDE JOHNSON



Secretly married couple? Estranged lovers? Or just strangers? How does Vicki fit into John's life?

Johnny levels with us about:

- *His feelings for Vicki Thal*
- *Those "untrue" marriage stories*
- *What he's looking for in a girl*

I met John Saxon in the lobby of a New York theater, on Forty-Sixth Street west of Broadway. This interview was the first since his return from Europe, where—the press had predicted cheerily—Vicki Thal was supposed to become Mrs. John Saxon, with an idyllic honeymoon on the Continent to follow. Instead, the romance had crumbled into nothing, and John had come

home alone. A disappointing ending, it seemed.

I was early; John was late. He had been absorbed in the play—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Visit"—and he was one of the last to leave the theater. He came through the doorway looking for me, lighting a cigarette. He wore a gray suit with a fine black pencil stripe, one of those new four-button (*continued*)

continued

Johnny levels with us:



about the girls who broke his heart in Brooklyn—about moments when he's afraid

jobs with hand-rolled seams and turned-up cuffs. The flap of the jacket pocket was lined with a red paisley print; so were the cuffs. From above the doorway, hidden lighting picked up auburn glints in his dark hair, and his eyes shone as intensely as burning coals in an outdoor grill. People stopped to look at this young man.

Two well-dressed middle-aged women stared and whispered together—"John Saxon"—and stared again. Feeling

their eyes on him, John seemed uneasy—strange reaction for a successful young movie actor.

But his face brightened as I introduced myself. "Hi!" he said, stubbing out his cigarette in the sand container. "Let's get out of here. The studio has a car waiting."

He had no sooner left the theater than a chorus of shrieks rose above the taxi hoots. "It is! It is! Johnny! Johnnee!" From across the (Continued on page 85)

Now in M-G-M's "The Reluctant Debutante," John will be seen next in U-I's "The Wonderful Years"





BY SANDRA ULLMAN as told to MARCIA BORIE

Suddenly the rain fell on the windowpane and I turned from my typewriter to look at the extras and technicians hurrying through the studio street outside, making for the shelter of the huge M-G-M soundstages. It was four o'clock. I sighed and watched the cloudburst and wondered if it would stop before five because I'd forgotten my umbrella.

I was about to put my feet on the waste paper basket and relax for a few minutes when the door swung open and a tall, blond young man burst into the office, dripping

wet, coat sagging, his hair hanging down over his face.

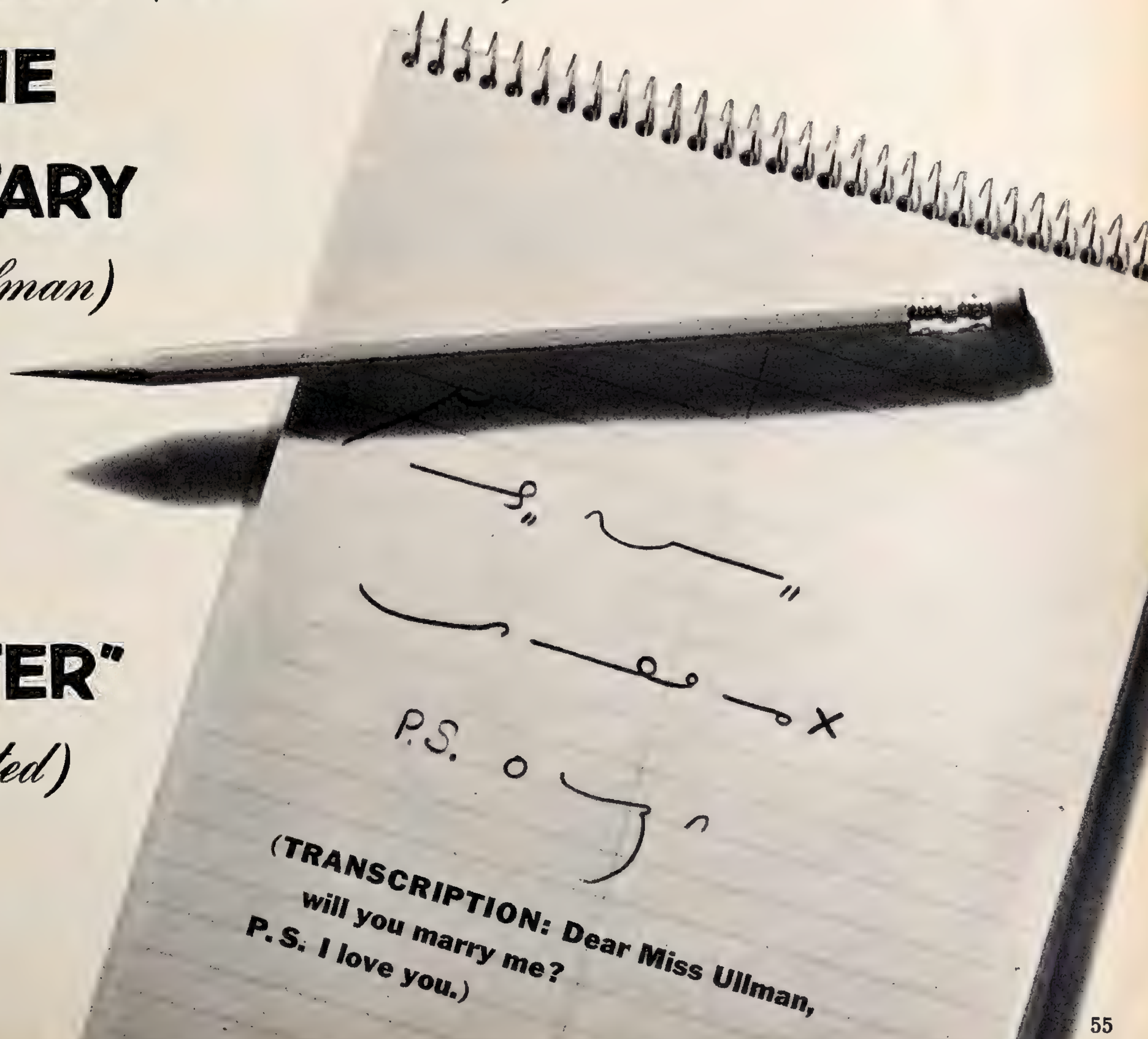
"You look like a drowned puppy!" I started to laugh, when Leslie—for it was Leslie Nielsen—silenced me with a stony stare.

"Miss Ullman," he said oddly, running his fingers back through his wet hair, "will you please take a letter?"

His manner was so distant, so formal, my chin dropped a little from surprise. I was just a studio secretary and my job did include helping players, but Leslie and I had dated—yet suddenly, I was just plain (*Continued on page 76*)

THE BACHELOR (*Leslie Nielsen*) AND THE SECRETARY (*Sandy Ullman*)

"TAKE A LETTER" (*he dictated*)



(TRANSCRIPTION: Dear Miss Ullman,
will you marry me?
P.S. I love you.)

DEAR LITA AND
RORY CALHOUN—



I LOVED THE
SURPRISE
PARTY

U GAVE ME
BRIDGET MADISON

P.S. Same goes for us. We had more fun than the kids.

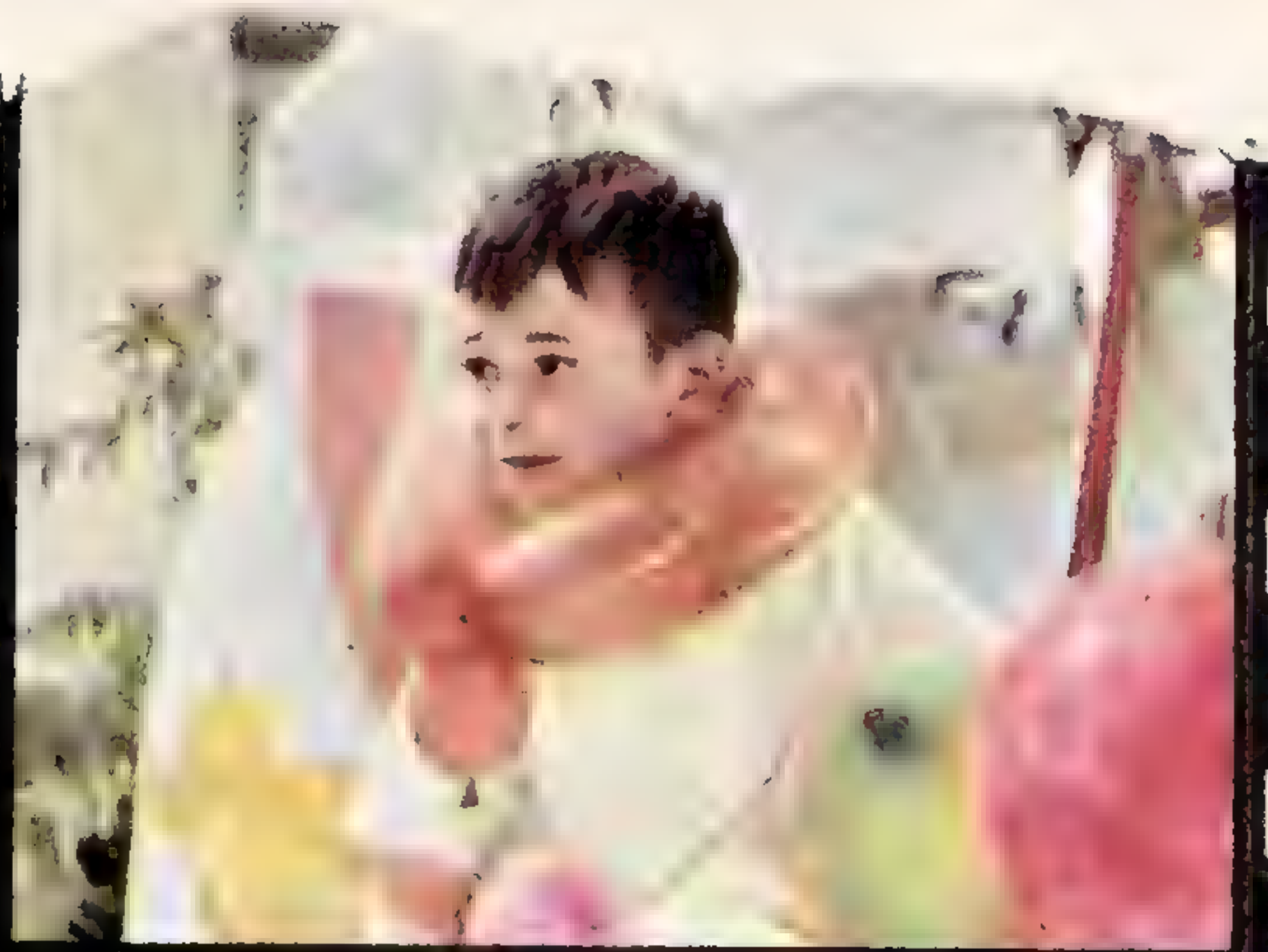
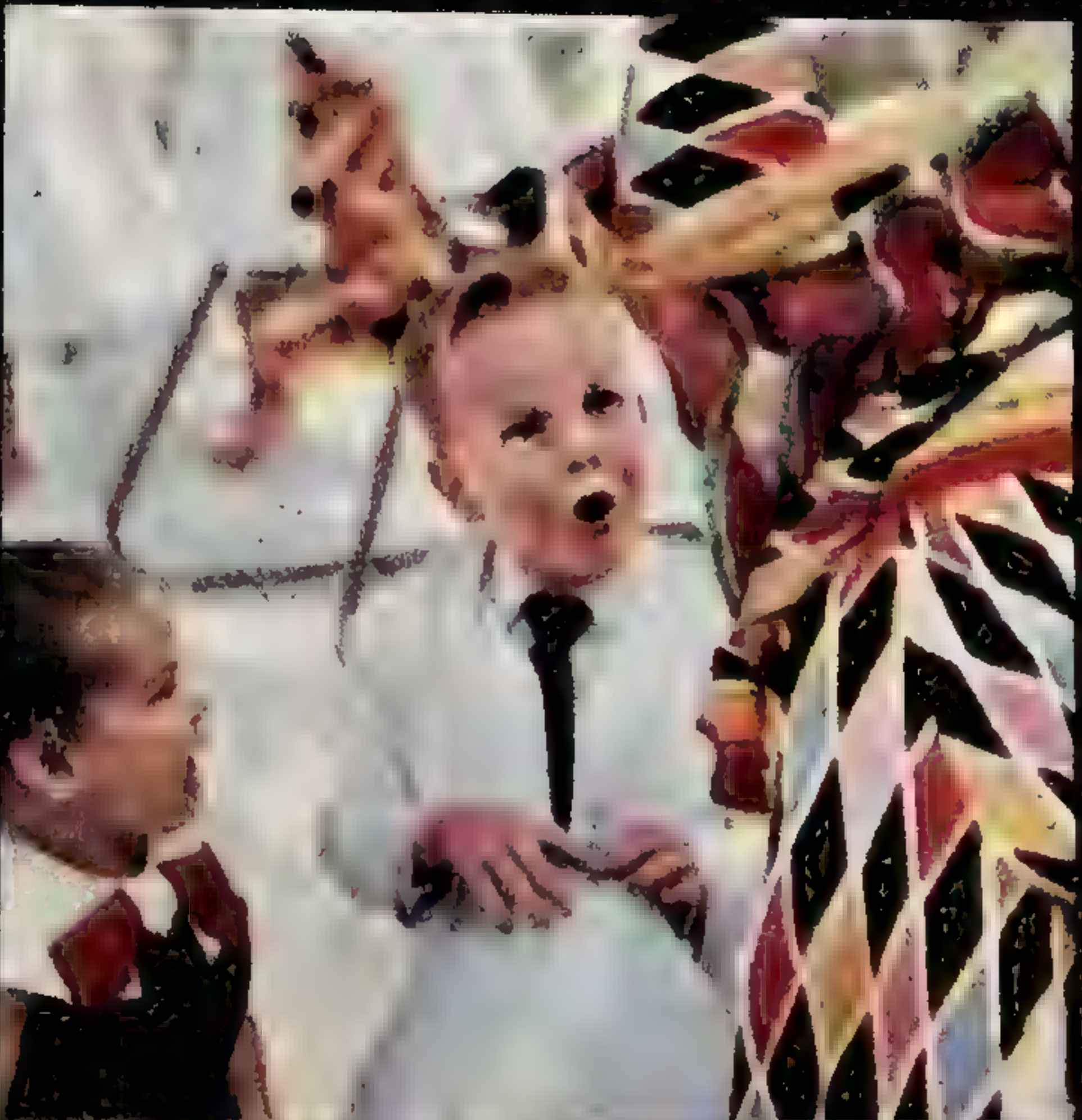
A real ball! Our daughter thanks you; we thank you.

Sheila + Guy Madison

Dear Sheila, Guy and you too, Bridget,
We Calhouns—Rory and I, and
Cindy, too—thank *you!* Since you're
the folks we love the most, we're glad
you had such a good time at our birthday
party for Bridget. But we bet you didn't
have half so much fun as we had. Or
our Cindy! Rory says to tell Guy he
still aches from parking cars and carry-

ing kids piggyback. How's Guy's bruised
shin? Better, we hope.

Yvonne (De Carlo) called this morn-
ning to tell me about the blooming
romance between her little Bruce and
our Cindy. Sheila, you and I missed
the whole thing—we never did get out
of the kitchen! (I'll never look at an-
other plate of (Continued on page 95)



by DEE PHILLIPS

LOVE

HAS SHIRLEY

UP A TREE

BUT

SHE'S COMING

DOWN

TO EARTH AGAIN



Another last breakfast. Steve's famous scrambled eggs. Just like the last time, before he went away, Shirley MacLaine thought as she watched her husband put the final touches of fresh mint to his favorite breakfast concoction. She wanted to shout out—all the thoughts and feelings that seemed to be swirling around her head. Instead, she simply sat quietly, silently watching Steve turn the eggs in the pan, as if she were seeing it for the first time.

She looked up at the big kitchen clock, and wished she could stop its ticking.

In less than an hour Steve would pick up his (Continued on page 78)





Dick
Clark
says:
don't
sit on
the
sidelines





I think if I ever decided to sit down and write a book, I'd call it "Notes from a Professional Wallflower." It'd be as good a title as any, don't you agree? I'm the guy who, on "American Bandstand" and at my record hops, has to sit and watch all the other guys have fun on the dance floor. But no tears now. I get a charge out of it. Honestly. And you want to know something? I'm beginning to believe there aren't many of us wallflowers left. That makes me very happy—yes indeed.

But just to set the record straight, and so you don't get the wrong idea—I wasn't *always* a wallflower. Fact is, I—Richard Wagstaff Clark (my family was always big for middle names)—made my first real hit with my own wife, Barbara, at a dance.

We were both in high school (*continued*)



BE A BELLE

HAVE A BALL



DICK CLARK CHOOSES -

tops



Rick Nelson



Johnny Mathis



Frankie Avalon



Tommy Sands

at hops

continued

then—in Mount Vernon, N. Y. Barbara—her name was Barbara Mallery—had a date with a good buddy of mine and I didn't have a date, but we were all invited to the same party, so we made it a three-way date. At the party my friend threw a few hints my way that he thought Barbara would like to date me. Since he didn't want to stand in the way for either of us, he said, in the spirit of may-the-best-man-win: "Why don't you ask her out?" And so I did. I invited Barbara to the annual Snowball Hop, the big winter high school dance of the season. And she accepted. I'd brushed up on a few of the latest steps, and we hit it off right away. It was really a great evening.

My second date with Barbara wasn't quite so successful, though, I have to admit. It was an informal hop a few weeks later. After one or two trips to the refreshment stand, I suddenly realized I'd miscalculated and was fresh out of money. I checked all the guys I knew to see if there were any house parties or get-togethers going on after the dance that were free—the idea of taking your date home immediately afterward was strictly for squares. But nope, just my luck, there were no gatherings planned. Most of the gang was just going out for hamburgers and sodas afterwards. And there I was with no money to join them. Just out on a second date and wanting to clinch the impression, too. Great impression I'd make, I sulked. Well, she was a swell (Continued on page 92)

for dancing cheek to cheek
—or really jumpin'—try:

"A CERTAIN SMILE"

Johnny Mathis-Columbia

"GINGERBREAD"

Frankie Avalon-Chancellor

"FEVER"

Peggy Lee-Capitol

"WESTERN MOVIES"

The Olympics-Demon

"MOON TALK"

Perry Como-RCA Victor

"THE KING CREOLE ALBUM"

Elvis Presley-RCA Victor

"DREAMS COME TRUE"

Pat Boone-Dot

"ONE SUMMER NIGHT"

The Danleers-Mercury

"YAKETY YAK"

Coasters-Atlantic

"THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER"

Sheb Wooley-M-G-M

"POOR LITTLE FOOL"

Rick Nelson-Imperial

"WHEN"

The Kalin Twins-Decca

"PATRICIA"

Perez Prado-RCA Victor

"AFTER THE SENIOR PROM"

Tommy Sands-Capitol





No tight skirts. Remember that gracefulness counts—rear-view

continued

get hep with these real-gone steps

(PLUS SOME DANCING DON'TS)



Leaving the floor? Never mind most of the rules you've heard—the girl should go first



Waiting? Look cheerful—a boy wants a partner who wants fun



Dancing? Well, make your partner believe you enjoy dancing

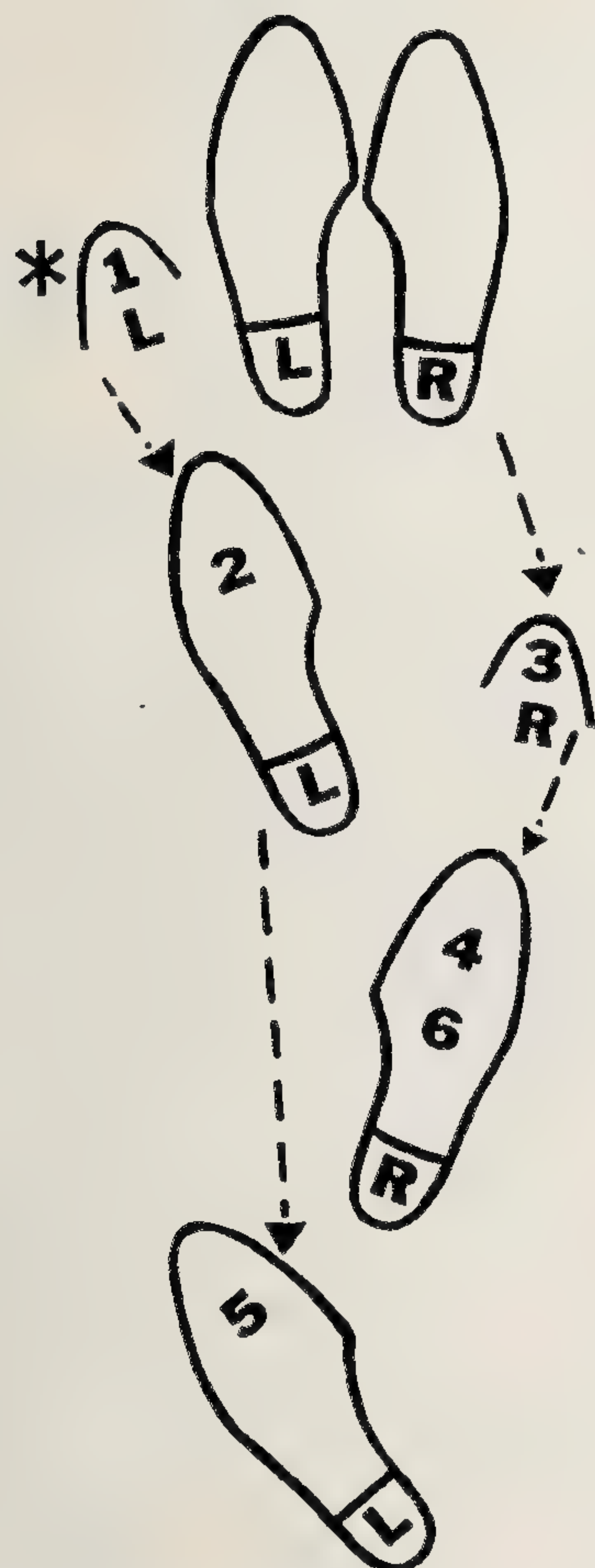
ROCK 'N ROLL IN ACTION

Using the basic step shown on opposite page, the boy leads his partner to open position on last step. With his right hand, he pushes the girl to his left and out, then takes her right hand with his left and holds it as they do another



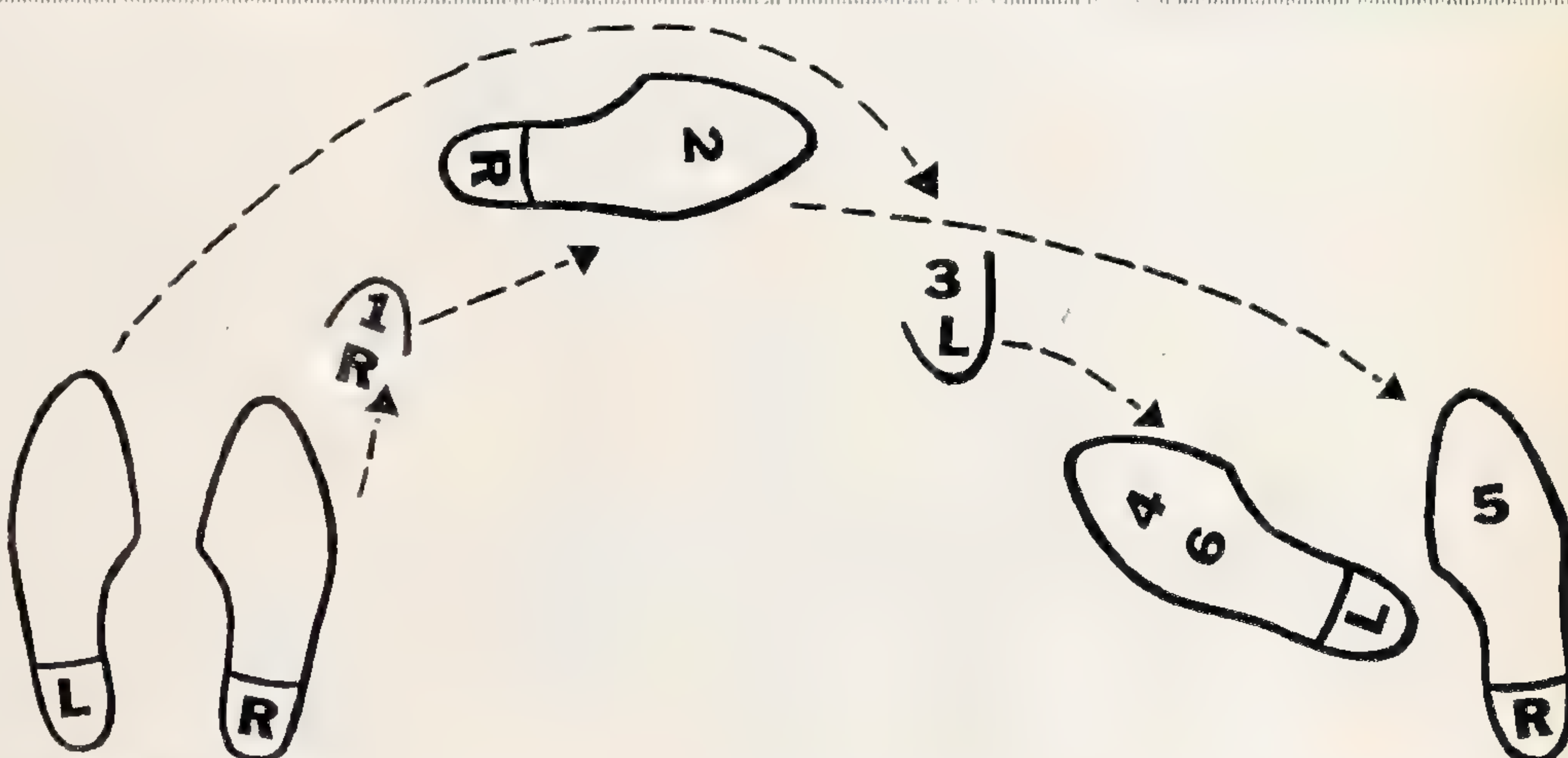
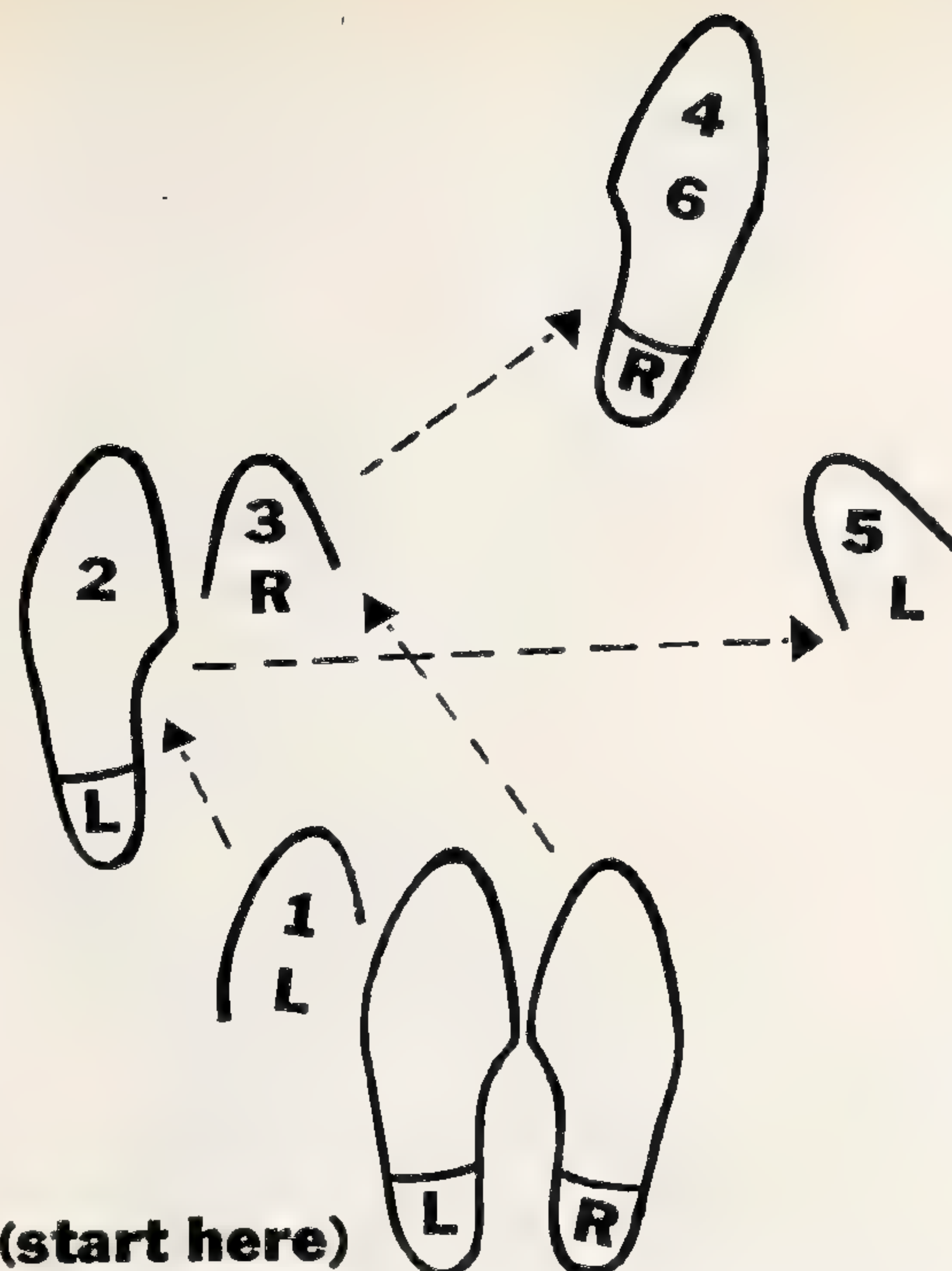
BASIC STEPS IN ROCK 'N ROLL

(start here)



* All toe outlines mean tap step

(start here)



(start here)

DANCE STEPS COURTESY FRED ASTAIRE STUDIOS

basic step, in open position. On the last step, they return to closed position, and then begin the double under-arm turn, like this: After both parts of the basic throw-out, the boy raises his left arm. He swings it up and out to his left,

leading the girl to turn to her right, under his arm. Then he lowers and raises his arm as they do the next basic step, leading the girl to a second under-arm turn—now to her left. If you've got that, you're rockin' in the Dick Clark style





sparkling
soaring
skyrocketing
excitement
for your lips!

Now! A moist, glowing lipstick that gets **more brilliant**

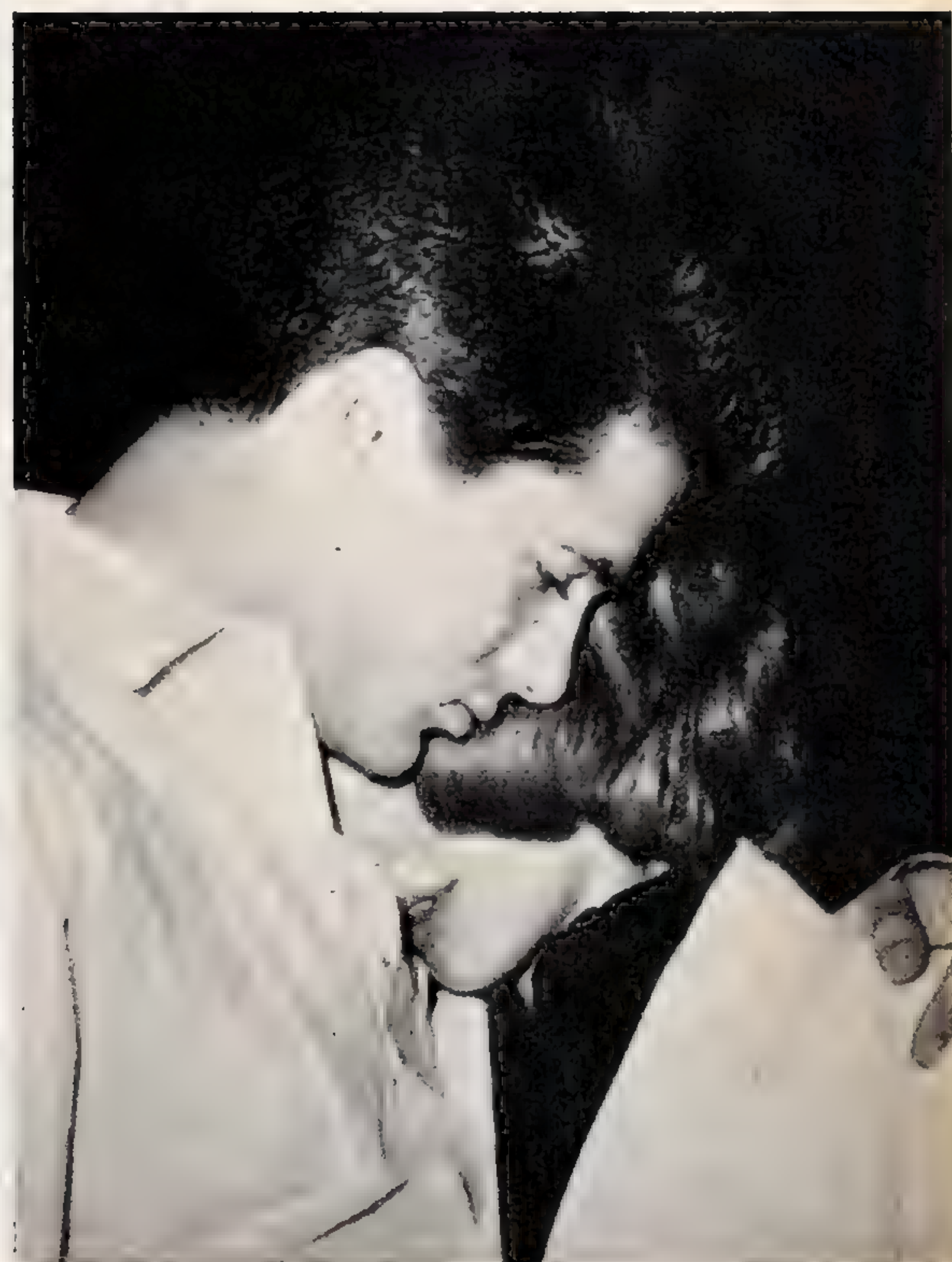
as you wear it!

Max Factor **hi-fi** Lipstick

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IF YOUR LIPSTICKS lose their life and fade away, MAX FACTOR has developed your perfect lipstick! *Hi-Fi* glides on . . . clearer, truer, sparkling . . . and *stays* sparkling! Even gets more brilliant as you wear it. Because *Hi-Fi* refreshes its excitement! You'll love it in exciting new Sparkling Scarlet and 12 other fabulous shades by MAX FACTOR. 1.25 plus tax.



August 27, 1958—it was a day Tommy Sands would never forget. The day he turned twenty-one. And Judi Meredith gave him a lovely new script-holder. And he kissed her for it. And they talked . . .

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOMMY

*with love—
Judi*

Tommy Sands unwrapped the large, flat package, and stood for a moment, dumbstruck and blushing. He didn't know what to say.

"Aw, Judi, you shouldn't have!" he finally blurted.

"Happy twenty-first birthday, Tommy," Judi Meredith laughed.

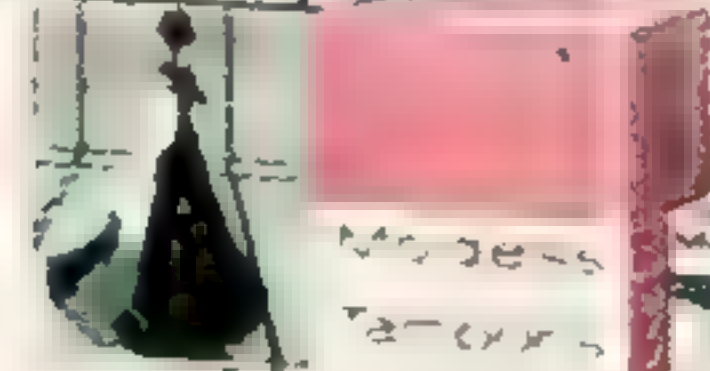
He bent quickly and kissed her. "How'd you know? You're wonderful. And it's wonderful. How'd you know I needed a script-holder? And red leather—how'd you guess that was my favorite color? And my name on it—in gold, yet!"

"A little bird on the 'Mardi Gras' set over at 20th told me," she grinned.

Suddenly he reached (Continued on page 96)



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AND SCOTT STORES**

PHOTOPLAY DARED

KIM . . .

Continued from page 48

study it. He looked at it long and intently. "Your left hand is the hand of action," Stephanos began. "In it, the lines of the palm change and develop according to the way your character changes and develops."

"But let's have one understanding," Kim insisted. "Although I said this reading is 'for fun,' you must promise to tell me everything. I don't want a sugar-coated reading."

"When we only reveal the good things, we call them upbeat readings," Stephanos laughed.

"Well, I want you to give me all the downbeat items, too," Kim answered, smiling.

"Understood. Now then, let's begin with your Heart—or Love line," said Stephanos, settling down to business.

"That's the one I'm most interested in," Kim said.

"Isn't everyone?" Stephanos smiled understandingly. "But first, before I go into your specific loves, I want to tell you your Heart line is terrifyingly overshadowed with doubt."

"What?" Kim asked, surprised.

"Yes, it's full of uncertainty. I'd say, without qualm, Kim, that you don't trust love. You want it, yet you're afraid of it. You don't believe it can happen to you. Every time you fall in love, you have a miserable time because you're busy doubting, doubting, doubting all the time."

"How can you tell that?" Kim asked curiously.

"By a series of damaging lines that are cutting into the body of your Heart line. This doubting of love worries me. You'll never achieve a mature love relationship if you don't get it into control. I'm trying to think of a good word to describe it. Maybe I'd call it love-testing. Yes, that's it—you're a love-tester."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, before I explain it, let me say there's no shortage of love in your palm. You want love, demand love—and *get love*. But, deep down inside, where all your defenses are bare, love frightens you. It scares you because you won't believe it is for real. 'How can anybody love me?' you ask. So you start testing like crazy to prove the love is true. And invariably, this tremendous testing destroys whatever love you have."

Kim interrupted. "Can you give me an example of what you mean?"

"Sure. Let's say someone you're fond of tells you at the beginning of a telephone conversation, 'Hello dear. How are you? Are you going to tell me how much you love me today?' You're pleased for the moment, delighted. Soon the conversation changes to—let's say, food. He tells you about a terrific dinner party he went to last night at a client's, where the client's wife served a fabulous shrimp casserole. You begin to say to yourself, 'Why is he raving over it? Is he telling me I'm a poor cook? Is he trying to tell me I'll never be a good wife—that I can't entertain?'"

"Actually, he couldn't care less about whether or not you can make a shrimp casserole," Stephanos continued, seriously. "But you've started twisting this thought in your mind. You don't feel confident as a cook, so you mistrust any comment he makes about cooking. Ultimately you put yourself through the worry wringer—you don't believe in yourself."

"It's my inferiority complex," Kim con-

fessed. "I never think I can measure up to what's expected of me, to what I expect of myself. Did you know I was born on February 13, 1933—at 3:14 a.m., in Room 313 at St. Anthony's Hospital in Chicago? When they told me thirteen was an unlucky number, I've been afraid of myself ever since. Soon as I began to go to school I wanted so much to belong to a gang, a group of kids to have fun with. But I never made it. I didn't think I was good enough. I figured I was an ugly duckling—someone who's born unlucky."

"Then," said Stephanos, "if the man we were discussing doesn't say 'I love you' at the finish of the telephone conversation you'll get yourself sick over it, isn't that right? Maybe he was called away quickly or maybe someone came into the office while he was using the phone and he was embarrassed to continue a personal conversation in front of someone else. Maybe, like many men, he's not very good when it comes to expressing his love with words. But, no, you don't think of any of these things. All you think of is, 'He doesn't love me,'—and you put him through a terrible trial the next time you see him or talk to him."

"Remember, Kim, you mustn't be afraid to trust love, once you've accepted someone's love. In fact, do you realize your palm is riddled with fear? Your lack of trust prevents you from giving completely of your love, and, before you know it, you've ruined something which may have been very beautiful by doubting and brooding."

"You're absolutely right," Kim sighed. "I'm shocked that you've found this out about me. It's really a disturbing part of my character. Tell me, what can I do about it?"

"A palmist can't always give you the solutions. He's primarily interested in revealing your character to you—in order that you may learn all about yourself. All I can say is you must trust love if you want to enjoy the deep love relationship you so desperately crave."

"What about my loves?" she asked quickly, and then cut her own question short.

"There seems to have been a series of them, many of them shallow. You're looking for a deep, involving, uplifting love—the kind that'll knock you off your feet. And you're lucky. There's a long line of affection here that's going to surprise you so suddenly one day. There'll be nothing premeditated about it. It's going to happen with a bang—and, wow, are you going to have a ball!"

"Any marriage signs?" Kim asked, leaning forward a little.

"This new love I see could very well be your marriage love—" Stephanos spoke slowly. "However, there's another love hiding behind it. If this other love taunts you, you won't marry the head-over-heels love I just told you about. There are other small loves that may woo you, distract you from this big love—and then, look out!"

"Your Heart line scatters, dissipates. If it spreads itself too thin, you'll never achieve the love you want and need. So, be careful; don't let your love go off into too many directions. This can harm you—and ruin your Heart line."

Kim looked into her palm with great fascination. "Can you see all that *here*?"

"All of what you are is here," the palm-reader answered assuredly. "Now, for your sensitivities."

"Are they good or bad?"

"Nothing to do with good or bad. There are simply too many of them. They prevent you from developing. They clutter your life. Trifling, petty details that take up hours of your time—for ridiculous

reasons, meaningless ones."

"Such as?"

"Suppose someone from the studio gave you a couple of hundred photographs to autograph for your fans. Instead of sitting right down to autograph them, you'd spend ten or fifteen minutes of your time counting them. If, by chance, one's missing, you'll think you've miscounted, then count them all over again. This time you count an extra one. So you go through the whole rigamarole again, and before you know it you've spent an hour counting pictures when you should have been signing them. It's petty matters like this, Kim, that take up minutes here and minutes there of your time. Before you know it, these minutes add up to hours."

"You're so right," Kim admitted slowly. "I let the littlest things bother me."

"You mustn't. You have a few controls over your sensitivities, but not many. Another thing, when you're hurt, the whole world knows it. You can't disguise it. In order to be the actress you are, you need sensitivity. But not to the extreme these sensitivities dominate your palm."

"Take your reviews, for instance. If a big reviewer gives you a thumbs-down review, it doesn't bother you as much as maybe the notice from a small town that you once visited on a personal appearance tour, a little town where you made a few friends. You'll think your new friends'll hate you because of what the reviewer said about your acting. And you torture yourself over this."

Kim smiled. "I asked for a downbeat reading, and I'm getting it."

"Now, about your career," Stephanos continued, "You are blessed with one of the most beautiful Stars of Success I've ever seen. It's overpowering."

"What does that mean?"

"Your career will skyrocket and blaze in the heavens. The whole world will be at your feet."

"But all I want to be's a housewife."

"Really? A housewife?"

"Can you believe that? Most people don't," Kim said.

"You're destined for success. Worldly success."

"But I can get married, too?" Kim persisted.

"Well, you'll never be able to run away from success. Look here, your success is protected in your Fate line with a dazzling shower of stars later on. Success follows you wherever you go, whatever you do."

"Will success rule out marriage?"

"No, it doesn't have to, necessarily. Oh, here's something interesting. I see you had a short career before the Star of Success flashed into your life. But it was unimportant—and in another field altogether."

"I modeled for a while," said Kim. "That's how I got to Hollywood from Chicago. I was out there on a temporary assignment."

"And after this brief career, your mount of Apollo called you. Apollo is known in palmistry as the mount of the Sun or Success. It produces great artists and people who have a magnetic brilliance. You have a strong love for gaiety, color, beauty and travel. Apollo tells us you're often the center of attraction. People treasure your friendship."

"Would you say I was a good friend?" she asked.

"Yes. I say you are a better friend than lover. As a friend you aren't afraid. You give fearlessly of yourself. But, back to Apollo. You have a crying need for self-expression. Apollo offers you the opportunity to fulfill yourself with your art."

"Good!"

"But here's the trouble," Stephanos

YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

Continued from page 47

SITTING PRETTY



"There is no one correct leg position for sitting," explains Estelle Harman, leading coach and director of Hollywood's famous Actor's Workshop. "But some patterns are more attractive than others." Here, Fran Bennett (left) shows what not to do by wrapping legs around chair, while Jana Lund rests feet evenly



"It's perfectly all right to relax—as long as it's done gracefully," says Mrs. Harman. Fran, portraying awkward girl, extends legs out in front of her, knees apart in ungainly position. Jana shows how legs may be stretched out just as comfortably but far more gracefully, with knees together, ankles neatly crossed

score yourself for "HOW WOULD HE RATE YOU?" quiz on page 47

Score five points for every "b" answer. 45 is perfect score. If he'd rate you with all "b's": You've made a wonderful impression. If you scored 30: With just a little attention to the questions you

flunked, you too can dazzle your audience. If less than 30: Helpful steps should be taken. But don't brood; you're not hopeless or you wouldn't be reading this article. Just remember that audience!

NEXT MONTH: WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GRACE AND GOOD MANNERS

"An actress before the cameras must seem to be unaware of how she enters a room, acknowledges introductions, holds her purse and gloves, balances a teacup," Mrs. Harman points out. "Yet she must do these things beautifully." These and

other situations calling for social poise will be acted out in rehearsal scenes at Actor's Workshop. Your copy of Photoplay is your ticket of admission.

Don't miss the November issue! We'll see you then.

Yvonne Craig stars in Disney's "The Young Land." You saw Fran Bennett in Warners' "Giant," and Jana Lund in Paramount's "Loving You."

frowned. "Saturn conflicts with Apollo. Saturn represents wisdom. A lot of things you do as an actress conflict with your wisdom. You know what I mean. Things like having to spend hours for costume fittings, having constantly to be on extra special behavior when you're in public—particularly to offensive people. You question these things, wonder if they're necessary. You have a native intelligence, which doesn't always jibe with many of the superficial things you're called upon to do as a film star.

"But you need to develop more courage and patience. There's a tendency toward belligerence . . .

"You fly off the handle too easily. Lots of times you'll say things you'll regret. An extra moment of thought, and you'd realize you were wrong."

"Don't I know it! My philosophy's been 'When things go wrong, it's a waste of time to be calm.' And I have paid for it in anguish! Every time I've sounded off to the papers they printed *everything*, but *everything*—and after I read what I've said I'd bite my lip and say 'Darn! Why didn't I think twice?'"

Stephanos looked kindly at Kim. "You've got to exercise greater control. Now, here's something interesting. Your Life line reveals a dual personality. When you were young, for instance, didn't you have trouble making up your mind? Weren't there two completely different personalities pulling at you, one telling you to do what the opposite you didn't want to?"

"This is incredible!" Kim flared. "How can you see *that*?"

"By the wishbone in your Life line. See it here?"

"Oh, it's so true. I used to call my personalities Kim Number One and Kim Number Two. They could never agree. If Kim Number One wanted to visit a girlfriend, Kim Number Two wanted to be all by herself in her room, play-acting in front of the mirror."

"But now they're beginning to merge," said Stephanos. "You're becoming one—strange as that sounds. You're beginning to subdue one of the personalities; the other one is now more important to you—the Kim that's more outgoing, the actress Kim."

"It's true. I think I know more of what I want. The lavender Kim's emerging."

"In your early life, Kim, you had a devil of a time trying to work out the problem of independence. You wanted to be independent and did everything in your power to achieve it. Then once having achieved this, you came to the conclusion that maybe you didn't want it. Your character, you've realized, is a *dependent* character. You like people . . . want to be with them . . . are anxious to please them . . . wish to learn from them. Interesting people give you great pleasure, and you depend on them for enjoyment and learning."

"Oh, I can't believe you can tell all this from my palm."

"But I can. And Kim, if I were going to tell you one overall thing about your palm, what I consider to be the most important thing—"

"Yes—?"

Stephanos' eyes leveled with Kim's, as he spoke slowly. "I'd say this: *trust love*. Don't squander it. Don't mistrust one love, then run to another, mistrust all over again and run off again. You have a fabulous capacity for love, and your mount of Venus shows this, but I don't have to check Venus for that! Give yourself completely to love, and you'll find real love agrees with you one hundred per cent. You'll never doubt it—from then on!"

THE END

KIM'S IN COLUMBIA'S "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE"

"I'M NOT JERRY LEE LEWIS"...

Continued from page 30

the inside of my jacket pocket. "Just checking," he whispered hoarsely. "Jerry Lee Lewis might be hiding here. I can't get away from him!"

Returning to his chair, Jerry (no middle name) Lewis dropped the clown act and said to us seriously, "Look at this letter. Read the third paragraph."

It said: "We thought you were the greatest. We saw your movies and TV shows and bought all your records. We even did our bit to support the muscular dystrophy drive because you headed it. Why did you let us down? Why did you leave Patti and four boys? Why did you run off and marry your thirteen-year-old cousin? We've lost faith in you and everything you have to do with."

"Okay," Jerry said, "one letter like that would be funny. Somebody joking—and I'd go along with the gag. But hundreds of them, that's something else. Sure, I answer each letter personally. Patti's helped, too. She adds a personal postscript to each one, saying: 'I love Jerry; he loves me. We've been married fourteen years and expect to be together forever. You're confusing him with another guy.' And I give the facts to fans like Miss Reich who call me on the phone. But I repeat: How can I get through to the people who don't phone, who don't write, who just believe that I'm somebody else and are judging me by what that somebody else does?"

Jerry reached into his wallet with one finger, wriggled it around and said, "Jerry Lee, are you there?" Then he pulled out a press clipping. "It's not just the marriage story that's causing the mix-up," he said. "It's things like this, too."

The headline, in big black type, said: "LEWIS BOOED IN LONDON." The sub-head read: "Singer Asked to Leave Country; \$100,000 in Bookings Canceled."

"Now, that appeared in the Los Angeles Times, practically my hometown paper," Jerry explained. "The day the story came out, my phone never stopped ringing. 'Friends' called me up to give sympathy, offer advice, get more dirt. Some of them actually sounded disappointed when they learned that I hadn't been run out of England, that the story was about Jerry Lee."

From a briefcase he took another bunch of clippings. "This one has the lead: 'Jerry Lewis found himself a new wife—before he got around to divorcing the old one.' You can imagine how Patti felt when she read that."

"This one had direct quotes from 'me.' Listen to what I'm supposed to have said: 'My wife is cute. She might look young and be young, but she's grown. I was fifteen when I married the first time—too young. My wife was seventeen. That lasted a year. My second wife was seventeen, too. Lasted four years. This time I've found the right girl.'"

Jerry snatched out another clipping. "Listen to this one: 'Jerry Lewis, self-styled bigamist, and his child bride left London by plane yesterday after the British virtually gave them the jolly old heave-ho. At Lewis' last London theater appearance, Monday night, a member of the audience yelled: "Go home, you baby-snatcher!" And he went.'"

Shuffling the clippings together, Jerry started to stuff them back into his briefcase, then changed his mind and threw them into a wastepaper basket with a flourish. "The time for sitting and thinking

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| 9. Esther Williams | 187. Jeff Richards | 257. Jim Lowe | 281. Nick Todd |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 191. Robert Taylor | 258. Luana Patten | 282. Johnny Mathis |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 192. Jean Simmons | 259. Dennis Hopper | 283. David Nelson |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 260. Tom Tryon | 284. Shirley Temple |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 198. Gale Storm | 261. Tommy Sands | 285. Pat Conway |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 202. George Nader | 262. Will Hutchins | 286. Bob Horton |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 205. Ann Sothorn | 263. James Darren | 287. John Payne |
| 25. Dale Evans | 207. Eddie Fisher | 264. Ricky Nelson | 288. David Janssen |
| 27. June Allyson | 209. Liberace | 265. Faron Young | 289. Dick Clark |
| 33. Gene Autry | 212. Grace Kelly | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis | 290. Yvonne Craig |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 213. James Dean | 267. Ferlin Husky | 291. Carol Lynley |
| 51. Doris Day | 214. Sheree North | 268. Dolores Hart | 292. Jimmie Rodgers |
| 56. Perry Como | 215. Kim Novak | 269. James Garner | 293. Guy Williams |
| 57. Bill Holden | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 270. Everly Brothers | 294. Frankie Avalon |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 219. Natalie Wood | 271. Erin O'Brien | 295. John Gavin |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 220. Dewey Martin | 272. Sandra Dee | 296. Lee Remick |
| 74. John Wayne | 221. Joan Collins | 273. Lili Gentile | 297. Diane Varsi |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 274. Robert Culp | 298. Joanne Woodward |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 223. Sal Mineo | 275. Michael Ansara | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 86. Farley Granger | 224. Shirley Jones | 276. Jack Kelly | 300. Paul Anka |
| 92. Guy Madison | 225. Elvis Presley | 277. Darlene Gillespie | 301. Peter Brown |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 227. Tony Perkins | 278. Annette Funicello | 302. Edd Byrnes |
| 105. Vic Damone | 228. Clint Walker | | |
| 109. Dean Martin | 229. Pat Boone | | |
| 110. Jerry Lewis | 230. Paul Newman | | |
| 117. Terry Moore | 231. Don Murray | | |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 233. Pat Wayne | | |
| 127. Piper Laurie | 234. Carroll Baker | | |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 235. Anita Ekberg | | |
| 135. Jeff Chandler | 236. Corey Allen | | |
| 136. Rock Hudson | 239. Judy Busch | | |
| 139. Debra Paget | 240. Patti Page | | |
| 140. Dale Robertson | 241. Lawrence Welk | | |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe | 243. Larry Dean | | |
| 143. Pier Angeli | 244. Buddy Merrill | | |
| 145. Marlon Brando | 245. Hugh O'Brien | | |
| 147. Tab Hunter | 246. Jim Arness | | |
| 148. Robert Wagner | 247. Sanford Clark | | |
| 149. Russ Tamblyn | 248. Vera Miles | | |
| 150. Jeff Hunter | 249. John Saxon | | |
| 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 250. Dean Stockwell | | |
| 175. Charlton Heston | 251. Diane Jergens | | |
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is over. It's time for action, I say!

"I've nothing against Jerry Lee Lewis personally. His life is his own and he's entitled to lead it just like he wants to—as long as he doesn't hurt anybody else. But my family is being hurt by all this.

"What I want to know: Is Jerry Lee Lewis really Jerry Lee Lewis? In other words, is that his right name? If he was born something else, and changed his name to Jerry Lee Lewis, I'll take legal action to make him use another name. If Jerry Lee Lewis turns out to be his right name, well . . . We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

"Let's find out if Jerry Lee is in town. If he is, we'll go over and talk to him. But first," Jerry said, "I got to go for my special trench coat."

While Jerry was out of the room, a couple of his pals talked about the "Jerry Lee Lewis business." "I've never seen Jerry so upset," one of them said. "That London story, for instance. Jer happened to be there a short time before Jerry Lee was, and he made the biggest hit of his career. And it's not just that some fans are threatening to boycott his pictures and TV shows. That's bad enough. But worse than this to him, much worse, is the fact that he's so proud of his family and so much in love with his wife that when anything threatens this happiness, he almost flips."

Jerry came back into the room, wearing his trench coat. He picked up the phone, asked the hotel operator for a number, and waited. "Hi," he said into the phone, "I'd like to talk to Jerry Lee Lewis. . . . Left town. When? . . . No, he couldn't call me back—I'll be leaving tomorrow for the Coast. Just tell him *Mike Hammer* called. Thanks.

"It figures," Jerry announced after he'd hung up. "Knew I was on his trail." He took a magnifying glass out of his pocket and slunk over to a mirror. "We gotta have clues! Come clean—who's Jerry Lee Lewis?" He addressed his own reflection grimly. "We gotta find out who *he* is to make sure who *you* are."

A long black car was waiting in front of the hotel. Jerry settled down in the back seat and hollered at the driver, an old friend who always chauffeurs him around when he's in New York.

"Who am I?" Jerry asked.

"Come again, chief?"

"You heard me, Joe. Who am I?"

The driver swiveled around with a grin. "You're Mister Lewis."

"See," said Jerry, "he's playing it close. He's not sure. Not Jerry Lewis. Not Jerry Lee Lewis. Just Mister Lewis. Clever. But I'll fix him. Before the day is over, he'll talk. But what'll I do if he finally says, 'You're Jerry Lee Lewis?' I'll be through!"

The car pulled up in front of a big luggage store and Jerry got out to buy a traveling bag and picture frames. When he asked the already flustered salesclerk to charge them and deliver them to his hotel, he added: "Got it straight? The name is Jerry Lewis. Plain old Jerry Lewis. No middle name. No Lee. Is that clear?"

In complete bewilderment, the saleswoman just nodded. "See, she's confused," Jerry whispered to me. "Trying to cover up for Jerry Lee. He's paid her off."

He stopped the manager and asked him whether he carried any Sherlock Holmes hats. "I'm sorry, Mister Lewis," the manager answered, "we don't carry hats."

Jerry walked towards the door and stopped in front of a female dummy. "Did you catch that, Babe?" he asked the mannequin, talking out of the side of his mouth. "Mister Lewis' again. They don't think I'm Jerry Lewis. They think I'm

Jerry Lee. So they're playing it cool. Keep your eyes open, Babe, and report everything to me. And if they give you the third degree, don't talk. Dummy up."

Across the aisle, he addressed a male dummy. "Hello, Bruce, what's new? Look, keep an eye on Babe. I don't trust her. Think she's sold out to Jerry Lee. And that manager. Watch him. He's destroyed all the Sherlock Holmes hats in the city. He's part of the plot. They're *all* part of the plot."

Back in the car, Jerry slumped in the seat and was quiet. Crosstown traffic was heavy. Suddenly Jerry started talking again, but he was still slumped down in his seat and it was as if he were speaking to himself. "You know I really have nothing against this guy, this Jerry Lee Lewis. All I know about him is what I've read in the papers, or learned from fans who confuse him with me. I've never heard his records, never seen him perform, never met him. It's just that my life's so different from his. Not better—I'd never say that, just different.

"Take the way Jerry Lee proposed to his cousin. According to the papers, he was driving Myra to Memphis to see a picture he'd made. Suddenly he said, 'Let's get married,' and she answered, 'Let's go.' Quick. Just like that.

"Well, that got me to thinking about how I courted Patti. She was a singer in Jimmy Dorsey's band and I was a young comic. In Detroit we played on the same bill and that's where we met. We met again after that in New Haven, Boston and New York. We went out together and had fun. I was crazy in love with her. But I didn't have the nerve to ask her to marry me. Onstage, nothing bothered me. Offstage, I was loud and brash—except when I was with Patti. Then I was like jelly.

"So one day I went to a kids' store and bought a tiny pair of baby shoes. While Patti was onstage, I sneaked into her dressing room, hung the shoes on the mirror, and wrote on it with lipstick, 'WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET MARRIED AND FILL THESE?' And then it was time for me to do my number.

"In the middle of my routine I suddenly realized I had forgotten to sign my name to the message I had written on her mirror. What if she didn't know I wrote it? I'd never have the nerve to ask her again, either out loud or in writing. So I stumbled through my act and sneaked back to my dressing room. I just sat there a while in the dark, feeling the world had come to an end.

"Finally I got up to take off my costume. I switched on the light and turned to the mirror. There, in big letters, was written, 'WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? PATTI.'

"Now we've been married for fourteen years and we've filled *four* pairs of baby shoes!"

Jerry sat up straight and crowed at the driver, "Listen to me—the comedian trying to play Hamlet. Or worse yet, Romeo.

"Joe," he said, "I want to stop at Tiffany's."

Inside New York's swankiest jewelry store, Jerry headed for a showcase filled with religious medallions. He selected two golden St. Anthony medals and asked the salesman to wrap them in separate boxes. "St. Anthony is Patti's patron saint," he explained to us. "I want them put in different boxes so we'll have the fun of opening our individual packages together."

"What's the occasion, Jerry?" we asked.

"Nothing special," he answered quietly. "I just love her."

Just then someone who looked like a

store manager is supposed to look came rushing over, with two assistants. "You can't do that, Mr. Lewis!"

"Part of the Jerry Lee mob," Jerry whispered. Then, to the manager, "What can't I do?"

"Take pictures in Tiffany's," he replied, pointing to Photoplay's photographer, who had his camera aimed at Jerry.

"Okay," said Jerry, "so Jerry Lee wants to play rough, huh? Tell him I'll get him for this."

"What?" asked the manager.

"What?" echoed his assistants.

But Jerry Lewis was on his way out the door.

Outside the bank on the opposite corner, Jerry loitered, watched the crowd hurrying past. "Any one of those people may be Jerry Lee in disguise. Maybe the manager at Tiffany's is really Jerry Lee. Maybe Joe's Jerry Lee. Maybe I'm Jerry Lee." He rapped on the night-deposit box and snarled, "I know you're in there. Come on out or I'll come in after you. Or if the two of us won't fit, I'll hold up the bank to smoke you out."

He walked across the street to the car. "Step on it. I'm going it alone—to the club."

On the way to the Café de Paris, where he was to do two special shows that night, Jerry dropped into a Western Union office to send a wire. He signed it, "The original Jerry Lewis (not doing business under any other name)."

Then he came to a record store. "Let's go in," he said. "What's your latest record by Jerry Lee Lewis?" he asked the clerk.

"'Dormi, Dormi'" was the answer. And out came the waxing of the lullaby from "Rock-a-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis' latest movie.

"Ah-hah!" Jerry chortled. "The tide is beginning to turn. Now they're blaming Jerry Lee for the things *I've* done. I can see it now, Jerry Lee being bombarded with letters from his fans, all asking: 'How could you jilt your thirteen-year-old cousin and run off with the mother of four children?' Let *him* try to explain!"

"Here's another one, sir." The clerk gave Jerry a copy of Jerry Lee Lewis' recording of the theme song of "High School Confidential!"

"Well, *this* isn't mine. Now we're getting somewhere." Jerry took the record into one of the little booths, put it on the player and closed the door. Through the glass he could be seen listening. Abruptly, he came bursting out. "I've heard that before! At home. Hundreds of times until I thought I was going out of my mind. Gary plays it. He loves rock 'n' roll. I never knew who was singing it. But *now* I know. Gary, my own son, he's gone over to the enemy! He's a Jerry Lee Lewis fan!"

"Who did I sound like before when I was talking about Patti in the car? Hamlet? Romeo? Well, call me King Lear! My own child, Gary, my firstborn, has betrayed me. Curses!"

"How did you like the record?" the clerk asked.

"The guy's good," Jerry said. "Sings loud, good beat, really belts it out. What? What am I saving? Don't listen to me. I'm not myself. Who am I?"

On the street, Jerry took a look at his watch and hailed a cab. "Café de Paris," he said to the driver, "and fast. I'm late."

"Going to pick up your money, Jerry?" the cab driver asked.

"What did you say?" Jerry found the man's name on the identification card that faces the passengers. "What did you say, Sam?"

"Just inquired whether you're on your way to pick up your money," the driver replied.

"What money, Sam?"

"The money you got for performing at the Café de Paris, Jerry."

"But I haven't performed there yet," Jerry said, "and I'm not getting paid. I'm doing two shows tonight for free as a favor to my old friend Lou Walters. It's his place. He had a heart attack."

"Don't kid me. I know you were there a coupla weeks ago. Me and the missus always read the columns."

"Stop! Cease. Desist," Jerry interrupted. "I'm Jerry Lewis. You're talking about Jerry Lee Lewis."

The cab stopped at the Café de Paris and Jerry got out. "See what I mean?"

That night we met Jerry in the hall of his club and went with him to his dressing room. "Haven't had time to get my stuff in here before this," he said, turning on the lights. "I've been busy . . . Yow! He's here. He's here!"

There, against the wall, was a life-size cardboard cut-out figure of Jerry Lee Lewis. "Get him out of here. I'm surrounded by assassins."

Jerry Lee, left over from two weeks before, was removed. Then Jerry went out to face the audience of more than a thousand who had crowded into the first show. His opening line was: "My name is Jerry Lewis; I have no middle name; I'm married to an adult." It was the same thing he had said that morning to the president of the Brooklyn Jerry Lewis Fan Club. But this time the line got a laugh.

After the show, a girl approached our table with her father. She was obviously out later than she should be; her dad apologetically muttered something about "celebrating her graduation from junior high school." But she was focusing all her attention on Jerry.

"Oh, Mr. Lewis," she said. "Would you sign an autograph for me? Here. On the menu. Just say, 'With love to Claire Williams.' Gee! Thanks. I'm crazy about your records—'Crazy Arms!' 'High School Rock' and all the rest. You're the most!"

"—Wait!" yelled Jerry. But she was gone. With a despairing look, he drummed his fingers on the back of the chair. "Well," he finally said, "I hope she reads the October issue of Photoplay."

"I hope so, too," I answered, and got up to leave, telling him we'd keep after it.

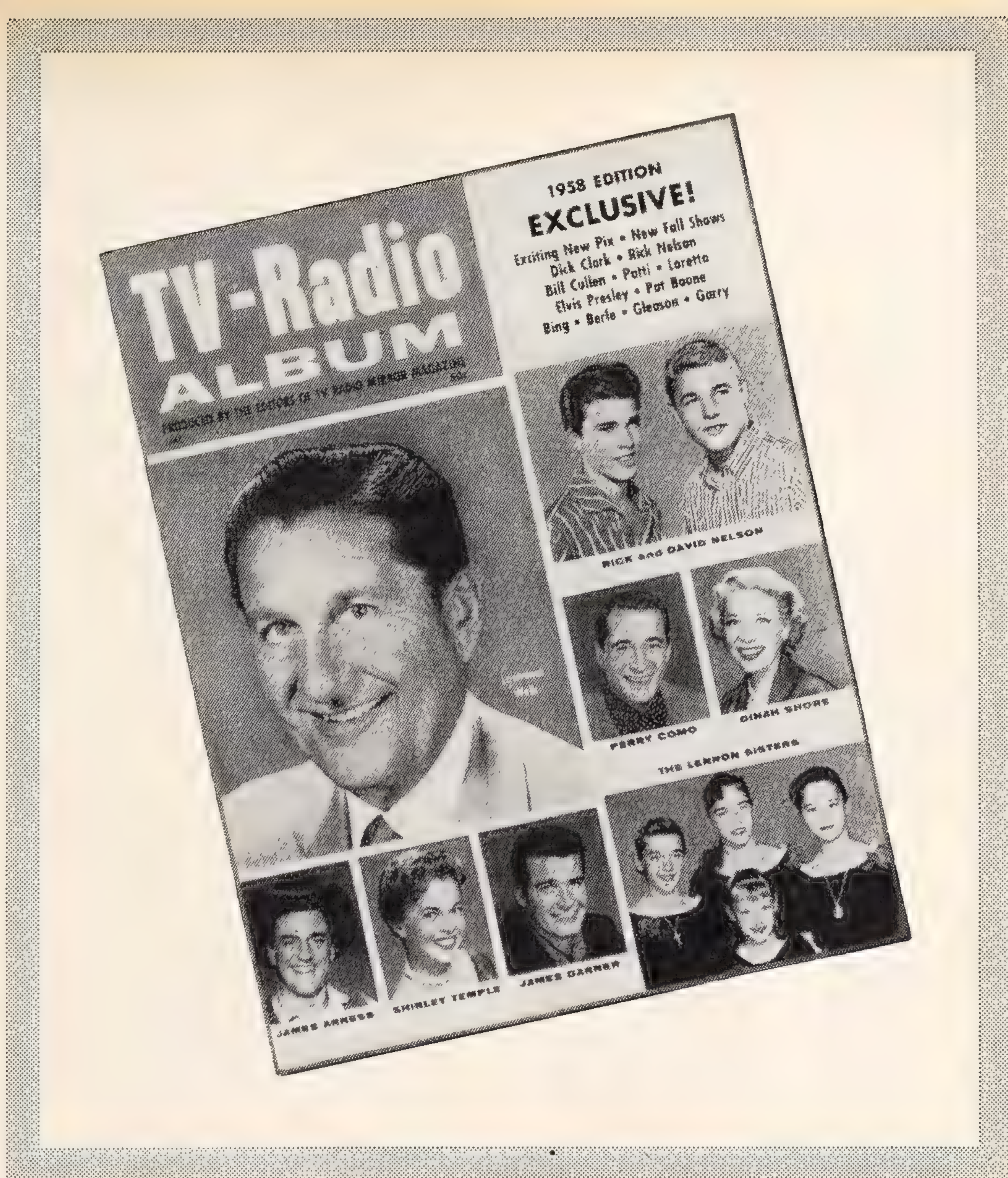
Here then, Jerry Lewis, is my report. Here's the ending to our story:

In Ferriday, Louisiana, I talked to Jerry Lee's mother, Mary Ethel Herron Lewis, who told me that Jerry Lee had been born in Ferriday on September 30, 1935. "Jerry Lee Lewis is the name we gave him on his birth certificate," she answered me. "I gave him the name Jerry, and his pa, Elmo, gave him the name Lee. I named him Jerry after a silent-picture movie star—I can't remember his last name now—who I was crazy about before I married Elmo. Elmo named him Lee after Jerry's uncle, Lee Calhoun, the richest man in Ferriday."

That was that, or was it? You had wanted to see Jerry Lee in person. That was the next step. I had to see Jerry Lee himself. In Memphis, I tracked him down. Jer, you would have been proud of me. But you wouldn't have liked what Jerry Lee had to say. "I went by the name Jerry Lewis until I started making records," he said. "Then, to avoid confusion with that other Jerry Lewis, I started using my middle name, Lee. Man, I certainly don't want people to mix me up with *that* cat!"

Where now? To New Orleans, of course, where all Louisiana births are on file. And there I've found it—the answer for Photoplay and you. Jerry Lee Lewis is Jerry Lee Lewis. There's no fooling the government, Jer. There in black and white! "Name . . . JERRY LEE LEWIS."

—JIM HOFFMAN.



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"PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME..."

Continued from page 41

the tall, gently swaying willow trees, shimmering in the gold of the late afternoon setting sun.

Goodbye . . .

For him, there had been many partings, many goodbyes. Goodbyes to his family, when he went away on business. Goodbyes to the fans and friends he met on tour. Goodbyes to his movie co-workers.

But this was different . . .

I've got to snap out of it," he told himself. I'm not going to let it get me down."

Quickly, he turned and walked into the house. Just time for a snack and a little rest. The folks at Paramount had kindly arranged to have a print of "King Creole" sent to Memphis for a private showing that evening for him and his family and friends. He mustn't keep anybody waiting.

He went to the kitchen and fixed a sandwich—his favorite peanut butter and banana. But after one bite, he put it down. Funny, but he just didn't feel like eating.

He went to his room. Carefully, he hung up his garrison cap, his sharply-tailored Army jacket. Then he sank heavily on the bed, his hands clasped behind his head, gazing at the ceiling. But not seeing it.

Again, he saw the faces outside the gates. And all the other faces, so many of them . . .

A little girl in Dallas, so tiny she was able to squeeze through the police lines and tug at his sleeve. "Here," she said, holding up a tattered teddy bear with both its button eyes missing.

"Want me to put my name on him?" he had asked.

"No," she had said. "He's my favorite, but I want you to have him now."

He just had time to bend down and kiss her before the crowd swallowed her up. . . . And the two teenage girls who had hung around for days when he was working on "Loving You." When he finally got a few minutes' break and went over to meet them, they blushed right to the tips of their ears and got so flustered they could hardly speak. But they handed him a beautiful scrap book they had made—it was still right there on his bookshelf—and he'd never forget the look on their faces when they gave it to him.

The bunch of fellows who'd stopped him one night when he was coming out of the RCA building in New York. At first, he thought it meant trouble. Another gang of hecklers, looking for a fight. Then one of the boys held out his hand. "We just want you to know," he said, "that all the fellows aren't down on you. We think you're getting a rough deal."

The old lady who gave him a Bible, and told how she's prayed for him . . .

How could he say goodbye to *them*? And all the folks who had been so good to him. This room. This house. He owed it all, everything he was, everything he would ever be, to them.

He jumped up—he never could lie still for very long—and sat on the edge of the bed, holding his head in his hands. He had to think of something, to find a way, somehow, to tell them.

He got up and went over to his desk. Beside it were several large cartons, filled with stacks upon stacks of letters. He picked them up and looked at the postmarks. Illinois . . . London . . . Iowa . . . California . . . Tokyo . . . And this was just a part of them. He'd read as many as

he could. But he couldn't begin to answer them. He sighed deeply, and searched through the drawers for a sheet of writing paper. Maybe, if he could write one letter that could, somehow, reach them all, it could be done.

He picked up his pen and wrote "Dear Friends—" Then he stopped, and laughed. "Gosh," he thought, "come to think of it, I've never written a real letter in my life! Not even to my Mom and Dad—I always phone them. How do you start? What do you say?"

He chewed the end of his pen, and looked out the window, where the hills around Memphis were already like black shadows against the fading, darkening sky.

Memphis. His home town. Right here, there were so many people he'd like to write this letter to. Miss Scrivener, his home-room teacher at Hume High, who'd encouraged him with his singing. He remembered so clearly—it seemed like yesterday—the time they had the Variety Show, and she said the one who got the most applause could have an encore. The sound of the clapping when he came off the stage, and Miss Scrivener saying, "All right, Elvis—take your encore." The way he had just stood there, unbelieving, saying, "Oh, Miss Scrivener, do they really like me?"

. . . Sam Phillips. The day he'd walked into Sun Record Company, in his working clothes after a day of truck driving for Crown Electric. They'd thought at first he was looking for a handout. He just wanted to see how he'd sound on a record, and maybe give it to his mother for a present. But Sam didn't laugh at him. He listened. And, for months after, worked with him to get just the right sound.

. . . Dewey Phillips, the disc jockey at WHBQ, who played his first record, "That's All Right." He'd been so nervous he couldn't listen, and went to a movie. And in the middle of it, his Mom had come and told him, "Elvis, they want you down at the station right away!"

. . . Bob Neal, who put him on his first big program at Overton Park. That was in August, 1954, and it was plenty hot, but he got out there on the stage and sang his heart out. He stumbled off afterwards, dazed and shaking, hardly hearing the shouts and applause. When his head cleared, he saw Bob there, beaming, and Bob's wife Helen, telling him, "This isn't just another singer. This boy's *different*!"

Colonel Tom Parker, who took over as his manager when Bob and Helen decided that, with their family of five boys, they didn't want a life that would take them away from Memphis. Colonel Tom, who through the hectic years that followed had kept a shrewd eye and a firm hand at the helm of his career, and now, when the Army had whisked him off to another career, still looked after his affairs, explaining, "It's the least I can do . . ."

And now, in a few more days, he'd be leaving Memphis. Leaving his friends here—and all his friends everywhere. He'd go back to Fort Hood for advanced armor training, then, no doubt, be shipped right out to Germany in a packet replacement for the Third Armored Division of the Seventh Army.

He looked at the blank sheet of paper before him, then scribbled a few doodles on the blotter beneath it. If only he could put it into words . . . he'd like to make everybody understand how he felt about it. "I guess," he thought, "unless you've been in the Army, it's hard to understand."

Sure, he hated to leave Memphis. Sure, he hated to give up the wonderful life he'd had—the fun, the work, the fans. But it wasn't the way they thought.

It was a different life, a whole new

world. Not worse. Just different. Sure, basic training had been tough. He grinned wryly when he thought about it—ninety hours of weapon study, fifty-two hours of work in the field, studying close combat and day and night problems. Guard duty, map reading, first aid, military courtesy, intelligence, landmine warfare, and more.

He'd dropped twelve pounds—he was down to 172—but that didn't faze him. The only thing that really got him was the snakes. Those Texas snakes! Man, they were swarming all over.

One night, one of his buddies found one in his tent. The next night—Elvis laughed out loud when he remembered it—he'd dreamed there was a snake in *his* tent, screamed in his sleep—and woke up the whole company!

"But I can't write about snakes. Who'd care?" Elvis thought, frowning at the paper thoughtfully. "Gee, there's so much I'd like to tell them, if I could put it into words," he said again.

Like how it was, when he first came to Fort Hood. He knew that some of the fellows thought he'd try to be a privileged character.

The first day his name came up on the KP roster, they were looking at him when he read it. Waiting to see what he'd do.

"Ow!" he groaned—as the others had before him. But the fellows didn't laugh. Nobody said a word.

He didn't say anything either. He went on KP, washing pots and pans, swabbing dining room floors with the rest. He went on guard duty. He dug ditches. And as soon as the fellows saw he wasn't going to ask for any special favors, everything went okay. They couldn't have been nicer. They didn't make one smart remark, or throw an insult all during training.

Oh, they kidded him a lot, you had to expect it. Especially when he got in the pay line—everybody howled. But that money meant the same thing to him as it did to them—he was trying to get along on it. He didn't have much use for money anyway—it was a long time between leaves, and what could you spend it on?

Suddenly, he gripped his pen firmly. There was one thing he'd like to get straightened out. "That story about me having my Cadillacs on the post," he thought, his mouth set in a grim line. "What bunk! I only have one car—the white Lincoln Continental—and I keep it off the post—I don't get any privileges with it the others don't have!"

Then he sighed, helplessly. He could explain from here to doomsday, and it wouldn't do any good. It would be like always—if he tried to squelch every unfair story circulated about him, he thought wearily, "I'd have to write an encyclopedia!"

Slowly, he put his pen down. Trying to tell how it really was in the Army—it was tough. Maybe impossible. There was so much, so many memories.

Tumbling out of bed at five in the morning, when the soldier on duty came to turn on the lights and yell, "Everybody up!" Hustling around, still sleepy and grumbling, like the others, trying to get washed and dressed, have his bed made and his bunk area neat in time to fall out for roll call. That had been rough at first, but he soon got used to it. He didn't sleep more—just at different times. Now, he got drowsy at midnight, when he used to be able to go all night.

Then, the mad rush to the mess hall. He'd hit that chow line like it was the best table at Romanoff's! Sure, he'd eaten things he never liked before, and some things he didn't even know what they were—but it was good, healthy food—a lot better than he expected. Anyway, after a hard day's basic training, you could eat a rattlesnake!

Rushing back to the barracks, along with the others, to stuff some candy bars inside his shirt. Regulations in basic said "no snack breaks," but they'd soon found out the way to get around it.

First practice on the firing range—feeling jumpy, and so afraid he wouldn't pass. The feeling of relief when Sergeant Coley told him he'd made it.

Crawling under wire, with live ammunition flying overhead. That was the one time he was really scared stiff!

The day, after six weeks, when they were told they could sew the famous "Hell on Wheels" insignia on their uniforms. That was the one given to the outfit for its heroic deeds under General George Patton in World War II. "Elvis, you look like you'd just been handed a million bucks," one of his buddies kidded. And he knew what he meant. He really did feel that way.

The rare time off, when they could go to the snack bar, or the movie near their barracks. To them it seemed better than an opening night at a Broadway musical.

Driving an M-48 tank—what a thrill! It wasn't too different from his Caddies—they were made by the same company, General Motors. But put one of those babies in low gear, and it could plow right through his house!

Playing football. Back in high school, he'd given it up because his mother worried too much that he'd get hurt. Later, he'd never had time. It was such a kick—and when one of the boys, after a particularly rough scrimmage, yelled, "Hey! This guy's no softie," he felt like he'd been decorated.

The nights in the barracks, sitting around on foot lockers, cleaning shoes and rifles and chewing the fat. They'd talked about the big topic in any basic training

center—where they'd be sent, and what they'd do.

"They oughta pull you out of tank training and put you in Special Services," one buddy said.

"Sure, I'd like to sing," he admitted. "But I'm not going to ask for it. I'm not going to ask for *any* favors."

"You gonna make the Army your career?" one fellow kidded.

"Well," he'd answered, "it's gonna be my career as long as I'm in it!"

At ten, the lights went out, and the talk died down. Then, always, somebody would ask him to sing. And he did—whatever they asked for.

Sometimes, it was a rock 'n' roll number. When you were far away from home, it cheered you up.

Lots of times, it was a love song . . . Guess that was what any soldier missed the most. Girls. When he finally got passes, he'd dated Texas girls—a few—and they were really something. Real pretty. But then, you could find pretty girls anywhere. There were plenty right here in Memphis.

Girls. Yeah, they dreamed a lot about girls. Talked a lot about them, too.

"What about Anita Wood?" they'd ask.

"You stuck on her, El? You really gonna marry her?"

"Aw, come off it," he'd say. "Sure, I like her a lot. But I got no plans for engagement or marriage. I don't think she has either. I got too much at stake and she has, too. I know the newspapers had us engaged, married, and everything else, but honestly, it just *looked* that way!"

"That's right," one of his buddies chimed in. "Anita only came down to spend three days with El. But she got to be friends with my wife, and when we went on field training, my wife invited Anita to stay with her. And that's all."

"What about when we get to Germany?"

You gonna date those frauleins, El?" a young recruit asked.

"Dunno," he said. "They tell me that's the first thing a soldier does—scout around and see what the local girls are like."

The barracks were quiet, then, until the voice piped up again: "D'you think we're goin' to like it, El?"

"How can you tell?" he answered.

Soon, they were quiet, dreaming their separate dreams.

But he had one dream they couldn't share. They couldn't know how it was. The faces he'd left behind. All the wonderful faces he'd seen these past few years that told him, a \$35-a-week truck driver, a lonely only child who'd never had many close friends: *We like you. We want you.*

Would that dream last? His RCA contract, at \$1000 a week, would go right on. He'd be able to make records on leave. The advance reviews on "King Creole" had surpassed his wildest hopes—they said he was an *actor*! This was important—he didn't want to go on being just an oddity. His career wasn't suffering.

No, it wasn't that. It was not seeing those faces for such a long time. That was what hurt. His fans never knew what they really meant to him.

Ready, Elvis?" His mother's voice suddenly broke his thoughts.

"Coming, Mom," he called back.

He took one more look at the blank sheet of paper on the desk. Then, quickly, he wrote one sentence across it. "It's all I really want to say," he thought.

He dressed quickly, and for once didn't bound out of the room. He turned around and gave it a last long look. On his desk he left behind this last message to his fans, which we publish here: "Please don't forget me while I'm gone." THE END

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SECRETARY AND THE BACHELOR

Continued from page 55

Sandy Ullman, secretary, to him. I picked up my shorthand book and pencil and tried to hide my disappointment. But I didn't have to bother. Leslie wasn't watching me.

He had gone over to the window where he hesitated for a moment. And then he began, "Dear Miss Ullman:" Automatically, I took his words down on the pad. "Will you marry me?" he dictated and as I was scribbling this sentence, I did the biggest double-take ever. The pencil and pad dropped from my fingers and I stared up at him. He was trying to keep a straight face but he couldn't hide the happiness in his eyes—any more than I could keep the answer to his question out of mine.

But just to make it official, I sat down at the typewriter and wrote, "Dear Mr. Nielsen: Your generous offer of June 29th is accepted with gratitude. Yours very sincerely, Sandy Ullman." I handed it to Leslie. We both started to laugh and suddenly the rain stopped, the sun came out and everything seemed bright, shining and wonderful. No fortune teller predicted that we would fall in love but I do think there was something a little fateful about our romance—Kismet, as they say in Turkey. If it hadn't been for a question and answer game with my boss, producer Richard Brooks and my MG suddenly developing lung trouble, well, I hesitate to think what I would have missed. But maybe I should begin at the beginning.

Leslie says he saw me in the studio commissary the very first day he was at M-G-M. Being new to Hollywood (he had come from dozens of starring roles in New York TV), he took it for granted I was a starlet! But it was to be eight months before we met.

One day I received a memo about the signing of a Leslie Nielsen. I decided she was probably a new foreign import. This was fairly sensible guessing since I knew the studio already had another foreign-born Leslie under contract—Leslie Caron. That I couldn't have been wronger is an understatement!

So, things went on normally until one day late in 1955 Mr. Brooks came in raving about a young contract player he'd seen in a privately-screened movie the

night before. "Very good looking," he said. "Very fine actor." Only the name had slipped his mind.

We played "twenty questions" trying to figure it out:

"He's six feet two," Mr. Brooks said.

"Marshall Thompson?" I suggested.

"No, he has light brownish hair and blue eyes."

"Dean Jones?"

"No."

And so it went, with neither of us getting anywhere. Finally Mr. Brooks had to leave to direct a test for "Ben Hur."

I dug into a pile of work only to be interrupted by a phone call about fifteen minutes later from Mr. Brooks.

"Sandy," he said excitedly, "that actor I was talking about this morning. He's here now on the set. He's the one who's been picked to do the test with Bill Travers. Name's Nielsen—Leslie Nielsen. Come on down. I'd like you to meet him."

I came, I saw and I was kind of impressed. Not bad looking, I thought, maybe even attractive. As for his performance—it was very good. Afterward, he, Mr. Brooks and I had a cup of coffee together. On the way back to the office, Mr. Brooks was chuckling to himself.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"I don't know if you noticed it but it was certainly obvious to me."

"What?"

"That Nielsen boy. He likes you."

"Oh, how can you tell so quickly?"

"Just you wait and see," he answered, still chuckling.

Leslie came into the office a few days later to see Mr. Brooks. "He's gone for the day," I said "and I'm going to the garage to pick up my car. It's a chronically sick MG and yesterday it really came down with an ailment." One word led to another and before I quite realized what was happening, we were talking away like old friends.

Then Leslie looked at his watch. "Think I'd better drive you to the garage before it closes?" he asked. I accepted gratefully and we left.

On the way, Leslie asked if I would like to have dinner with him sometime. I said "Yes."

"Well then," he smiled. "how about tonight?"

My heart did a small flip-flop. But all I said was "Fine."

We ate in a little gypsy restaurant. There was candlelight and soft violins and Leslie and I talked about everything but

movies. Somehow, it was so easy to talk.

"I was born in Saskatchewan, Canada," Leslie began. "I was eight before I could pronounce it."

"I come from Philadelphia," I said. "Almost as long but not quite as hard to pronounce. I bet you grew up on stories about the mounted police."

Leslie laughed. "I'll have you know my father was a mounted policeman."

How wonderful, I thought and asked him, "Is it true they always get their man?"

"Not always." He poured some red wine into our glasses. "But almost. How about your family?"

"Oh, Dad was in the book publishing business. He was always tracking down authors. But what I'm anxious to know is, what made you decide to become an actor—instead of being a Mountie, like your father?"

He drank his wine and looked thoughtful. "I went through a dozen ideas before I got to that one. As a kid I did want to be a Mountie but then in high school I got interested in math and science and decided engineering was for me." He put his glass down and rubbed his chin with his hand. "I guess it was a summer job at a radio station that decided me on acting. I just had to see what I could do with it."

"You're really a very good actor," I said and meant it. "Mr. Brooks thinks you have a great future."

"Thanks," he said and then grew thoughtful. "I don't mind telling you, there were long periods when I doubted I'd ever make it. I tried Hollywood once before and got nowhere. But I didn't want to give up, so I went to New York and tried TV. That's where I was discovered, and it looks like this time it may work out."

The candle on our table flickered, soft music was playing in the background, and just then a violinist came to our table.

"I guess that's my cue," laughed Leslie. "Want to dance?"

Leslie was so light on his feet that I forgot about everything and felt as if we were drifting off into a dream. "Believe in hypnotism?" he whispered into my ear. I don't remember what I answered then but I know he must have hypnotized me because from that moment on I never wanted to dance with anyone else or date anyone else.

There was no particular moment when we knew we were in love. With love you fall into it a little more all the time. And that's what's so wonderful about it—there's no beginning, no end. Of course Leslie says he had no choice in the matter, that our love was written in the stars. And he's not just romanticizing—he's telling the truth.

Three days after our first date I met a friend on the way to the commissary at lunch time

"How's everything, Sandy?"

"Fine right now," I laughed.

"Say, when are you going to let me do your horoscope?" He opened the commissary door for me. "Don't you think it's about time to find out what the stars have in store?"

Then it came to me that I was *very* interested in what the future held. It would be fun to have it foretold. "How about now?" I said.

"Give me your exact birthday and I'll give it to you tomorrow. OK?"

The next morning just as I was pouring myself a quick cup of black coffee before leaving for M-G-M, the phone rang. It was my horoscope friend. He sounded excited. "Sandy, you won't believe this but I did two horoscopes last night—yours and that of another friend of mine. It's amazing, but as I was doing this actor's chart, it just fit perfectly with yours. There's

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no doubt about it—you and Leslie Nielsen are *soul-mates*. I'll have to introduce you two!" I had to hold back a giggle but I didn't say a word to spoil the pleasure he was going to have "introducing" us.

Two days later Leslie and I were having a chicken salad lunch in his apartment when our friend walked in. He took one look at us together and practically fell over. When he recovered, he shouted at me, "Sandy, what are *you* doing here?"

"Sorry pal," Leslie answered, "but I'm afraid we beat the stars to it."

He still hasn't forgiven us for meeting without the help of the horoscope.

Some of my friends ask me if I don't think that long courtships are dull and unnecessary. My answer is a big, fat "NO!" Maybe the ideal conception of romance is to meet a man, be swept off your feet and carried off to the altar in a matter of hours. But that's just for story-book characters, as far as I'm concerned. I've seen too much heartbreak as a result of impulsive marriages. Two out of three of my college chums who succumbed to idealized romance are now getting divorces.

Both Leslie and I have had experience with divorce—he personally, and I through my parents. They were divorced and then subsequently remarried each other. But still I felt the upheaval that goes with the breakup of a marriage. When Leslie and I met, neither of us was in the frame of mind to rush into anything. Long courtships don't have to be dull. Ours has been two years of perfect moments and the basis of a lifetime together.

No wonder I love him. He sends me flowers for no special reason except that he feels like it. He buys me little stuffed animals and sends me odd trinkets he thinks I'd like. The latest little gift is a hand-carved wooden egg cup which he brought me from Canada. It's hand-painted

and looks like me, sort of. The face has black eyes and wisps of black hair that curls like mine. And it comes equipped with a blue felt cap that fits down over the egg. He brought it all the way from Canada and proudly told of the little old Canadian women who'd carved it by hand. Then I turned it over and saw the words "Made in Italy" stamped on the back. We both roared. He had just wanted me to think it was authentic Canadian and I loved him for it.

I love to kid him about having low-brow tastes such as when I want to see a "good" picture and all he wants to see is "The She Monsters" or something like that. "But honey," he'll say, "we have a lot of things in common. Don't we both think you're the most wonderful cook in the world?"

I do love cooking. Since Leslie likes to invite hordes of friends over, I've become an expert at "stretch-type" dishes—stews and things like that.

We love games. Used to have a mad passion for Monopoly, then Scrabble, and now it's Clue that keeps us entranced. That's a sort of whodunit type game with different clues as to the criminal, and just last week for the first time Leslie and I and some friends played penny ante poker. That's *really* fun. I won twenty-eight cents and Leslie said, "I suppose I'll never hear the end of that victory."

"That's all right dear," I told him. "I intend investing my winnings in the business, anyway. So there's really no loss."

Maybe I better explain that Leslie's "business" is an art shop. He and a friend of his specialize in marbles and mosaics. His friend Marty Perfit started the marble business. The night Leslie, Marty and I went to a Home Show to see mosaic exhibits, out of a clear blue sky Marty

said, "Hey, Leslie. how would you like to go into business?" Leslie said "sure." He didn't even ask what kind. Three days later they opened their first mosaic shop and it's done so well they've added a second place. Leslie may not be impulsive when it comes to courting me, but he opened a whole business in three days.

His lack of impulsiveness started one of our favorite running arguments that has to do with the fact that he never proposed to me. When I mention it, he gets very stern and says "What do you mean I never proposed?" And I say, "Well, you never did. The only definite offer I ever had came from one of your relatives." And it's true. You see, both Leslie and I love kids so much we spend a lot of time over at Leslie's cousin, Alan Hersholt's, house. They have two darling children. Well, a few weeks ago Greg, he's six, threw his arms around me and said, "When I grow up I'm going to take you away from Uncle Leslie; unless you'll marry me now!!"

Speaking of the Hersholts, I must tell you that no one in Hollywood knew that Leslie's uncle was Jean Hersholt. There are very few aspiring actors who wouldn't have shouted from the rooftops their relationship to a man who was one of the pioneers of this business. But Leslie never mentioned it until *after* he got his contract at Metro. He never even told me until long after we started dating.

Leslie has some pretty old-fashioned ideas when it comes to good taste and he has some pretty old-fashioned ideas when it comes to womanhood, too. I don't want to seem like a traitor to my sex but I agree with him completely. In fact, soon I'm quitting my job. I'm going to devote ten per cent of my time to being the same old Sandy and a heavenly ninety per cent to being Mr. Nielsen's "private secretary."

THE END

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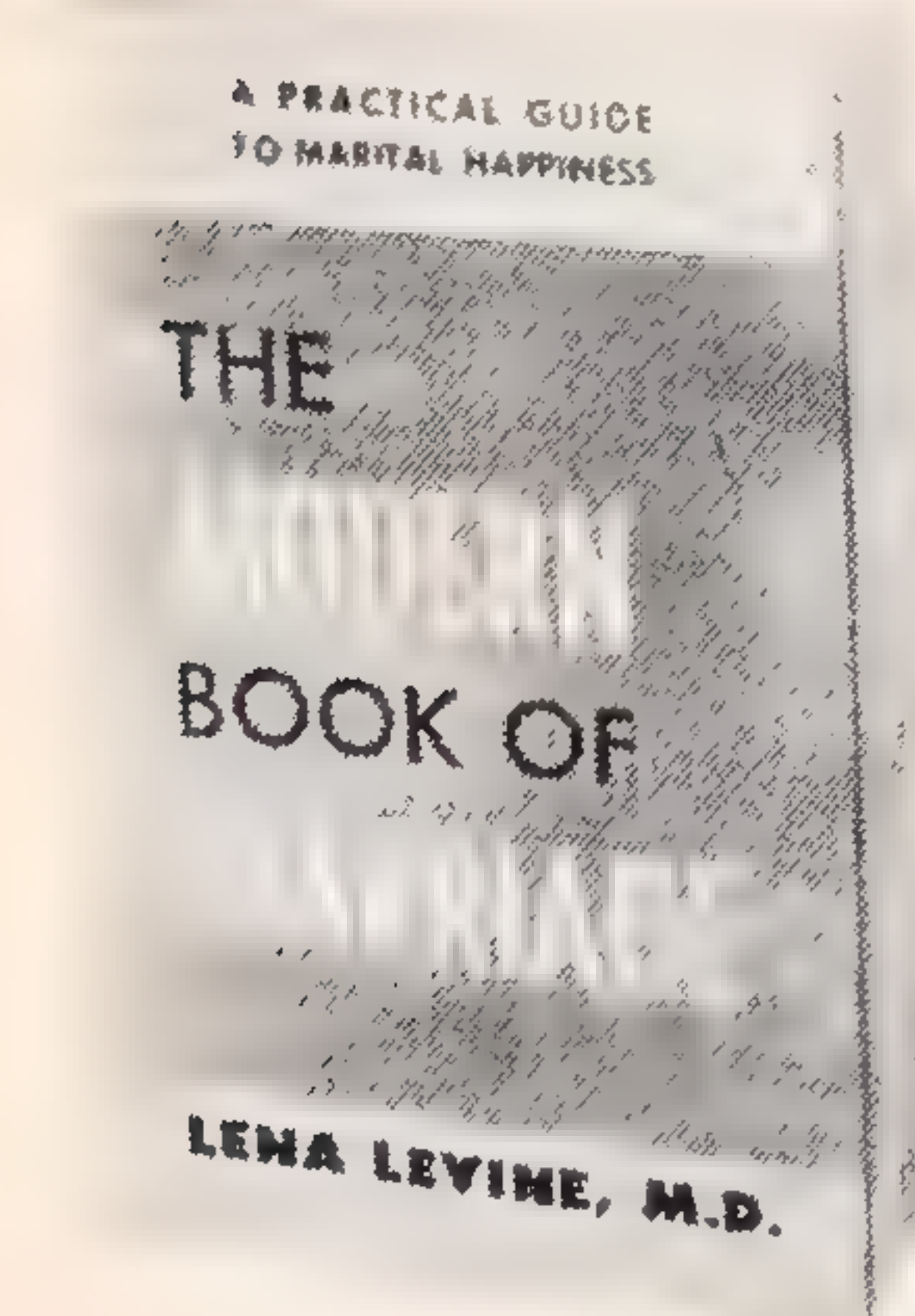
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LOVE HAS SHIRLEY...

Continued from page 58

packed bags, kissed her and the baby good-bye gently and leave for the International Airport and Japan. This time, she wasn't going to take him to the airport, she had told Steve. It hurt too much to see him board the plane. And, somehow, it was even lonelier to return home to try to pick up a life without him. The last time, when she got home, she vowed the only time she'd go back to the airport was to pick Steve up on his homecoming.

In four years of marriage, they had been together just a little over a year. But you never get over separation, she thought as she handed him a potholder and tried to return his wink with a smile—when you're in love...

"Sorry, honey," she remembered his saying as he left for Japan that first time. "We'll find a way. It won't be too long."

And she remembered answering something flip and gay, something zany, as she always did when she felt lost for the right word. "The Japanese motion-picture industry can't do without your talents," she'd said. There was a chance in Japan for Steve to produce and direct the kind of things he wanted.

As for her—"Your career is hot," he told her for the hundredth time. "You stay here. You've worked all your life for this. You can't give it up for a few months with me in Japan."

She agreed. Steve was always right. Without him, without his advice, his coaxing, his planning, she'd never even be in Hollywood or at Paramount. When they met in New York she was struggling as a chorus dancer in Broadway's "Me and Juliet." Nothing much was happening, 'til Steve Parker.

"Yes, Mr. Director," she would kid him as he would line up a dozen things a day for her to follow—leads, lessons, even books. She found she needed him all the time—and for some crazy reason, he'd said he needed her. They were married.

When he left—not long after that—she thought she'd never learn not to depend upon him so much. For little things like listening together to the surf outside their cottage, walking along the beach early in the morning and watching for the sun to come up. When there was no one to share these with, she found herself starting out for the studio a little earlier each day—taking a different route, adding a few extra miles to the forty-five-minute ride from Malibu to the studio, and staying as late as she could in the evening, as long as there were other people around. She didn't realize it at first, but she hated going home. The complete aloneness had been so frightening.

"What're you thinking about?" Suddenly she heard Steve talking to her. "Come on," he teased. But she couldn't tell him...

Last night, Steve's last at home, while he was doing some final packing before eating dinner, she had picked up the evening paper and there, in a carefully buried gossip column item, her own name had jumped out at her: "Is Shirley MacLaine hiding a marriage rift?" she read. She hid the paper so Steve wouldn't see it, knowing it would upset him. And luckily, later they were too busy talking and Steve never asked for the evening paper.

Dinner had been fun. Even Stephanie stayed up late and they ate on the patio, all three of them, discussing the future and

their plans. Steve had told her how much he liked the Japanese flower arrangement she had made. Inwardly, she was pleased. But all she'd answered was, "And not the angel food cake?"

Angel food cake... This was one of hers and Steve's pet jokes. Once she had written to him: "All I want to eat is angel food cake!" What she didn't know then was that she was going to be a mother.

"It was all so sudden," she remembered telling a good friend, a writer. "I'd been devouring angel food cake at a ferocious rate for two months. It suddenly dawned that my diet was definitely unusual. I hied to a doctor and found out I was pregnant. I was kind of mixed up. Steve and I wanted a family, but after we were both established in our careers. I loved the idea of a baby, yet, you know, I kind of resented being alone with seven months of problems to solve."

Steve's letters had kept her going. She could tell he was doing beautifully. And she clung to his successes as she would to a child—feeling them a part of her and reminding herself that her loneliness was for a purpose. And her letters to him...

"A new world is opening up to me," she had written him. "A world involving instant individual decisions, a world of other people, other problems. There is no Steve to help decide, no Steve to pour out the day's happenings to, no strength for my weaknesses. I suffer from—a feeling of homesickness even more frightening when you're away and I'm at home."

"But I really look into people's faces now, noticing things I've never noticed before. I see emotions in others. For my short lifetime, I've been wrapped in the protective cocoon of my one-tracked work toward a career. With you, it was simply a matter of enlarging that cocoon to include two. Now suddenly I understand human emotions, lives and loves of others. Realizing, too, it has taken me much too long to break open my cocoon and try my wings. As I drive to Malibu at night, I can honestly say that pain and unhappiness bring more understanding and growth than practically anything..."

And then, at last, he was home again—two days before Stephanie was born—September 1, 1956. Almost nine months of catching up, making of plans and re-avowals of strength had to be done in three weeks. She had been positive about moving into town when he'd come home—away from the isolation and loneliness. But he was persuasive. By the time he'd left, he had convinced her all over again that she loved the ocean, wanted to be away from people and really needed it.

"More coffee, sweetie?" The sound of his voice pulled her back to the present once again. She'd hardly touched the food in front of her.

"I wonder how Bob Mitchum will be to work with," he was saying now. "Honey, I tell you, this is the most exciting thing that's happened to me. Do you really like 'Masterspy' as the title? Gosh, I wish you could come with me..." his voice trailed off.

As she watched his face, she felt the old loneliness returning, yet at the same time a deep understanding of his needs. "I wouldn't want us to be together all the time, even if we could. Steve needs freedom. He shouldn't ever conduct his whole life for me," she had recently explained to a friend who asked about her marriage, and she realized she was becoming more independent. Up until then, she had relied to an extent on Steve's decisions for her by letter. But slowly she had been pushed into making daily decisions, some of them very important to her career and herself. She'd started getting the feel of saying yes or no—for herself. She remem-

bered the first big one. She'd nearly stuttered when forced to decide, but she'd done it . . .

Right after Steve left the second time she was offered a role in the stage production of "The Sleeping Prince." Steve wrote that he thought she shouldn't do the show at all. But she figured it out carefully for herself. She needed to work and so she decided to take the part. It was the month after Stephanie was born and she was nursing her. Poor Stephanie. She went to all the rehearsals, but she really had a ball. And Shirley, after opening night, had a hit on her hands.

By the next time Steve came home, he had won top awards at the Southeast Asia Film Festival for his documentaries, yet his enthusiastic chatter about his work and the awards hurt her a little, and he noticed this change in her. She began flaunting her ability to make decisions under his nose and waving her new independence. Luckily, Steve had understood. Perhaps it was good he could not be home longer than two weeks that time. For by the time he'd returned home for another two weeks, she had gotten over her anger and had become an individual. And for the first real time in their marriage they were together as two people wanting to merge, not just one leaning heavily on the other. It was wonderful . . . except they still seemed no nearer to a decision of how to stay together.

"You're still a practical idealist," she suddenly said to him across the table.

"Is that what you were thinking, honey?" he laughed.

It was true. His ideas for a world film company, working for international understanding, meant he would be constantly somewhere other than home. Where does that leave me—and Stephanie? she had so often asked. There was no answer.

After Steve had left on one trip, she'd sat looking out the lanai window, listening to the surf. All of a sudden she made the decision. Stuffing Stephanie into the MG, she headed for Hollywood, found a realtor and told him she wanted a house to rent—close to town. And they'd found one, high on a hill, just off the Freeway. And she took it. She would make a really wonderful new home for Steve to return to.

Then, how she'd thrown herself into the project of the new house! Painting, varnishing, waxing, rearranging.

She looked through the kitchen door, at the black chairs in the living room corner.

She hadn't been able to sleep one night, so had gotten up at four a.m. and gone to

work on them. They still looked pretty good, she thought. She'd hung up Japanese parchment lanterns, a final touch to the Japanese modern decor. I want Steve to feel at home, she had kept telling herself.

"Are you going anywhere tonight, honey? Why don't you?" The sound of Steve's voice once again prodded her out of the past. He knew how hard the first few nights alone always were for her. . .

She'd been invited out to the Valley tonight for dinner with some friends, a married couple. She wasn't too keen on going—last time they had sat and bickered much of the evening about whether to play the hi-fi, talk or watch TV. She had wanted to scream at them, "It doesn't matter what you do. You're together." But she hadn't. She didn't have many friends. She wanted to keep them.

"I don't know," she answered quietly, stirring her coffee. "Maybe I will. It's nice living near enough to town to see people in the evenings if I want to. I'm not afraid of the talk any more."

"You know I love you, darling, and want you to enjoy yourself. Remember what I once told you about being a bamboo and bending with the circumstances?"

"I could give Stephanie a late nap and take her with me . . . All right, I'll go."

Steve smiled gently. "I'll go kiss her goodbye now. And then I'll get my baggage together. Thanks for my last American breakfast, honey. Delicious. Back to raw fish and green tea."

He bent over to kiss her, and held her for a long moment. And, as he walked out of the kitchen, she felt the familiar tears and the hurt well up inside. There was so much she wanted to say, so little time to say it in. She felt like a child, helpless, wanting to hold him back.

"Shirl . . . Shirley." She heard him call her from the driveway. But she sat, frozen. She couldn't go out there. She walked to the kitchen window and watched him as he turned to throw her a last, lingering kiss, then drive away. The morning sunlight streamed in from the patio but this morning it didn't warm her. Upstairs, she heard Stephanie. But she couldn't go to her, not yet.

"Be a bamboo; bend with the circumstances." Steve's words haunted her.

Only time would tell how they would work out their separations. And the only answer in the now quiet house was a sudden gust of wind touching at her hair.

THE END

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ROCK AND BETTY...

Continued from page 32

"Let's go find the star," he said softly. "Yes," she answered, "let's."

Back at the fire, a friend of Rock's mother watched Rock and his girl strolling hand-in-hand along the beach. "I've never seen Rock so happy since the first few months of his marriage to Phyllis. Who's the girl?" she asked. "Somebody new?"

"Somebody old in Rock's life," answered another guest. "Betty Abbott. He's known her for years. In fact, until Rock met Phyllis, everybody thought Betty was going to be Mrs. Rock Hudson."

Rock Hudson first met Betty Abbott when he was making a picture. "Making" is undoubtedly much too strong a word to describe Rock's activity in the film. He had one line, and dozens of hours riding with the sheriff's posse. The name of the epic? Well, it's one that Rock would just as soon forget, one of thirty-five pictures in which he briefly appeared during his first four years in Hollywood.

Rock would just as soon forget his first big scene, too. It wasn't too demanding. . . . He was just supposed to climb on his horse, kick the spurs into its side, and gallop swiftly down the street to the Red Dog Saloon. On cue, he pulled his horse up short and hollered out, "We've spotted the outlaws at Thunder Pass." But as the horse reared into the air, Rock's ten-gallon hat fell off.

"Cut!" the director hollered. "Let's do it over."

Rock rode back and once again came galloping down the street, once again his horse reared up, again he delivered his memorable line, and again his hat fell off.

"The horse is fine," the director said, "but the hat can't take direction."

Rock forced the hat down on his head, tightened the chin strap and went through the action for the third time. At the climax, the hat—on schedule—toppled off. Perspiration broke out on Rock's forehead. He felt like galloping off the set and out of Hollywood—forever.

Suddenly, someone giggled, an infectious giggle, and before long everyone, including Rock, was laughing. The giggler, he soon found out, was Betty Abbott, a pretty blonde script-girl. She walked over to Rock and opened her purse. He bent down from his horse and they talked for a moment. Then she stuck a band-aid across his hat string, pasting it to the side of his face that wasn't on-camera. He went through the scene again and this time his hat remained perched on his head.

After the cameras stopped grinding, Rock went over to thank the script girl. They started talking. Afterwards Rock had said: "She was pretty, of course, but what really impressed me was her mind and her manner. Very knowing and very gentle. Lots of times you'll meet a girl who's one or the other. If she's the knowing kind, there's usually a tendency to be a little domineering. Not with Betty. I noticed that right away."

"Later on I noticed how much at home she was everywhere. She's an adaptable girl. Everyone is at ease talking to her. And she's got a wonderful sense of humor."

What were their dates like? Well, to use Betty's own words, they were "crazy." This is how she described them at the time: "I never know where I'll land. He gives me no information whatsoever, and I'm just as likely to end up on a merry-go-round fifty miles away as I am on the

dance floor at the Mocambo. As a result, I try to dress in what might be called casual clothes that can take anything from a tango to flying a trapeze.

"Once in a while we take in a movie, and if Rock happens to be in it he agonizes through the whole thing. He squirms so much that he makes me nervous and I might as well see it alone. Half of them I have to see by myself again, thanks to Rock Hudson. Recently, we bought a 16 mm. home movie projector. Now if he fidgets too much, I can knit or cook while he's suffering."

Rock, himself chimed in with information that backed up Betty's "wackiness" charge. "I tease," he said, "and I suppose sometimes I go beyond the limits. Betty gets duck bumps if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. So I spend five minutes on each of our dates like a one-eyed owl while she shrieks for help."

Betty emphasized that "he isn't *only* the greatest little kiddier in the world," but has his serious side, too. "Some things are very important to him," she said, "like his career, his beliefs, music, his friends. He enjoys most simple things—picnics at the beach or informal at-home parties. And he's really very shy; he won't talk serious until he knows the people he's talking to."

"With all his wackiness, Rock has beautiful manners. Even if I'm wearing blue jeans and have just whomped up a sensational bowling score, Rock is right there to hold open the car door for me. A lot of people around town could take lessons from him."

With Betty, Rock could really open up. They did things he liked, talked about things he was interested in. She was the niece of comedian Bud Abbott and knew movie-making and an actor's problems well. As the script girl on nine successive Rock Hudson pictures, she not only helped him on the set, but in the evenings, together, they would rehash what had happened during the day. More than once, Rock has said: "Betty's help and criticism were everything to me."

But more important, Betty brought gaiety and security into Rock's life.

Her childhood in Rochester, New York—where she was born—and later in Los Angeles was happy, warm and fun, a very different childhood from Rock's. Her calmness and casualness, her feeling of security and ability to give, made Rock feel as if he belonged and was loved. As Betty herself phrased it, "We're comfortable together."

In the first couple of years that they went together, Rock and Betty were able to do what they wanted to do without any interference. Sometimes they went to parties, shows or movies; more often they'd just pay visits to each other's houses, taking turns at cooking meals, listening to records, talking, reading—enjoying just being together.

In June of 1953, right after he had returned from location at Sedona, Arizona, where he had made "Gun Fury," Rock was rushed to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica for an emergency appendectomy. When he came out of the ether, Betty was bending over him.

"I must be in heaven," he said, "and you're a beautiful angel."

"You're not in heaven," she answered, "you're in a hospital and you've had me worried sick."

"You are an angel," he said, "my guardian angel. And I hereby name you Magda Upswitch or Hezekiah Ormiston or Fortunata Divine. Take your choice."

Betty laughed. These were the names he often called her. "Oh, Rock," she said, "now I know you're all right."

"Please, Nurse Upswitch," he said, "it's against the rules to cry in heaven. And kissing is strictly taboo. Stop now, or I'll report you to the chief angel and you'll have to turn in your wings."

But for Nurse Magda Upswitch, this was only the beginning of her career as Rock's Florence Nightingale—although she didn't know it at the time. When Rock felt strong again, he urged Betty to go to England for a vacation she had planned for years. He assured her he was all right and that she should go. Betty finally went.

In mid-Atlantic, she received a shore-to-ship call from Rock. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Great," she answered, "but the important thing is how are *you* feeling?"

"Fine," he said, "couldn't be better. I miss you, but have fun."

When she arrived at the Savoy Hotel in London, her room was filled with red roses. One flower had a card attached to it on which was written, "Have fun, Fortunata. Love, Rock."

While Betty tried to have fun without him in England, Rock tried to have fun without her in California.

One day he went out alone to Laguna Beach to do some surf-board riding. The sun felt hot and good on his back as he rode the big waves into shore. Once, when he pushed the surf-board out towards the breakers, he saw a boat on the horizon. And for a crazy second he thought, "Betty's on that boat. She's coming home." But then he laughed at the wacky notion and headed into shore.

The beach was practically deserted when he headed out into the water one more time. Vaguely, he realized that the waves were higher and the water rougher. But the crazy fusing of sun and sand and memories of Betty made everything a bit unclear.

Suddenly, a gigantic wave, more than ten feet high, picked him up and hurled him towards the shore. Rock felt as if he were on a runaway roller-coaster. The surf-board spun away from him and he catapulted into a jutting boulder. He heard a bone crack, and from the pain thought he had broken his neck. A life-guard fashioned a make-shift tourniquet to stem Rock's bleeding. Then he was carried to a red truck, an emergency ambulance of the Laguna Fire and Rescue Department, and taken to an aid station, where he was X-rayed and given first-aid. Through a haze of pain he dictated a cable to be sent to London. "Address it to Fortunata Divine," he said. "Say: 'Sorry can't drive you home. Just broke my shoulder.' Better add the name Betty Abbott to the address, just in case she didn't register under her right name. And sign it: 'Love, Rock.'" Then he passed out. He was put on a stretcher, placed in an ambulance, and rushed fifty miles to St. Joseph's Hospital.

A bone surgeon there told Rock it would take eight weeks for his shoulder fracture to heal. Rock's heart sank. "Magnificent Obsession" was scheduled to go before the cameras shortly. This was his big chance. No small breaks in his shoulder were going to stop him from getting his big career break, the part he had been dreaming about and praying for all these years. But the doctor was insistent: "Eight weeks."

Rock sank back in desperation. "Eight weeks," he repeated quietly. An attendant brought him a telegram. It read: "Zounds, Igor! Nurse Fortunata Arrives Next Week." Rock smiled. Betty was coming back. "I'll fool all of them," he thought, "the doctors, Betty, the producers of 'Magnificent Obsession.' I'll be on my feet by the time Betty comes home. And I'll make that picture. Being hospitalized might even help. After all, I'm to play

the part of a doctor." He felt better already.

When Betty returned from Europe, she hurried to her home before going to the hospital to see Rock. She wanted to unpack her bags and wrap the gifts she had bought for him: bright-colored argyle socks, a snazzy sweater, and a whole family of leprechaun figurines. On her doorstep were a dozen roses with the cryptic message: "Igor Follows."

She was still examining the card when Igor himself, Rock, walked over—crawled would be a better word!—like an injured crab. His shoulder was imprisoned in a heavy plaster cast. In his blue jeans, old sweater and moccasins, he looked to Betty like the main character out of a picture called, "Frankenstein Goes To College."

But shoulder or no shoulder, the injury didn't interfere with Rock's appetite. Over steaks, they talked. And finally, late in the evening, Rock got up to go. "Going to the studio tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Mind a passenger?"

"Of course not," she said.

"Okay," Rock said, "you've got one. Now that you're home again, I'm going in to report for that picture."

And make it he did. Nurse Fortunata drove him to the studio each morning and took him home again each night. In a few days the shoulder cast came off; his recovery was amazingly rapid and he gave full credit to his "nurse." And when the picture was finished and studio officials saw it, they were convinced that in Rock Hudson they had a super-star.

So the order went out that Rock should escort a big name to the "Magnificent Obsession" premiere. This wasn't unusual. All along, as his star was slowly rising in the movie heavens, he'd been forced to go on "publicity" dates with girls he didn't know or didn't like. But late at night, after a premiere or studio party which he attended with someone else, he'd drive up to Betty's place and knock at the door.

"How was it?" she'd ask.

"Awful," he'd answer. And he'd take off his formal jacket and loosen his black bow tie, and together they'd raid the refrigerator and talk 'til dawn.

But this time, as he stood on the threshold of a great career, Rock balked. He wanted to be seen with the girl he really cared for, to share his triumph with her. "No," he said to the studio big-wigs, "I refuse to make this a 'publicity' date. I'm taking Betty Abbott—and my mother. The two people who mean most in the world to me." And the studio compromised. He could take Betty if she really dressed for the occasion.

Rock had to tell all this to Betty—and it was the hardest thing he ever tried to do. He explained that the studio wardrobe was open to her, and she could borrow anything she needed.

As usual, Betty helped him out. "Of course, I can't buy a mink or a new gown for every important date with you," she said. "Any dress I want from the wardrobe? So many to choose from. That's swell."

Rock was learning—not only how to say "No" to people, but nicer things as well, like how to take a girl out in style. He and Betty had arranged to sit with Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter at the premiere. So he asked Barbara to find out what color gown Betty would be wearing (it turned out to be powder blue) and then went to a florist and personally picked out an orchid to match her dress.

At the time, Rock commented wryly, "A year or so ago even if I had wanted to send Betty or anyone orchids, I would have been too shy to do it and too afraid I'd pick out the wrong thing."



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Rock, Betty and Rock's mother had a great time at the premiere. But as he signed autographs, fought his way through milling fans to get into the theatre, and then ducked out of a side door with his "two girls," to avoid the mob in the street, Rock was well aware that his life was changing, that fame had come. And Betty knew it, too.

She learned to spot photographers and columnists and to fade into the background and give Rock the spotlight. What she and Rock shared together was precious, was their very own. The only way she could preserve their relationship was to protect their privacy—at all costs.

But the columnists were insistent and the photographers were persistent and newspapers and magazines combined to invade Rock and Betty's privacy and to make their relationship a public spectacle. Most of Rock's close friends were convinced that he wanted to marry Betty—and would if the press would only give them time to be alone.

One day, in the spring of 1954, Rock made a reservation in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Rock Hudson for the wedding suite at the Tower Isle Hotel at Ocho Rios, on the island of Jamaica, in the British West Indies. He requested the reservation for May 15th.

Rock's mother, Mrs. Kay Olson, gave Betty and Rock her blessings. "I surely hope that Rock marries Betty . . . I would love to have that girl as my daughter-in-law," she said.

But Rock never picked up the honeymoon reservations from the New York travel agent who made it. It may have been that he changed his mind because a magazine printed the story with the comment: "This news should further substantiate the rumors that Rock and Betty Abbott are preparing an elopement." Anyway, the wedding never came off.

The following June, Rock left for Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot." Again,

Betty was working with the crew as script girl. She and Rock decided to take a quick tour of Europe ahead of time, with Barbara Rush as chaperone. And again the papers printed story after story about the couple's impending marriage.

"It's my opinion that one of these days Betty Abbott will be Mrs. Rock Hudson," catted one of Hollywood's columnists. And the others all agreed.

And wherever they went in Europe, newsmen plagued them with the same questions: "When are you going to get married? When are you going to take the big step, Rock?" In Rome, Rock went off by himself for a few days to hide from prying reporters.

Back in the United States, Walter Winchell wrote: "Their pals wonder if Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott were sealed in Eire" and Dorothy Kilgallen, "Rock Hudson has fallen in love with Betty Abbott and is reported to have received her 'yes.'"

But in Ireland, the romance exploded. It happened suddenly, and no one knows just why. After the day's shooting was done on "Captain Lightfoot," the members of the company would relax at a local tavern. Rock and Betty would always be there, sitting at a little table over on the side, talking and holding hands. One night they came in as usual. A photographer had been haunting them all day and they had finally given him the slip. They sat in the usual place, talked quietly, held hands. Suddenly, without warning, Betty jumped up—her face white—and ran out. Rock started to rise, then sank back in his chair and stared across the table at the place where Betty had been.

A cameraman who had been watching the whole incident quipped, "I guess those rumors about Rock and that Italian con- tessa got back to Betty, and for once she wasn't going to take it."

For the next day, Betty flew back to the

United States.

When the picture was finished, Rock returned to Rome—alone.

In the fall, Betty and Rock saw each other occasionally, but now they were just friends. A year later, when Rock married Phyllis Gates, the Associated Press carried the following sentence in the seventh paragraph of their news story covering the marriage: "For a time he was an escort of script girl Betty Abbott, niece of comedian Bud Abbott." Just that, nothing more.

As Rock and Betty returned to join the others at the now dying camp fire, one of the guests said to her husband, "Gossips broke them up before. I just hope it doesn't happen again. Already they're sharpening their pencils."

"So you think they're in love?" the man asked.

"Right now Rock's too involved with working out the details of his divorce from Phyllis to be serious about anyone," whispered the wife knowingly. "And it's almost impossible to recapture the past. . . . But who knows? I read an interview Rock gave recently, in which he said 'I want to marry again. But not right now. I'm not even divorced.' That's what he said. But as a woman, I say one thing: Rock wouldn't wear that hat for anyone else."

Rock and Betty sat down again by the fire. Rock poked the embers with a stick. Someone put a record on the portable phonograph. Rock's head settled into Betty's lap. He closed his eyes. Suddenly, he opened them.

"I'm watching you, Nurse Fortunata," he said with a sly smile. "You think I'm asleep but I'm watching you all the time."

Betty pushed his hat down over his face. But even this couldn't muffle Rock's laughter.

THE END

ROCK STARS IN U-I'S "TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS" AND "THIS EARTH IS MINE"

CAROL LYNLEY AND JIM MacARTHUR

Continued from page 36

social workers." He warned me, "They're right behind you all the time." Then his eyes would light up and he'd laugh, "But that's because you're a child—and there's nothing you can do to get rid of them."

I asked the social worker to explain "wrap it up," and she said it meant beat it, go on home, shooting's over for the day.

I began to itch and I slapped at the ants on my legs. Ants followed us everywhere that summer. They were in the food, in our clothes, even between the pages of our scripts.

Jim came over to me and said, "Listen, antslapper, don't you think they deserve the right to live?" He laughed, then slapped an ant on his arm. Jim was always full of advice—he's four years older.

And there you have it—the story behind my one (and only) "romance" with handsome Jim MacArthur. (Don't ever call him Jimmy; he bristles.) One kissing scene for the cameras.

Jim and I met that summer in Hollywood, my first time there, and I was so green I was scared. I didn't know anything about picture-making, and every time I goofed, I'd run into the bushes and pick up my paperback book of poems to read so I could forget about what a nitwit I was, and if Jim wasn't on camera, he'd come over and tell me, "Coach, if they're giving

you any trouble, holler back. And if you lose your voice, give me a high sign, and I'll give them a piece of your mind."

I'd laugh and forget about the mess-up. Jim was a teenager, too—nineteen (now he's twenty). I was fifteen and scared, like I say.

You know, if you've never been to Hollywood before, it's hard to take it all in—the publicity people and the photographers and the dressers and all the thousands of jack-in-the-box assistants (not to forget my mom) who tag along. Business hours in Hollywood are full of tag-alongers. There are so many of them you don't know what to do.

But after working hours, it's a different story. Suddenly you're all alone and you feel lonely. I don't know where all the people go. My girlfriend, Janice Brubeck (she's a young singer looking for a lucky break), and I used to ride up and down the elevators at the Chateau Marmont where we lived every time we could think of an excuse. We were ashamed to admit this to anyone but we were secretly looking for celebs.

We'd ask the lady at the main desk if any stars had checked in, and she'd rattle off a bunch of names that made our heads whirl. Anna Magnani. Greta Garbo. Joanne Woodward. Paul Newman. Sal Mineo. Tony Perkins. Janice and I would walk away staggering.

But, we wondered, where did they all go? We looked high and low for them, but few of them were about. That's why I say the nights are lonely in Hollywood. I guess everybody's busy studying lines, and it's early-to-bed because that five o'clock

morning call comes mighty early. Sure, there are a few parties here and there, and some razzle-dazzle all-out nights if there's a fancy premiere. But Hollywood, from what I saw of it, is a community of hard-working people dedicated to its work like any other town.

Oh yes, one night I ran into Johnny Saxon in a Health Food store, and the proprietor of the place introduced us and, out of bashfulness I guess, all we said was hello.

Another night Janice and I had plenty of time on our hands so we composed a telegram to Jim—a long string of corny congratulations for his birthday (it wasn't, naturally! His birthday's in December). We ran to the Western Union office, splurged with our allowances and signed the wire Melinda Lee and Conchita Lou. Janice and I laughed for days about it.

But Jim never mentioned it once. Probably, he figured, a couple of spooks had flipped their lids.

Not that Jim can't handle himself in ticklish situations. All summer long girls would ask him for autographs and you should have seen him. Unbelievable! Smooth as butter and a first class operator, to boot.

But back to Hollywood. I was floored with the tight clothes everyone wears and in such knock-your-eyes-out colors. Me, I'm the baggy clothes type. This way I don't have any letting-out or taking-in problems if I gain or lose weight. But in Hollywood, wow! The human body is revealed in bursting detail, if you know what I mean. I'd go shopping with my

Mom in the supermarket, and I felt like a freak wearing my brother's shirts and old slacks with plenty of room you know where.

(Jim's a neat Ivy League dresser. He loves tweeds and herringbone stripes in jackets and suits, prefers striped rep ties—or knitted ones—white button-down shirts.)

Jim used to kid me and say, "Red and blue, red and blue! That's all you wear, red and blue!" They're my favorite colors. My unfavorable color is black. I hate it with a passion, especially on young girls. It makes me look ridiculously old.

So many people ask me if I'm not old and overly-sophisticated for my age, and it gripes me because I've never worn slinky dresses or spike-heeled shoes, smoked cigarettes or traveled in a fast crowd. If they meant sophisticated in terms of being wise (the word sophisticated comes from a Latin or Greek phrase meaning wisdom), I'd be flattered, but naturally everyone refers to the lah-de-dah kind of sophistication. Anyone who gets to know me realizes I'm pretty much a teenager who loves pajama parties with girlfriends and lots of talk about boys.

My grandmother in Winthrop, Massachusetts—where I was born—calls me "a nice, healthy girl," and once when I played a neurotic murderess on an Alfred Hitchcock TV program, she had connip-tions and was fit to be tied! My modeling for the fashion magazines didn't upset her, but playing a killer—uh-oh! All that Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, German and Maine Mohawk Indian blood in her boiled.

"But that's the fun of acting," I told her. It's the thrill of having an opportunity to try to be someone other than yourself. Grandmother nodded her head and told me to clip the hedges in the front yard. She said they needed neatening-up.

One time my Mom and I had a to-do about the way I should have played a role on television. We argued for three days about it. Every time we sat down to eat, before I'd even get a bite of food into my mouth, she'd get on me about the way I was playing the role. I couldn't stand it, so I decided one morning to do it her way. Was it ever terrible! That's when I said, "Look, Mom, you're the mother in the family, so, if you don't mind, you do the mothering, and if I'm going to be the actress let me try doing the acting." We've gotten along on acting like two peas in a pod ever since.

Jim told me he never had any trouble with his mother about acting—even though she's one of the greatest! "She's never primed me on acting," Jim said. "She's kind of let me develop by myself."

Did you know television is where Jim and I got our feet wet in this acting business? "I was the most popular back on TV," I used to boast to Jim—"although I bet you don't even remember me. I was the young girl whose parents or uncle always plunked her down with her back directly in front of the camera and lectured her."

TV's more comfortable for me—probably because I'm used to it. Hollywood cameras used to frighten me. "They come up so close on you, and you can't blink your eyes or turn your head," I used to moan to Jim.

"You'll get over it," he'd tell me in his relaxed way. But I didn't. You have to keep absolutely still and say your lines without any breathing and hope all the time that all's going well.

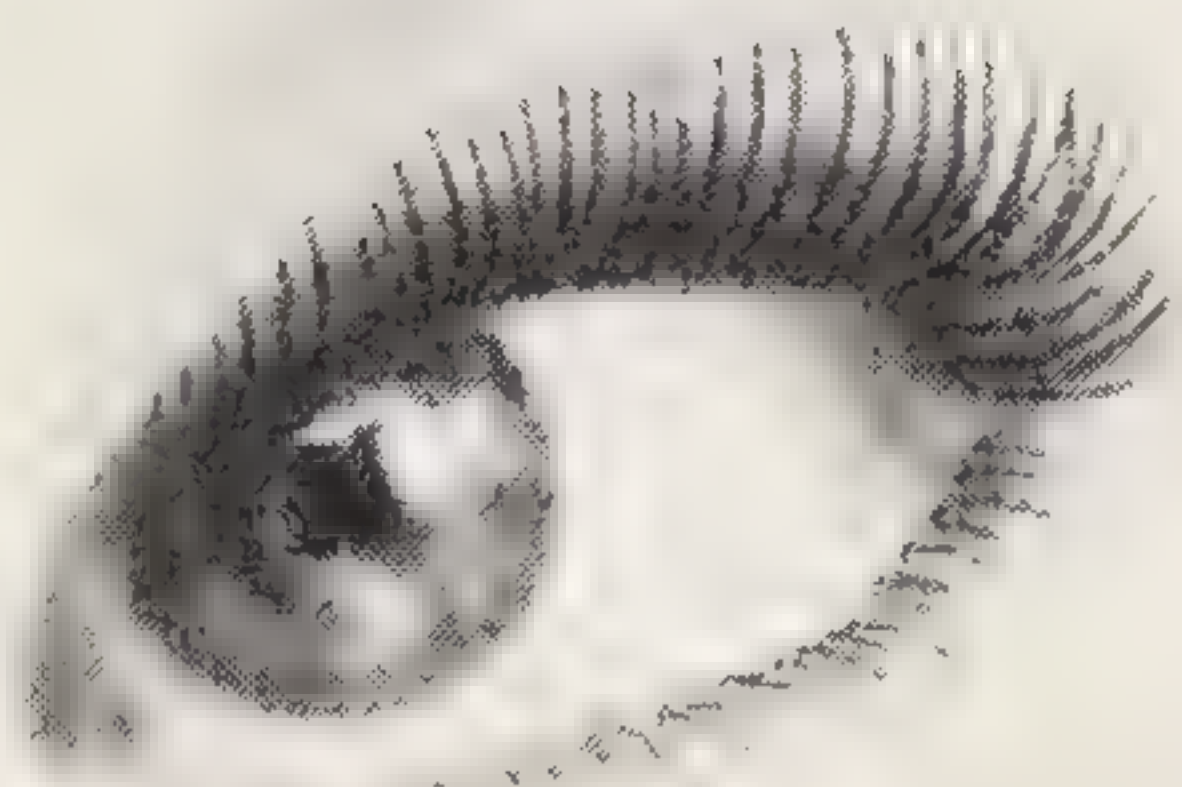
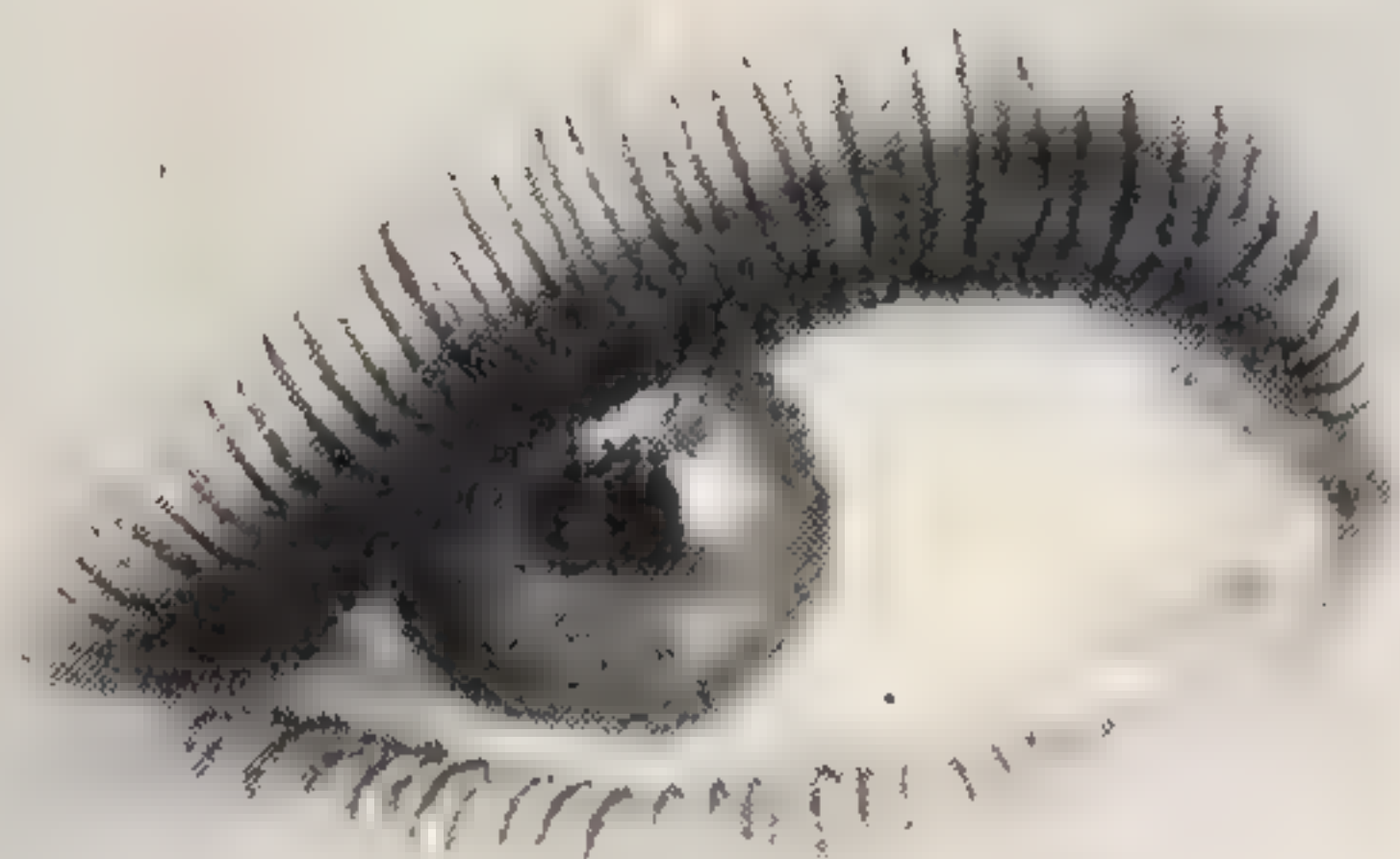
It didn't always. One day when the director told me to move a little to the left, I took a step—only one step, mind you—and I was completely out of camera range.

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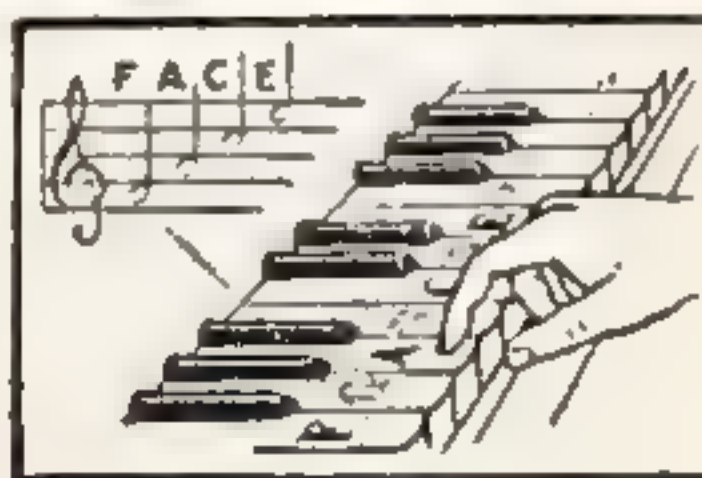
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All the time I worked in "The Light in the Forest" I was so unsure of myself. I was afraid even to see the final print. Believe it or not, when I did (after my third invitation) I absolutely cringed all the way through it.

I was so embarrassed. My face looked fat and awful, and I hated the way I walked.

"You walk like you walk," Jim teased me.

"Oh," I wailed. "Don't say that!"

Working the way I have since I was ten and a half—when I started modeling—I haven't had time to date as much as other girls my age. Once in a while I wonder about it, but it doesn't really bother me—although I'll be honest and say I'm looking forward to all the good times ahead.

Not that I haven't had a few dates! You could count them on your fingers—which is maybe why I'm still kind of inexperienced and some of them have been duds. Once when I was on a date some people came over to me for autographs. We were in Central Park having ice cream and looking at all the summer people bicycling, rowing boats, playing baseball. After I signed some autographs, the boy froze and didn't say a word to me for the rest of the afternoon, and I didn't know what to do about it.

I like boys who take the lead about what to do and where to go, the way a fellow should. Some boys can do this at thirteen, others can be thirty and not know how to handle themselves. I guess maybe this is the same with girls—it's a little true of me.

I love to go to the movies on a date. But then I love the movies! When I used to model I'd run to a movie between assignments. Usually I only got to see about an hour of the film. I had to rush off to my next job.

I'd go to any movie starring Marilyn Monroe. She's—to quote a phrase—the most beautiful symbol of womanhood I know.

I adore Carroll Baker. Lots of people who stop me on the street for my autograph walk away disappointed when they find out I'm not Carroll. I don't blame them. I'd be disappointed, too. Sometimes I'm mistaken for Grace Kelly's younger sister or Eva Marie Saint. Sometimes in New York when people stare I feel I have leprosy or something. But in small towns like Winthrop people are courteous and friendly. They let you go your own way.

Other actresses I like are Audrey Hepburn and Dame Sybil Thorndike. Dame Sybil came to Broadway for "The Potting Shed" last year. It was my first Broadway show, and I had a tiny role, but I loved it. My dressing room was five flights up since I was low man on the totem pole, but every night when I went to the theatre I could hardly wait to climb them.

Jim and I violently disagree on some movie stars. His favorite actors are Paul Muni, Sir Laurence Olivier and Michael Redgrave. Jim's comment on them is, "They have that great ability to lose themselves in the part. I like Marlon Brando but he's only a personality. I never forget he's Marlon."

In my book Marlon rates four stars. So do Don Murray and Paul Newman.

Jim's actress favorites are Deborah Kerr, Bette Davis and Joanne Woodward.

This year I played in another Broadway play, "Blue Denim." I was a teenager who got into terrifying sex trouble because of a lack of understanding between parents and kids. Joshua Logan was our director. Did I learn from him!

I learn by watching older people. I listen to everything, then try things out,

experiment until I come up with what I think's best.

Jim's coming to Broadway this fall in a play with a tricky title, "Faraway the Train Birds Cry." Jim just finished a mountain-climbing movie in Switzerland, "The Third Man on the Mountain." He had a ball. Jim's seen most of the world (I haven't left the U.S.).

But Jim and I are very much alike when it comes to friends. We both believe a few friends, but good ones, are better. My best girl friend is Gail O'Leary who lives in Winthrop. Jim says people today don't have time for too many close friends. To get to know a few people well takes a lot of time and understanding. And it does.

In fact, it takes a lot of time to understand yourself and your weaknesses. My biggest weakness? Food! I eat if I'm happy, I eat if I'm blue, I eat if I'm dreaming about outer space. And always one day I wake up to find I've eaten too much, and it's diet, diet, diet like crazy. Dieting's the story of my life. Carol The Calorie Counter—that's me. You could put me in a side-show and call out all the different foods and I'd yell back the calories. One baked potato—100 calories! A slice of white bread—60 calories! A slice of ham—250 calories! See what I mean?

I love baking hermits, cakes and butter cookies, but I suffer if I eat them. Pounds, pounds, pounds. Sometimes all I have to do is look at them and I gain weight, honestly.

Starchy foods? I'm nuts about them. Give me spaghetti and French fried potatoes and slabs of buttered bread and I'm in Seventh Heaven. If I had one wish in this world I'd like to go to a land where there are lemonade waterfalls and sugar flowers and eat to my heart's delight.

Jim used to bend over me every time I got my teeth stuck in a chocolate bar and he'd kid, "Look out, Carol, those camera angles are going to be rough on you."

"You're worse than I am," I'd tell him, but he did the trick. He made me lose my appetite.

Count Jim in as a food fiend, too. He loves starchy foods, too (I wonder—is there anybody who doesn't?), and he flips for Italian dishes: veal parmigiana and pizza pie.

Give Jim a slice of pizza with an Elvis rock record and he's happy. He digs rock music, but at the same time can enjoy a Beethoven violin concerto.

Me, I'm not so hot for rock and roll. It gives me a headache after a while. But then opera does, too. I saw Mario Lanza in a picture about Rome recently and he sang so many operatic selections I had to run home and take two aspirins. My favorite music is soft ballad music, the Frank Sinatra-Doris Day kind. Or give me the Hi-Lo singing anything. My favorite album? "Threepenny Opera." Dancing? I love it, ballroom style, a simple two step. I've never waltzed and I can't tell a rumba from a cha-cha-cha.

I like to listen to the radio. At night if I want to read and listen to music and my fourteen-year-old brother, Danny, has a date and wants the living room all to himself, we run head-on into a problem. When you live in a small apartment the way we do, you have to figure out something. So I take my dachshund, Frankie, and lock us in the bathroom where I stretch out in the bathtub with all my clothes on (no water, of course) and read all my magazines.

Getting back to the bathroom, isn't it the best place for a hideaway? I love to take showers, wash my hair for hours. That's when I do my best thinking, with my eyes closed, while I'm scrubbing my hair.

I get lost in a world all my own. And if something soothing—like my favorite song, "Mac the Knife," is playing on the radio, I'm on cloud nine.

My religion is very important to me. I'm a Catholic. My mother is, too.

She's a much better Catholic than I am. I don't go to church as often as I'd like. I go often, but not often enough to suit me. But then I don't believe a person should go unless he needs it inside. Most of all, I hate church hypocrites. These are the people who are busy sinning all week long and expect the church to absolve them completely after they've attended a Sunday mass. One should try to be good all the time.

Jim and I discussed religion. It's important when you're growing up. Jim's a Protestant, though his mother's a Catholic convert. You know, I think Jim's favorite conversational topic is religion. And school.

I'll graduate from the School for Young Professionals next January (I love all my men teachers, the women teachers are all so fussy), and brother, will I be happy! School's a necessary evil in my book—but I plan to take college courses at night and study on my own afterward.

Jim went to Harvard, quit in the middle of last year to see the world and explore it on his own. He couldn't concentrate on his studies.

"Why should I take up a seat and not let somebody else get into college?" was Jim's comment. "I couldn't concentrate on my studies. I was having trouble passing some of my courses, so I decided to get out for a while." But, Jim says, he left school with the door open because he plans to return.

We both read like crazy. Jim goes for the heavier stuff, the classics, and his favorite writer is Nobel prize winner Albert Camus.

Thomas Wolfe's for me. This year I read his first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," and I walked around in a daze for days. Tony Perkins starred in the Broadway adaptation of it, and he walked away with all the drama critics reviews. "Look Homeward, Angel" is so rich, so full of real people it makes you want to cry and laugh all at once.

One thing I learned about Jim when we'd talk about books. He doesn't like you to agree with him for the sake of agreeing. He likes you to have your own ideas. There was an interviewer on the set once who was going to write a story about Jim, and he kept agreeing with everything Jim was saying, and afterward Jim said, "What a dodo! Doesn't have a mind of his own."

By now I guess you've learned Jim and I are friends, good ones. There's not a smidge of romance between us, and by the time you read this, Jim and Joyce Bulifant, his schoolgirl sweetheart from Solebury School may be Mr. and Mrs. They're both twenty and seriously considering knotting the tie that binds.

What else is there to tell? I don't know. What's ahead? Who can tell? I hope a boy—! Don't you love them?

Marriage is something I'm beginning to wonder about. Like the Old Lady who lived in the shoe, I want to have a flock of children—so many I won't know what to do. I want to live in an old, old house—they're so much more dignified!—with lots of early American furniture: maple rockers and four poster beds and a spinning wheel in the front parlor.

Till then, I figure there's plenty of time ahead for daydreaming, eating sweets and mooning over men.

What do you think?

—BY CAROL LYNLEY
AS TOLD TO GEORGE CHRISTY

JOHNNY LEVELS...

Continued from page 53

street, a group of girls darted through the crawling after-theater traffic and blocked his way to the U-I limousine. Utter panic flashed across John's face.

The girls lined up, dancing eagerly. One of them got his autograph, then ran back to the end of the line, giggling and fumbling in her purse for another scrap of paper. When she reached the head of the line again and handed it to him, he looked at her and asked, "Didn't I give you one before?"

"What difference does that make?" she said blandly. "Don't you know it's people like myself who make you a star?"

Genuinely upset, he signed the paper. "Now if you'll excuse me," he said. "I have to get to a radio show." Through the car window, he waved at the fans as we inched away. When the car began moving faster, he settled back with a sigh of relief. "She's right, I know. And I am grateful. It's just the screaming that bothers me, that's all..."

The car had turned east, and New York became a ghost city as it went through the deserted night-time streets of the garment district. "I'm glad we decided to talk in the car," John said quietly, then lost himself in thought.

"Do you mind stopping by my house in Brooklyn?" he suddenly asked. "I don't think it's out of the way."

As we drove, I asked him, "How did it feel the first time you returned to Brooklyn as John Saxon?"

John laughed quietly. "That seems like a long time ago. I was Carmen Orrico then. But I'd changed my name already. I was christened Carmine, and I guess I was thinking that Carmen Lombardo had done pretty well in show business. But 'John Saxon'? Sometimes he seems like a stranger to me. He was born ready-made out in Hollywood, something out of somebody else's imagination, without any background or tradition. To myself, I'm still Carmine Orrico, and he has a real, definite, solid background, all right. There it is, on the other side of the bridge."

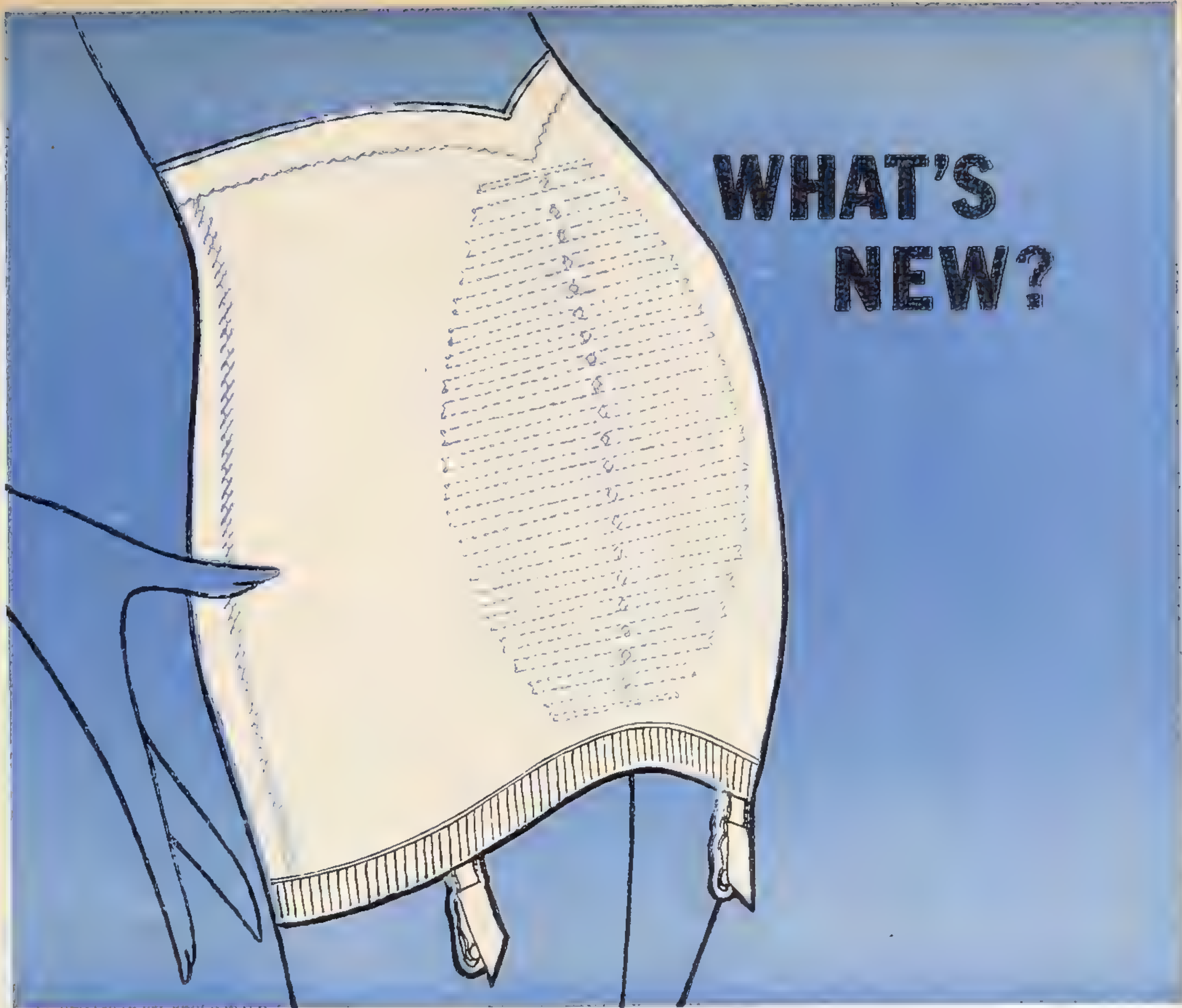
Brooklyn lay ahead. For a long while after crossing the river, John was silent—not moodily, but rather alert to his surroundings. Eventually he straightened at sight of a school building and pointed. "St. Catherine's of Alexandria," he said.

"I guess the first day of school is a big day in everybody's life. I certainly remember mine! I was five years old, and I'd been looking forward to it—something new and exciting. My mother brought me. I was holding on to her hand, and she said, 'Sister, this is my boy Carmine,' then she went away and left me.

"The sister must have smiled, but I don't remember. I wasn't looking at her face. I was just seeing those strange, long, black clothes and the white head-dress. 'Has she got any hair?' I asked one of the other kids. And they all laughed at me. I didn't know any of them.

"Of course, it was their first day, too, and they must have been as scared as I was. Later on, we got along all right. And the sister was a nice, kind woman, a good teacher. But from that day on, I never really liked school. It didn't frighten me afterwards—just bored me, mostly. In high school, there was an English teacher who was a favorite of mine, though. He opened up a new world for me—gave me odd things to read, like The New Yorker.

"But math—did I hate that! The old woman who taught it had a special thing about me, it seemed in those days. She



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was sure to ask me questions she knew I couldn't answer. So do you know what I did?" John turned toward me, suddenly wry. "I cheated! If there was a quiz coming up, I'd look in the book and write the answers between my fingers.

"Would I do it today? I'd find better ways to cheat," John laughed. "No. Seriously, I'd use that same time for studying, so I wouldn't have to cheat. We do some pretty foolish things when we're very young, don't we?" A street light flickered across his face, misted with thought and memory. "Like the time I had a crush on a girl for a whole year."

John Saxon chuckled at the young Carmine Orrico. "I never said one word to her. I just looked and looked. She had red hair and a cute, turned-up nose, I remember. Once, when we were going through the hall, she caught me looking at her. She smiled, but what did I do? Nothing, except turn the color of a fire engine.

"I wasn't shy with girls—no more than average, I mean. In fact, just before I finished high school, there was one girl I dated pretty steadily. I remember one Saturday night . . . we were supposed to go to a dance. When I got to her house to pick her up, her mother told me she'd already gone out—with another boy. I couldn't even pretend I'd just stopped by, because there I was, standing like a dope with a cellophane corsage box in my hand. 'Carmen,' I said to myself, 'you have been jilted, boy.' She broke my heart, I guess you'd say."

His eyes contradicted his light tone. "I can laugh about it now, but it wasn't very funny at the time. Anyhow, it didn't make me bitter toward women. They're just so hard to understand sometimes. . . . Another time, after I got out of school, there was a girl in my neighborhood who acted as if she was fond of me. I'd started to get modeling jobs by then, and she seemed to be really interested in my work. She went out of her way to tell me that she'd seen my picture in *True Story*. Well, we'd gone out together a few times, and one evening I was walking her home after the movies. It was a quiet street like this—we're getting close to my old neighborhood now. I slipped my arm around her and gave her a kiss—very gentle, not much more than just friendly. And she slapped me!"

He put his hand to his face as if he could still feel the hurt and surprise and bewilderment. "But I still wasn't bitter."

He had said that twice, I realized, and I wondered whether he was thinking only of two girls that he had known in Brooklyn days. A few moments later, I said softly, "Penny for your thoughts."

" . . . What? Oh—I was just thinking about tomorrow. Tomorrow in general, I mean. It's funny how many people you meet today, the places you go. Yet, when tomorrow comes, some of the people are gone and some of the places you'll never see again. And you're caught in the middle of it all."

Some of the people are gone . . . "Like Vicki Thal?" I wondered silently; I didn't want to ask just then.

He finally spoke, half to himself, as if genuinely trying to straighten out his thoughts by putting them into words. "Why do girls have to pretend so much? . . .

"When a girl is trying to push some quality forward for observation, I can usually tell. During my high school days, I saw so many of them take some sort of external thing from Marilyn Monroe or Elizabeth Taylor and try very hard to look and behave like them. Why do people always want to be somebody else? Why do people copy others?"

Suddenly, he laughed. "I'm a fine one to talk about pretending! See that church?" He pointed to a spire a block away, outlined against the New York sky that is never truly dark. "That's where I did my first acting—only I didn't know it. I was about eight or nine, and I was crazy about a comic-strip hero called The Phantom. Sitting at mass with my folks, I imagined The Phantom and me flying into the church together, swooping around and astonishing everybody. 'Hey, look!' they'd say. 'Look at Carmine Orrico!' And then the two of us would settle down into the family pew, and I'd just sit there, very offhanded, as if I did this kind of thing all the time. That was imaginative acting! . . . Stop!"

The driver pulled over to the curb. "Here?"

"Just for a minute." We had paused beside a small ice-cream parlor, a perfectly ordinary neighborhood candy store. "This was my first hang-out," John said. "I always liked to watch people. I'd peer into their faces here and try to understand them. I remember, I told my mother that if you look long enough into any woman's face you'll see beauty there. She had no idea what I meant, and it wasn't really clear to me, either, when I was a boy. All right, driver. Let's go on now."

The car moved away from the candy store, but John turned his head, looking back toward his younger self and the lovely illusion in every woman's face. "What I saw wasn't beauty, I know now. It was a symbol of beauty. Today, I see other symbols when I look into people's faces: what they are; what they've struggled to be and aren't. Through them, I try to understand myself, too. I want to shed my skin and see what's underneath!"

Unwittingly, he was revealing a great deal about himself. Eager to learn more, I mentally noted the location of the candy store—Thirty-Eighth Street and Twelfth Avenue—and went back later to ask people who'd known John Saxon when he was Carmine or Carmen Orrico. "Funny thing about Carmen," one young man told me. "If the bunch was crazy about some idea—he'd probably be cold on it. But he could have been the leader of our gang, if he'd been interested. That was because he could figure us out better than we could ourselves. In the corner poolroom, he used to win more money than any of the other guys. He wasn't a particularly good player—he just knew *who* the good players were, better than they did themselves—so he'd bet on them."

"Girls?" another boy said. "With looks like his—sure, Carmen went out with the girls. Only, you'd never hear about it from him. The rest of the guys would stand around on the corner and—you know—compare notes on our dates. But he never told tales. I guess he figured his dates were something between the girl and himself."

That explained a lot, I thought. John had talked to me frankly about girls he'd dated in Brooklyn—but they were unknown to me, and he had not mentioned their names or hinted at their identities in any way. When it came to Vicki Thal, however, here was a known person whose privacy must be guarded—and John Saxon still would not tell tales.

So I spoke very gently when I asked him, "Were you and Vicki married?"

In spite of my delicacy, a dark shadow contorted his features. "I'm not married! I haven't been married. And I don't know when I will get married! I'm not seeing Vicki any more. There's nothing to it."

He was silent for a moment. The car had stopped for a red light. The light went green, and I heard his muffled voice: "Nothing to it." He faced toward me. "I'm just annoyed that everyone made such a

mountain out of a molehill. Can't *anything* ever be kept private?"

Again, he was silent for a time, until he pointed down the street we were passing. "That's where I was born—at home, not in a hospital." A few blocks farther on, he said, "Would you slow down, please?" He was peering out of the cab at a house halfway along the block. "I want to see if my aunt's looking out the window."

"At this time of night?"

"What difference does time make? If she's there, she's there."

But not a light shone on the sleeping block. "Turn left at this corner, and left again at the next one. . . . Here's my house. Be out in a minute."

It was one of a row of two-family brick houses, with iron fences enclosing the small front yards. John opened the gate, ran up a short flight of steps and went around to the back door, where the lights in the kitchen cast a cheery radiance on the neatly clipped grass. As he had promised, he was back a moment later, with a yellow Western Union envelope in his hand. "They said I'd gotten a wire."

"Nothing important." He was reading the wire, and a special sort of smile curved his lips. "Just personal."

I thought I'd better not ask any more questions. As he folded the wire and tucked it into his pocket, I made a harmless comment instead. "That's a good-looking suit, Johnny."

He chuckled reminiscently. "When I first arrived in Hollywood, I only had two suits, and one of them was a terrible fit. Well, now I have four—and they *all* fit. I have a red MG, 1953 model and pretty scratched up, but still it's an MG. I have a nice apartment, even if I do have trouble keeping it straight. Let's face it—it's pretty much of a shambles most of the time."

"I tell you what I'd like to find now. I've been looking for a small house, real bachelor's quarters, the kind I could close up and leave at a moment's notice, in case I wanted to go back to Italy, for instance. That's one of the most beautiful places in the world. I'd like my house to be very simply furnished—just enough for one person."

Goodbye Vicki Thal, I thought. He sounded defiant, reckless, eager. Okay—let's see what happens next! That sort of attitude.

John breathed out sharply and slapped his hands briskly on his knees. "I was named for my grandfather. He was a remarkable old man, but I never really understood or appreciated him until the time when I was new in Hollywood. It's often that way. You have to get a long distance from a person or an experience before the whole meaning, the truth comes through to you. . . .

"Grandpa must have loved me very much. I know that now. But when I was a kid I didn't really like him. Maybe he scared me a little. He was a hot-tempered old man, an individualist, with a lot of strong opinions. He made his living doing odd jobs around . . . Let's see, where are we?" John glanced at a corner street sign. "No, his neighborhood was back there, near where my people live. Grandpa died a few years ago, before I'd gotten anywhere. But I don't think he'd have been at all impressed with a grandson who was a movie actor. He went to the movies just once, stayed in the theater five minutes and then stomped out. When we asked him what he thought of the show, he growled, 'All nonsense!' And he wouldn't look at television. 'Silly black box,' he called it."

"At the time, that made me mad. I thought he was just being stubborn. But everything he said stayed with me some-

how. We were talking about religion once, and I said, 'I can't help it. I just don't believe—'

"Wait!" my grandfather said. He put his hand on my arm. I can still see his eyes—dark and deep-set. 'Don't reject anything that fast,' he told me. 'Think. Learn. Maybe some time you'll find out you can accept it.'

John sighed. "I'm still thinking. And learning, I hope. I don't believe, but I don't disbelieve, either. I should have known from that talk that Grandpa wasn't just a bullheaded old man. His 'stubbornness' was really integrity. Any opinions he had, no matter how unusual or unpopular they might have been, were his own, and he'd stand by them. All this came to me the first months in Hollywood.

"There were times when I felt overwhelmed and unimportant. Then I'd picture Grandpa, and that would stiffen my backbone. I'd think, 'I can be an individual, too. I can stand up for my own opinions.' That's how I wound up talking back at the president of U-I!"

Shaking his head ironically, John asked, "Can you imagine a green kid doing a thing like that? Well, I'm not sorry. All I'd done in pictures was 'Running Wild'—not much more than a bit—when they told me I was pretty well set for the part in 'The Unguarded Moment,' the psychopathic high school boy. I'd have to do a test first, they said. That made me happy, because the part sounded good, and I began studying and planning. Then I heard that the studio was testing six big-name actors for the same part. And I hadn't heard a word about my test.

"I blew my top! I barged over to the president's office and demanded to see him. Of course, I was in no position to dictate terms to anybody. The secretary made me wait for an hour and an half. Believe me, by the time she said the president would see me I was boiling mad! I marched in and said, 'I was given to understand that I'd at least be tested for 'Unguarded Moment.' If you won't do that much, then there's no future for me here. I may as well go back to New York.'

"The minute the words were out, the sound of them frightened me. But the president didn't blow his stack. He just sat there looking at me quizzically. 'All right, Johnny,' he said. 'Cool off. You'll get your test.' And I got it. Even if Grandpa thought the movie business was nonsense, I don't think he'd have been ashamed of me that day."

"He'd have been proud," I said. "Well, I don't know. . . . Sometimes I don't feel so sure of myself, even now."

Around us, the houses had thinned out; across the open lots between them a wind blew gently off the bay. As the car turned in toward the big structure of the Town and Country Club, from which the Barry Gray show is broadcast, John said, "Here we are. Oh, I'll be all right when I'm on the air. That's part of my work. But sometimes when I wake up in the morning, I have the most awful, helpless feeling. Soon as I step under the shower, it goes away. The water's bouncing off me, and I think, 'Okay—bring on another day! Make it something different—a tough job, a new challenge. I'm set for it!' But for those first few moments after I open my eyes—" He hunched up his shoulders. "I wish I was off on a desert island."

"By yourself?" I asked slyly. And then I regretted my attempt at humor, for John said slowly, "No. With my ex-girlfriend."

However jauntily he carried it, John's torch was showing. THE END

JOHN STARS IN U-I'S "SUMMER LOVE" AND "THE WONDERFUL YEARS."

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"...HOW CAN I CHOOSE?"

Continued from page 44

Daddy, come quick, something terrible has happened. Don't ask any questions, Daddy, just hurry, please."

And then, right after hanging up, she suddenly thought: "But how does he know our house number? We just moved in Tuesday."

She went outside and waited on the front steps, watching for his car. And it was lucky she had, because it turned out Dad didn't know the number.

But when he got out of the car, he didn't seem the least bit upset. All he said was, "Cherie, I'm coming," and as she turned to run into the house to tell Mother—she hadn't told her that she'd telephoned Dad—he called, "Wait a minute, Baby," and he caught up with her and they went up the stairs together to mother's bedroom.

She remembered seeing Johnny on his back on the floor. All she could say was, "I did it Daddy, I did it, but I didn't mean to. I meant to frighten him. He was going to hurt Mummy." And then Mother started to explain.

Afterward Dad put his arm around her and said quietly, "Cherie, I would have done the same thing. Everything's going to be all right. Let's go into your room and you put your head on my shoulder and have a good, long cry. Then, let's have a real talk together. You'll see, we'll work it out together."

And she knew, with Daddy there, she and Mother could. . . .

She wondered now, as she sat, watching Judge Lynch flip through some typewritten papers, whether, if Mummy, Daddy and she were always together, they would have these problems. Once a lady columnist asked her: "Is your mother going to remarry your father, Cheryl?" Until then, she had never thought about it. As long back as she could think, the three of them had never been together.

She never asked Mother or Dad about the lady. There was one time when Mother took her and Lynn and Zan Barker to Daddy's restaurant for a treat, and she remembered how Dad watched them and when Mother looked up and smiled he came right over and sat down with them. That's what gave her the idea to ask Dad about the lady's questions.

She had it all planned, once, one Saturday morning, when she was going downtown to meet Dad for lunch at his restaurant. They were going to celebrate over her report card. Dad met her, pretending to be casual like usual, but she knew he was pleased by the way he grinned.

They sat down at their favorite booth, the one in the far off corner—just the two of them—and talked.

She never did ask Dad about what the columnist had said. She couldn't remember why. Maybe she had just forgotten, and then, later she thought maybe Daddy wouldn't want to be asked.

Thinking back, she smiled. Horses or school, that's what she and Dad usually talked about. Just like last Sunday when he visited her at Juvenile Hall: "I'd like to get on a horse and ride far away," she had told him. And he had understood what she meant. He most always did.

She never told him, but yet he guessed and knew, that sometimes she felt lonely. And one time when she had said, "I don't think Mummy loves me," he had been very firm. "You're not being fair, Cherie," he had told her. "You know what your mother

once told me? She said, 'Every hour I spend with Cheryl is more precious.'

"Now, you're a big girl and—even now—Mother has never left you alone, has she?"

And it was true. Thinking back, she could never remember being left by herself—not one evening.

This was one of the things Mother and Johnny had discussed that night, when they argued, and Johnny was mad because he thought Mother was going to dinner without him.

"How could I go out to dinner?" Mummy had said. "The maid doesn't live in, and if I were going out, I would have to arrange with Mother so that she could either come to the house or Cheryl could go to her because she has never been left alone. . . ."

Mother was always worried about her being alone. "I want her to have a real home with brothers and sisters and a father," she had said to Grandma when she called from Italy to tell them she and Lex were going to be married. "Lex knows how to handle children—he has two of his own."

"And you'll have a stepsister, Lynn, who's your own age," Mother had told her, "and you can go to boarding school together and be in the same class. Cheryl," she had added. "You'll never be lonely again."

It was exciting flying to Turin, Italy for the wedding and meeting her new brother and sister and father. She'd called Lex Po right from the start. It was the closest to Pop. Since she called Father Pop or Daddy she didn't want to hurt his feelings.

Lex was fun, she thought. When sometimes Mother was strict, he would say: "But let's hear Cheryl's side of the story." Like the time she wanted to go on the Girl Scout camping weekend at Big Bear.

"You're not old enough to be away on a weekend," Mother had insisted when she stopped by after class at the studio and told her about the camping trip.

But when they reached home, Po came to her support: "Why not?" he wanted to know. "It'll be great fun for her."

And finally Mother did give in. "All right, Cheryl, you can go. I'll take the stationwagon and drive you and your friends up myself." Afterwards the kids had said how much fun Mother was and she felt so proud. She'd told them: "You'd really like my Mummy if you knew her."

Mother was fun when she was happy, and she seemed happiest when she expected the baby.

"Guess what, Cheryl?" she had said one weekend when she returned home from school. "Come on upstairs. I have something exciting to tell you." And she learned that she was going to have a sister or a brother.

"Oh, I hope it's a brother," was all she could say.

Grandma, she had noticed, was the only one who didn't seem happy, and it was then that Grandma explained all about how her Mother had almost died when she was born.

"But how?" she had asked. And Grandma answered all her questions.

"Yes, even when the doctor had told your Mother she might die, she insisted: 'I don't care. I want her. I love her. I'm going to have my baby, no matter what happens.'" And she learned that for three months before she was born her Mother had been almost completely blind.

After that, and when Mother lost the baby, whenever she did anything wrong, she felt upset inside about hurting Mother . . . like the time she didn't go back to Sacred Heart Academy and all the newspapers called up Mother and Dad and wrote it up and Mother was so upset.

I'd do anything to make up for it, she thought, as she turned and looked at her mother beside her, looking anxious but lovely in a beige shantung suit-dress. "Mummy looks prettiest in beige," she thought.

Everyone thought Mother was glamorous and talked about her. In school, the kids didn't know she knew, but she knew they talked about her mother and when she came in they'd be quiet—awfully quiet—right away and she'd know they didn't want her to hear.

Not until the past weeks did she tell Mother that's why she didn't want to go back to Sacred Heart. And Mother had said: "Cheryl, you must always tell me how you feel. I could have arranged earlier to have you go to a local school and come home nights. I never want you to be hurt."

Lately, ever since Europe and their Christmas holiday, she and mother had been closer than they had ever been. She had written Johnny to tell him: "Mother and I really had a wonderful time in Europe. I can't remember when we've been that close. . . ."

She wanted him to know because she had once told him she didn't think Mother really wanted to be with her and he had suggested that maybe she'd like to live with his stepmother in Woodstock, Illinois. It was after some girl at school had shown her a newspaper clipping saying her Mother didn't plan to bring her over to Europe, where she was making "Another Time, Another Place," for the holidays. But she had and they were together.

When Mother returned from abroad, from making the picture, they were just as close. Mother had even taken her to the Academy Awards Dinner.

They'd stayed with Grandma until their new Bedford Drive house was ready. She had had some dental surgery done and had to stay in bed and Mother cared for her since Grandma was working.

She remembered Johnny came over one afternoon while she was sick and she heard him shouting. Mother kept saying: "Will you please keep your voice down? Cheryl's door is open." And when she called, she noticed Mother was trying very hard not to cry as she fixed the solution for her throat.

Later on, she asked: "Mother, I overheard some of those things today. Why does Johnny say such things to you? Why don't you just tell him that you're finished? Are you afraid of him?"

"I'm deathly afraid of him," Mother had answered.

And she had found out then what happened in London . . . all about Johnny's threats and what he said about crippling her.

She couldn't understand why her Mother couldn't stop seeing him, but Mummy just kept saying, "Cheryl, it isn't that easy."

And all she could answer was, "Don't worry, Mother. I won't be far away."

She wasn't ashamed to tell the lawyers later, "I feel so sorry for Mummy but I did it to protect her. I love her more than anything." Because she did.

The clerk called Mother's name and signalled for her to step forward. As she got up from her chair, Mr. Giesler, Mommy's lawyer who'd been so helpful during the past weeks, leaned over and patted her shoulder as though to say: "It'll be all right."

All she could think of was that last visit at Juvenile Hall when Mother had said so gaily: "Just wait until after the hearing, Cheryl. First thing we'll do is go to a drive-in for supper and then see 'South Pacific.' You'll love it." That's a funny thing to think of now, she said to herself.

She couldn't understand what they meant by "unfit" . . . but still it made her want to cry whenever she heard it. "How could anyone say such things about Mommy and Daddy?" she'd asked herself over and over. "What do *they* know?"

Once during the hearing, Judge Lynch was discussing her with a probation officer, and Daddy jumped up, almost knocking over his chair, and said loudly: "I am perfectly willing and able at any time to take care of my daughter."

Now Judge Lynch was talking to Mother. Poor Mommy, standing there nervously twisting her lace handkerchief, her voice so soft it could hardly be heard.

The Judge must have asked: "Are you going to continue acting or can you arrange to spend more time with your daughter?" . . . because Mother was saying, "I wish I could say that I had enough money put away so that I wouldn't have to work. But I don't. I must continue acting. It's the only work I know and I have been the sole support of my daughter and my mother."

Then it was her turn. The clerk called her name: "Cheryl Crane." Suddenly she was scared, her heart pounding so hard it thumped in her ears. She sat there desperately thinking: *Maybe if I don't answer he'll skip me and call on someone else.* It was just like in school when the teacher called on you and you didn't know the answer. You just sat there hoping something would happen—that somebody else would stand up and the teacher would forget about you. She wished she wasn't always so shy—she could never talk to people like Mommy could—and now there were so many people looking at her.

Daddy noticed how pale and trembly she was and put his hand on her arm to steady her. As she stood up, her full skirt caught on a corner of the wooden chair, making it clatter. She blushed feeling so big and awkward. Then Mommy reached out, touched her hand and smiled reassuringly.

She couldn't remember walking to the front of the courtroom but there she was—standing in front of the Judge. Self-consciously she tried to brush the wrinkles from her dress . . . *I must make a good impression on the Judge,* she'd been thinking all morning, . . . *maybe it'll help Mother and Daddy.*

The Judge smiled down at her kindly and she felt a little better. The probation officer had said he would be nice—that he had two children of his own.

"I have in mind that probably something could be worked out where you could be placed under another name when you go to school. What would you think about that, Cheryl?"

She took a deep breath to keep her voice from trembling. Mommy had once said that's what actors and actresses do when they're scared. "No," she answered. She was surprised when she heard her voice—it sounded so strong.

"You don't want that?" asked Judge Lynch. "You'd rather stay here? And fight it out?"

"Yes, definitely," she had repeated firmly.

"That's courage," the Judge said.

Later he had told her: "Just try and forget all this bother and publicity. Do you think you can do that?"

"I'll try," she said, thinking: "I can do anything if only I can be with Mommy and Pops."

Then Judge Lynch said she could go back to her seat. She didn't look at anyone as she walked back, she was afraid she might not have said the right things. She sat down and waited. It was almost time for the Judge to announce his decision.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

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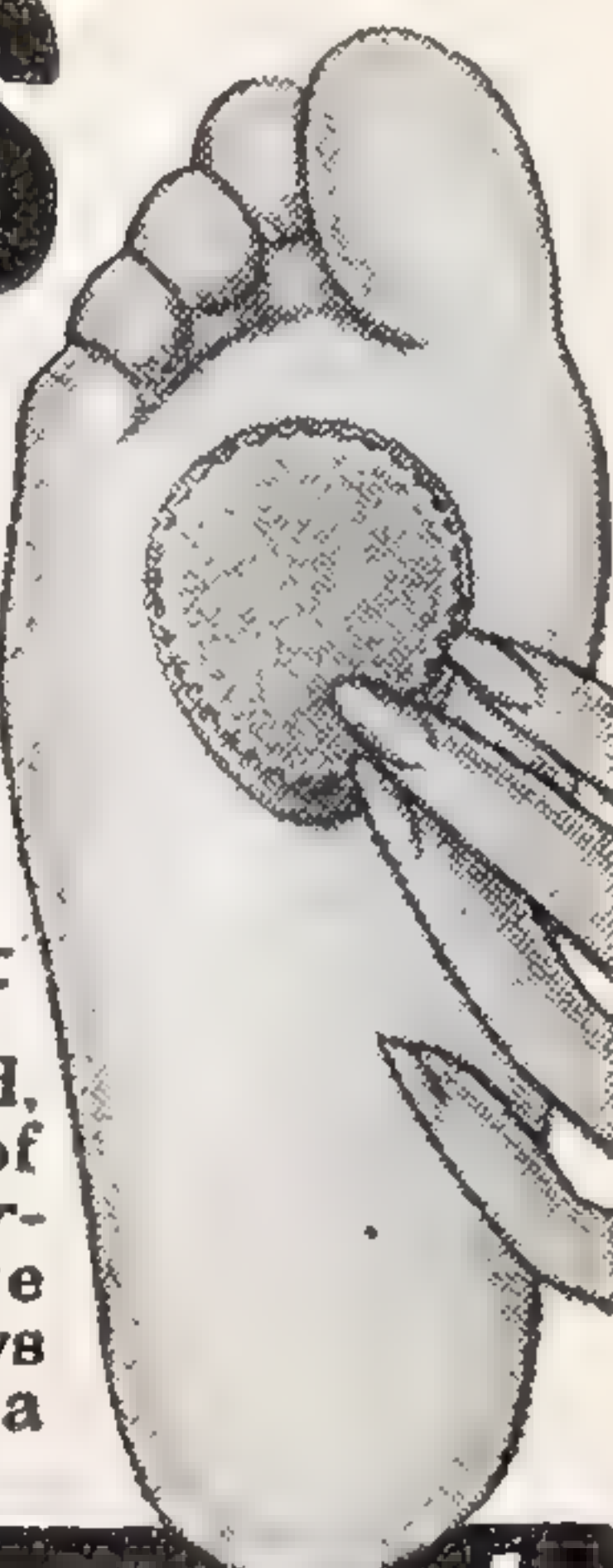
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The minute hand on the big wall clock moved, shattering the quiet with its mechanical click. She looked up... almost 1:30... they'd been there 90 minutes.

Then the Judge began to speak: "... This Court grants temporary custody of Cheryl Crane to Mrs. Mildred Turner. ... The Probation officers will determine the number of visits Mr. Crane and Miss Turner can have with their daughter each week. We will decide at a later time who will be granted permanent custody. The Court's decision will be guided by the testimony of Probation Officers who have conducted an intensive investigation of her home life and by Cheryl's own desires."

Then the Judge rose and everyone stood up as he walked out of the room. Suddenly the Courtroom was filled with the sound of voices and chairs scraping as people moved forward to say congratulations.

Grandma rushed to Mommy and put her arms around her. They both tried hard to smile, then broke into tears. Mr. Giesler and Mommy's other lawyers stood silently at her side.

She looked up and saw Daddy, white-faced and unsmiling, his lips pressed tightly together, walk alone to the far corner of the courtroom. She tried to catch his attention across the room, to smile and try to make him feel better by letting him know she remembered what he'd said: "Cherie, baby, we have a theatre date the very first night you're free."

Grandma, who was to take care of her now, stood by her side but they didn't talk for fear they might cry. Then Mrs.

Jeannette Muhlback, the probation officer who was more like a friend after this morning's drive from Los Angeles, took her hand and the three of them left the room.

As she went downstairs from the second floor courtroom, the reporters and photographers were waiting but the deputy sheriffs cleared a path for them. She hardly noticed the brief flashes from the camera lightbulbs as they walked through.

She turned around for a last look back and saw the newspapermen making a circle around Daddy and his lawyers. Pop just shrugged and said to them: "I'm too upset to talk." But Arthur Crowley, his attorney, interrupted, saying: "Of course Mr. Crane is very happy with the decision. It's a great relief to both parents to have their daughter out of Juvenile Hall."

Outside they walked through the crowds toward one of the cars waiting at the curb. The reporters caught up with Mommy just as she was about to step into a green limousine and she could hear them asking: "Would you like the girl returned to you?" Trying to smile cheerfully, Mommy answered: "Wouldn't any mother? ..."

Their limousine started and she leaned back against the smooth leather of the car, staring out at the people, the buildings and the cool Pacific water. *How can I choose between Mummy and Daddy?* she asked herself. *I wonder what the court will decide.*

In three weeks from now, Cheryl Crane will know.

—G. DIVAS

LANA TURNER STARS IN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "IMITATION OF LIFE"

DORIS LAUGHS

Continued from page 39

Doris Day clambered down from the cab of a locomotive and collapsed, laughing, against the strong shoulder of her husband, Marty Melcher.

"Whew! What a scene that was!" she said. "Bet you didn't know you married a locomotive-hopper!"

"Nope," he grinned, putting his arm around her. "A mean tennis player—yes. A sensational volley ball star—yes. A locomotive-hopper—never!"

Marty wasn't half so surprised as we were, standing nearby, invited by Columbia to take in the location doings at Chester, Conn., on "Miss Casey Jones." We just stood there with our mouths open, gaping, for once at a total loss for words.

We were so stunned we couldn't come out with the question that's been in everybody's mind: Are those newspaper reports that Doris is expecting a baby in November true? If so, how in the world can she go jumping around on a moving train in that delicate condition? And so we asked a studio representative who was standing nearby.

The representative spoke bluntly: "Don't ask Doris about the baby story. It might upset her."

Well, there was one person we could ask: Marty Melcher—big, stalwart, efficient Marty, a true partner after Doris' two unhappy marriages. Marty—always eager to act as a protective buffer between his wife and any unpleasantness. He was a smart business man and a straight-shooter, too—not one to hand out a lot of double talk.

And so, cornered by us, when Doris went back before the cameras, Marty met the question head-on. "The story is not true," he declared flatly.

"Then how did it ever get started?"

Marty shrugged helplessly. "Who knows? But Doris was pretty upset by it." Was it the truth?

Considering Doris' whole situation, it was easy to see why the question would affect her deeply. By the first of her youthful marriages, she has a fine son, Terry, who is now sixteen. The birth of a second child after so many years would be a great event in any woman's life. For Doris and Marty, the prospect would be so overwhelming that she might well be too sensitive to discuss it at all.

So the reasonable approach, we decided, was the indirect one, through people who had worked closely with Doris during this crucial period of rumors.

The kindly wardrobe woman working on "Miss Casey Jones," a motherly-looking lady with a mouthful of pins, was fitting a costume on a form labeled "Doris Day." As she pinned the fabric to this figure, most exactly modeled to Doris' current measurements, she said, "Well, yes. Doris has put on a little weight. And it's a good thing! When she started this movie, she'd just done two others in a row, with no rest in between. That's enough to take weight off anybody, I can tell you."

"But she's smart, Doris is. She crammed in calories like crazy, to build up her strength. She never did have a diet problem, and she loves to eat. 'I sure have a ball with that soda fountain we just had installed in our new house,' Doris told me at a fitting one day. She's always had a sweet tooth, and she's crazy about choco-

**In November PHOTOPLAY
CONTEST: how you can sew up
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late malts and fancy sundaes. Good thing, I'd say."

If anyone should know about changes in a star's figure—how much and where—it's a wardrobe woman. So that took care of the extra-weight angle.

Now how about such familiar problems as an occasional feeling of queasiness? we wondered next. During the shooting of a movie, a script girl must keep constant check on each detail of a star's appearance, to make sure that shots match, even when one scene takes several days of production time. When we asked the script girl on "Miss Casey Jones" she laughed, "I'll never forget Doris and those lobsters! You know, she plays a woman who owns a lobster business, so she had to face up to crates of those big, fishy-smelling things—live and crawling. And in the picture she's even supposed to have a pet lobster named Sam, who follows her around. And she picks him up!"

There had been no mention of pregnancy rumors; the script girl herself hinted at the subject. "Well, I read the gossip columns, of course. So I admit I wondered how Doris would react to this scene. There was a man in the lobster business, who had supplied these things for the picture and knew how to handle them. 'Miss Day,' he said, 'you pick him up like this.' Then he hesitated and said, 'If it's too much for you, ma'am, maybe the studio people could rig up a fake one.'"

Giggling herself at the recollection, the script girl continued. "Doris just burst out laughing and reached for that big, wriggling thing. 'C'mon, Sam,' she said. 'Let's get acquainted.'"

The script girl shook her head admiringly and said, "She's a real pro—a pleasure to work with. After that, it got cold and clear and we did the lobster scene on the beach. And she worked all through one chilly night, there on the shore, and just laughed about it. She has a wonderful laugh, you know, the kind that makes everybody else feel like joining in."

Slyly, the script girl added, "Now, does that sound like a girl who's 'in a family way'?" And then answered her own question: "I don't think so."

Yes, we saw the answer with our own eyes, too. There, on location in Connecticut, Doris Day was playing *Miss Casey Jones* right to the hilt, clambering around on the cab of a locomotive.

And so we drew CONCLUSION NUMBER 1: *There is no baby in the Marty Melchers' near future.*

That settled, we decided to look into Rumor Number 2; the stories that have been circulating around that her brother's death has pushed Doris close to a nervous breakdown. A studio man who had worked with her on many pictures was our first target.

"Yes," he said, "Paul's death hit Doris very hard. He was her only brother, you know, and as kids they were very close. It was the first break in her family, too—her mom and dad are both living, hale and hearty. You know, Doris isn't the snooty type, who sashays off to her dressing room the minute the cameras stop turning. No, she'll stay on the set, munching candy bars and yacking it up with the crew."

"But this time it was different," he confided. "She'd just sit. Her thoughts seemed to be miles away. She wouldn't see the press. And sometimes she'd cry. We got kind of scared. We thought, maybe she's making herself sick. Like that time back in 1954—remember? When she was afraid she had cancer? Then it turned out that all she needed was a very minor operation, and right away, she was her old self again."

Nearby was seated a woman friend of

Doris', from Beverly Hills. We introduced ourselves and asked about the rumor. "Nonsense!" she exploded. "Of course, Paul's death affected her very much. He was much more than just a brother to her. She often told me how, when she was little, she idolized Paul. She always wanted to be wherever he was, and do whatever he did."

"She used to pester him to let her play football with his gang. And when he finally said, 'Okay, Doke. Come on,' that was the biggest thrill in her life. For the first time, she felt accepted. She knocked herself out, and collected any number of bruises and bloody noses, and the important thing was that Paul never tried to butt in or brush her off. He understood how much it meant to her."

"And Paul was only three years older than Doris," the woman added. "Isn't it always an especially hard blow when death comes to someone so young?"

We located a grip on the set and cornered him with the same question.

"Sure Doris cried. Who wouldn't cry over the loss of a close brother? But I've worked with her before, and I knew that she's a very emotional girl. When she's happy about something, she cries. And when she's unhappy, she cries, too. But no more than any other movie star. I think this whole thing's been exaggerated."

"About not giving any interviews? Sure, that's true, too. But that poor kid was so completely pooped at the end of a full day's shooting that none of us could blame her. It was all she could do to keep her energy up for the part. And she couldn't have been nicer to her co-workers through it all."

An extra standing nearby added, "Doris had something else to see her through, too, you know. Her religious faith is very strong, very real. That is such a comfort in time of loss."

And we remembered something Doris had said not long ago and deeply as she felt Paul's loss, it didn't seem likely that, after her experience in 1954, Doris would ever again give way to despondency to the point of becoming ill. "I learned then," she said, "that the only thing that made me sick was fear."

CONCLUSION NUMBER 2: *Doris is a fighter. Never count her out. Photoplay says, there is no truth to those ill-health rumors. Doris is healthy and she is happy. She has three things very dear to her: her family, her career and her faith.*

Doris found that faith the hard way, it is true. In a strange way, too. A way that, perhaps, has made it all the stronger. And curiously, it came as a result of the breakup of her second marriage to George Weidler, a Hollywood saxophonist. Theirs was a young, romantic dream that faded fast, jinxed by separations. The last parting came when they were broke. Doris had to leave their little trailer in Hollywood to take a job in New York. George wrote her that he didn't want to go on with the marriage.

She was heartbroken. But time had a way of easing the hurt and Doris was able to pick up the pieces of her life and continue—alone.

It wasn't until a long time later, their first meeting after the divorce had become final, that a strange thing happened. Purely by chance, she met George one day in Hollywood. Over a cup of coffee, they talked like old friends.

"You've changed," she told him. "You seem so different."

Then he told her why. How he had found religious faith, and it had given him a new outlook on life, new hope for the future.

Outwardly, her own future at the time looked glorious. "I've made a few success-

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ful pictures for Warners," she told him, "and now that I'm doing well, I can bring Terry and my mother to Hollywood to live with me."

But George sensed that underneath, Doris wasn't happy. She seemed frightened and confused. "What's wrong, Dodo?" he asked.

Two broken marriages had left her tense and uncertain. And because she felt like talking, Doris opened up. "When I'm working on a picture, everything's fine," she said. "It's the rest of it that gets me down—the thousand and one demands on my time. Fittings, pictures, interviews, public appearances—I can hardly bring myself to enter a room with more than four people in it. I feel so shy." Except for the prospect of having Terry with her soon again, the rewards of fame, she felt, were more of a burden than a blessing.

George knew well that business deals, contracts threw her for a complete loss. She hadn't even been able to keep her checkbook straight when they were married.

She couldn't worry her mother about it. She had no one. So she had gone along, feeling miserable, sure that she would never find anybody, anything to make a difference.

And, from that meeting with George, came faith: If George had found such peace, couldn't religion do the same for her?

Doris began to search for it. Eventually, she found the answer for herself in Christian Science. But the form of worship wasn't of primary importance. It was the big thing, shared by all religions—a firm faith and trust in God and His goodness.

And she had found a wonderful man who shared it, too—Marty Melcher. She met Marty when he became her business manager. She liked him from the first day—when he had given her a wonderful sense of relief by straightening out her muddled checkbooks. Soon, she learned that he was more than her solid rock in a sea of troubles. He was good, clear through. "Marty is a very special kind of person," Doris puts it. "I know now that I never fell in love with him. I loved him all along, right from the beginning."

But was Marty's love, and their strong faith, enough to carry Doris through another danger that, according to Hollywood buzzing, was threatening her? The third and perhaps unkindest rumor of all—that she was so opposed to Terry's going to school in the East that it had left

her shattered with worry, and was affecting her home life?

We asked a family friend who has been close to the Melchers for years. "Nothing to it," was his prompt reply. "When Terry left, true she was fussing around like a mother hen. And she told everybody, 'Well, here I am, acting like a worried mother.' She was, too—but wouldn't any woman act that way when her son's leaving home for the first time? She probably felt it all the more, too, because they're an especially close family."

"But Doris is not an overprotective mother and recognizes the fact that kids need a certain amount of independence. She is very intelligent about facing this sort of thing, and has never let her attachment for Terry stand in the way of what was best for him."

"About his going East to school," he continued, "I happen to know how Doris and Marty both felt about it. Marty said, 'Out here, every kid of sixteen has to have a Jaguar or a Thunderbird. I don't like it.' And Doris agreed completely. They don't want Terry to grow up dissatisfied by having too much."

Still . . . was Doris trying to quell her real feelings by trying to be sensible?

"Doris hasn't had time to worry," the first woman friend laughed when we asked her this. "She couldn't sit and mope if she wanted to. She's had the new house to move into and furnish, Marty's new office to help with, and they're both up to their ears in plans for their production company, Arwin, and the details for the picture she'll make in London. 'Roar like a Dove.'"

And finally, to Doris herself. On the "Miss Casey Jones" set, she looked anything but worried as she sat beside Marty, watching a scene rehearsal. We were watching too, and decided to ask her point-blank, about this rumor.

"No truth at all," she replied. "We've seen Terry. He's been up here on set to visit us, and in fact, he's going to play one of the extras, so the three of us will be together more than ever before. The way it's worked out, Terry's switch from Hollywood to the Loomis School here in Connecticut has worked out exactly as we'd hoped."

Just what we wanted: CONCLUSION
NUMBER 3.

And, as a P.S., we'll let Doris have the last word. She laughed and said, "Don't believe everything you hear about me!"

THE END

DICK CLARK SAYS...

Continued from page 63

girl while she lasted. I'd have to make up some excuse for walking her home right after the dance, and it better be a lulu, too, 'cause Barbara knew all the other kids were going out for a snack.

Finally, in desperation, I invented a headache. "Gosh, I feel so terrible, Barbara," I wailed, holding my head in my hands after about the second-to-last dance to begin to prepare her for the idea. "And after the final strains of 'Good Night, Ladies,' I asked, pretty sheepishly, if she'd mind if I took her right home. She agreed."

After Barbara was home and we'd said good night, I was walking home myself utterly mortified by the entire episode, and feeling sure I'd never see Barbara again, when I realized: Boy, I really did have a for-real headache!

Well, Barbara was a doll about it and I did see her lots more after that. Now I have her dated up for life and we still

laugh about that unforgettable second date. So you see, a romance can be born on the dance floor. And it can happen to you.

More and more of you are going to dances. And dancing too. Sounds crazy? It isn't. I can remember only a few years back when our crowd would head for a dance. Often the fellows would gather on one side of the punch bowl, the girls on the other. The fellows would talk to the fellows; girls would talk to girls and the poor guy spinning records would be talking to himself. All the while a nicely waxed dance floor would go unused except for a few brave stray characters who would venture forth for a record or two before scurrying back to the wall.

Lately, though, I've noticed all that is changing. The fellows seem to be breaking away from that tight circle over there and using that time-honored but always welcome intro: "I beg your pardon, but may I have this dance?" Sometimes it may come out as "Hey—y'wanna dance?" or "Dance, huh?" But I assure you the meaning is always the same.

I guess I've been to at least four dances

a week for the past four years. Let's see, that's at least 800 dances right there. Multiply 800 by two hours each and that's roughly 1600 hours I've spent at dances!—not to mention the before and after-hours. While I don't get too much time for the fancy footwork—I'm usually hopping all over the place running the show and taking care of a million and one details—I do get a chance to pick up a few tips here and there.

How to act at a dance? I'm no expert, but if I were writing a dance book, this would be my first chapter heading: HAVE FUN. Relax, put on a bright smile, prepare yourself for a good time and, I'll bet, ten to one you'll have one. Nine times out of ten, fellows looking around for a partner will go for the girl who looks happy because they know she's probably friendly. Perhaps, too, they're a bit shy themselves, but a pleasant smile always breaks the ice. (Sometimes a girl has to take a little initiative here.)

That smile can also ease you through some otherwise embarrassing moments.

For instance if you are asked to dance and would rather sit one out or wait for another partner, a simple, "Not right now, thank you," said pleasantly, can soften this blow to a boy's pride.

Just a note of warning, though. You might be a bit shy and hesitant about dancing, but for a lot of young fellows it's a big step breaking away and asking a girl to dance. Fellows don't like to show it, but they can be hurt, too. That's why I'd suggest that if you are asked to dance, accept unless you really do have a darn good reason. And for fellows, I'd add, try to dance every dance. The fellow or the girl needn't always be the best-looking, best-dressed or most popular. The important thing is to get out on the dance floor. That's why you are there. You'll have more fun, become a better dancer, meet more new friends, and find that the first step was the hardest.

Once out on that dance floor—relax! How? Catch the tempo of the music and concentrate on the beat. You'll forget your hands are perspiring from nervousness. Everything won't go smoothly all of the time, you can be sure. You'll tread on his toes, and he'll step on yours. That's expected. When it happens, a simple "Excuse me" or "I beg your pardon" is all that is needed. (And don't be afraid to laugh at yourself. You'll both feel more relaxed.) Sometimes, too, that can be shortened to "Sorry" (just for variety on the fifth or sixth time), but "Excuse me" is much better.

But whatever you do, don't follow the recent example of one boy at a record hop I was presiding at. Before the disc was put on, I heard him make this announcement to his partner: "Before we begin, I'd like to apologize for stepping on your toes." During the number, I made sure to watch him, and sure enough, he did step on the poor girl quite a few times. But not a word out of him, come what may. He had made his apologies in advance, by gum, and he wasn't going to utter another word!

If things really get out of hand—say, for instance, if he's doing steps you've never seen or done—then it's time to politely call a halt, explain the situation, and start all over again. One way to do this would be: "I'm sorry I can't follow you, but the step you're doing seems like fun. Would you teach it to me?" Presto—you've saved yourself, and also may I add, flattered his manly heart.

If you find that you are the better dancer, whatever you do don't—no never—let him know it. A girl must try to follow the fellow no matter how bad he is. I'm sorry, girls, but that's the rule, and if you're a good dancer it isn't too tough to follow.

Besides, off the floor he may be a real hip guy, so why jump to conclusions?

And speaking of hip boys and girls, in my book, you kids are more mature than any preceding generation at your age. Don't let anyone try to sell you otherwise. On the whole, you certainly know what's what; you're, well—more hip. (Hip, incidentally, means hep, but only people who aren't hip say hep.)

But natch, all of us can slip once in a while, and a dance where you want to put your best foot forward, is no place to slip. Therefore, at mine, I've enforced a few simple rules of discipline and conduct: Girls must be in dresses, boys in coats and ties. No smoking, no gum-chewing, no toothpicks and, no dancing with hats and coats on. Dancing with hats and coats on seems to be a big craze with certain of you—don't ask me why. But with me, it's taboo.

Another thing. If the fellow you are dancing with is someone new to you, don't worry about being nervous. He's probably just as nervous as you are. If he's the type who is quiet while dancing, go along with him. If he talks to you, then take your cue and reply. In other words, let the fellow take the lead here also.

After the record has finished and you've thanked him for the dance, if he doesn't try to continue the conversation you lead the way off the dance floor. If you don't want to have the next dance with him, then after thanking him you return to your girl friends or crowd. In that way no feelings are hurt, and you needn't say anything that might embarrass yourself or the fellow. And you needn't get stuck with one guy all night.

There's another case when you might find yourself in a ticklish situation. That's in a dance where "cut-ins" are permitted. When your first partner has stepped aside, just smile and welcome your new one with a pleasant "Hello," and start dancing again. These "cut-ins" can be fun and liven up the dance, so take them in fun.

And don't be angry if your favorite partner then cuts in on some other girl. That's all part of the game. If you don't particularly want to dance with the fellow who cuts in, be patient and do the best you can. Most records are short.

Besides, by even hinting at refusing a new partner you can put yourself in the center of a scene that would be painful for you, your embarrassed first partner, and the equally distraught "cut-in" partner. Who knows, someone else may cut in real soon. Then too, boys talk, you know, and in future "cut-in" dances you might find yourself very lonesome, and your partner will get the idea you're not very popular.

Of course if it's just a regular dance and someone asks your partner if he can cut in, your partner should look to you. You answer with a smiling "yes" or "no." That's all that's required—and in this case no feelings should be hurt either way.

Whatever you do, don't let happen what happened at one of my dances recently. It seems a girl and guy were dancing and another boy cut in. The first boy refused to let him and the girl, not wanting to hurt any feelings, played coy and wouldn't respond either way. Finally, the two fellows got into a real row and decided to leave the dance. Then it became a question of who would take the girl home. They both wanted to. Finally, I had to step in and arbitrate. Solution? I called over another girl and sent them all home—as a foursome, with no pairing off allowed. Point: the girl has more control over these situations right from the start than either she or the boy realize. Exercise this prerogative and you'll avoid possible unpleasant situations.



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At most informal dances or record hops, I've noticed, girls do dance with girls from time to time. Sometimes there aren't enough fellows to go around. But from my personal observation, I would say that only in jitterbug numbers should a girl do this. I suppose, thinking about it, the reason there seems to be more girls than fellows at the dances is that girls can now go unescorted to these informal get-togethers, and let's face it, girls seem to be interested in dancing before boys are.

For dancing at informal hops—my spies report—"flatties" or flat shoes are the best for moving around smoothly. When dress-up occasions arise most of the girls find shoes with small heels are the best. You have to feel comfortable when you're dancing. And personally, I like girls in full skirts. And comfort holds true even in how you hold your partner. He'll hold your right hand where it's most comfortable for him. Your left hand is your problem, and I'd suggest you hold it high, up near his shoulders—and not too tight.

He might think you're trying to capture him. And just use enough pressure to help you follow his movements. That is a big help in improving your dancing.

During breaks in the dance, if you find yourself with a strange partner and you are both willing to continue being together, there are many conversational ideas you can use. For one thing you might start with the last record that played, or the recording artist you like best, then to schools or your own school friends, and even friends you might have in common, or the dance itself. Look around for a mutual interest.

As a flip suggestion, try out my latest vocabulary on him. Have you heard it?

Cube—a square in three-D

Squeep—a cross between a square and a creep

Hot biscuits—good records

Brain-bomb—an idea

Fall-out—inspiration

Ripe—O.K.

Chicks and daddybirds—ladies and gentlemen

Big bug—popular guy

Pound our flippers—let's applaud

Are your flappers plugged?—Can't you hear me?

You're pretty ape—You look good

Death on the drumsticks—Hard on the legs

Murder on the ground-grabbers—Hard on the shoes.

If you are invited by him to have some refreshments, then of course he pays.

If, however, you happen to meet him while you are buying some refreshments, then you should pay. I know from experience if the fellow has the change, he'll invite you. If not, never suggest it. Wait until you are by yourself and get your own.

While you are chatting with the boy, and he should pay you a compliment, all you need to do is smile and reply with a polite "Thank you." You don't know how it pleases the tender hearts of us men.

There can be a problem when the music's stopped, the band's packing up to go home and you're getting ready to leave, can't it? For instance, some fellow wants to take you home after you've been dancing with him for a good part of the evening. If you know the fellow very well, and if you have come with a crowd of girls, then it's OK to leave with him alone. If you've just come with one girl friend, and she hasn't been so lucky, then you should go home with her. That's best even if you do know the boy very well. If you don't know the boy well, then tell him you've made a pact with your girl friends and you feel you should stick to it and go home with them. He'll understand (honest)

and may even want to join the party. If he does, don't be shy. Invite him. If not, suggest he call you at home. If he's really interested he will, and if he's sort of bashful, give him a hand: suggest that you'll see him at the dance the following week.

(One other note: Even though you girls do outnumber the fellows at many dances, it's up to him to ask you to dance. You may only do the honors if it's a "lady's choice" or if he is a verrrrrry good pal!)

Sometimes at dances some girls don't get asked to dance right away. The name "wallflower" is often used for them, and believe me, most of them aren't "wall-flowers" long. It just seems that way when you're standing there all alone while the others are on the dance floor. Remember not to worry; boys are people.

As a kid, I thought I was peculiar looking and generally odd. I had been president of my junior high class and when I entered high school, I was awed by the mammoth surroundings. So Mom and I had several long talks about my inferiority complex. Time and time again she explained that it didn't matter what you looked like on the outside. It was what you were on the inside that mattered, anywhere you were—at a dance, in school, at home, throughout life. And, looking back, I learned that a personality is more than a skin-deep affair. This is one lesson I'll never forget.

So above all, getting back to my very first tip, have fun. Don't look bored, nervous or unhappy. Gloom just keeps everybody away. A smile comes in handy. Put it on and enjoy yourself talking to the other girls around you. Then too, you could move to different sections of the dance floor from time to time. You'll see more people, more fellows will notice you, and before you know it you'll be on the dance floor, too. Another thing to remember—don't travel in crowds or giggle too loud. It scares us guys. We also don't like it when girls lose things. So...

When it's time to leave the dance, look around to make sure you have all your belongings. We at the "Bandstand" have accumulated some lost 'n' found pile. My wife's the one girl I know who doesn't have to worry when she goes through my pockets and finds bobby pins, safety pins, glasses, rubber bands, combs, barrettes, bracelets, earrings, etc. The reason? Two reasons. One, these are some of the things I find after the kids have gone home from dances. Two, these are the items I've learned to bring with me to telecasts and dances because girls forever dash up to me with this type of comment: "Dick, would you, by any chance, have a bobby pin? My hair's flying all over the place!" or "Dick, have you an extra comb? I left mine in the ladies' room." One girl came over to me and frantically clutching at her waist, whispered, "Would you have a safety pin? I'm desperate. I think my crinoline has come loose." Moral: Take along—don't borrow—your extra artillery, girls. I won't always be handy to provide it.

But I can provide this advice. I know most girls can become good dancers, either jitterbug or straight. I think if you practice listening to the music, pay attention to the tempo, you'll have half the battle of the dance floor won. The other half is in the steps themselves. Where do you learn them? A lot of girls I've met learned the basic steps at home, from an older sister, brother or along with girlfriends. (And Photoplay has given you diagrams on page 65 for some fun steps.) Dance studios can supply the polish, if you need it. In no time at all your answer to "May I Have this dance?" will be a happy, confident "I'd love to."

Meanwhile, just put a record on—and start doing what comes naturally! That's all for this month.

DICK

SURPRISE PARTY

Continued from page 56

chicken salad again—how 'bout you?) Remember Cindy's little red leather purse—the one you gave her at Christmas? (She takes it everywhere.) Well, Brucie took a fancy to it and made a barter deal. Seems he wanted to take it off her hands in exchange for a red apple, and Cindy let the male rule. (She loves red. "So she hasn't any business sense," I said to myself. "At least she's beautiful.")

But maybe Cindy wasn't so dumb, after all. For later in the afternoon, Yvonne discovered Bruce shaking the purse, playing bean bag with it and throwing it around like mad. Even though the catch didn't work and Brucie couldn't open it, he got the biggest charge out of listening to those few coins jingling! A financier, maybe? At one point Cindy asked for her beret, which was in the purse. And when Yvonne told her where it was, her lower lip began to quiver a little. So Yvonne started to look for Bruce but by now he had vanished into thin air. (Are you sure there were no magicians at the party?) She finally found her pint-size purse-snatcher in the cedar grove, riding one of those pinto ponies you people imported for the occasion, and waving Cindy's purse above his head, yelling, "Yippee!!" And did Yvonne ever have a time getting it away from him. She told me he wouldn't give it up until yesterday. So she's dropping it off this afternoon on the way to the hairdresser's. By now, Cindy's probably forgotten the whole episode! What a life.

Another call from Ann (Jeffreys) Sterling. She loved Bridget's little white eyelet embroidery dress. Also the idea of having the table favors as the only gifts. She says, and I'm inclined to agree with her, that too many presents spoil the party—and the kids. How nice—no battles over who got the nicest gift, like last time. I told Ann the swan favors with the gold coronets were made of real feathers. That's right, isn't it? (She's interested in getting some for a card party she's having.)

By the way, we now have the answer to our party puzzle—why little Perry Damone was so terrified when your wonderful clown greeted him at the door. Pier (Angeli) says it goes back to one afternoon when Vic took Perry to a rehearsal at the Moulin Rouge to see the place where Daddy works. As Vic sat Perry down at a ringside table, and the rehearsal was about to start, a clown from the chorus came up to Perry and tickled him under the chin, with a long feather, laughing loudly at the same time. And you've never heard such screams! Poor Perry had never seen a clown before and was terrified.

But I think the best idea of the day was yours. Sheila. Not organizing games for the kids really worked. There never was any need for them, was there? Rory and I are reminded of this almost every day, too, it seems. The morning after the party, he had to get up bright and early to report at the studio. It was so early the sun hadn't come up yet, and as Rory groped his way around the pitch black upstairs hall, POP!!—he accidentally stepped right on a stray balloon, dead center, scaring the sleeping daylights out of Cindy and me. Needless to say, we both woke up instantly, and after Rory and I had a good laugh, we had some picnic stopping Cindy's tears. She was really frightened.

Then, the following weekend, while Rory was out back puttering around the yard, I hear, "Lita, come 'ere. Something from outer space has invaded the premises!"

I came outside, and did we laugh when Rory pointed to a high-up branch of our favorite hickory tree. There, sitting calmly, big as life, was one of Cindy's toy stuffed animals—a monkey! One of the guests must have had the strong arm of a discus thrower or been some climber to get it up there. I loved Rory's blasé comment: "Let's leave it there for the next shindig."

The ponies haven't recovered yet, either. So we're sure you agree that us "old" fogies with our "square" games would have been strictly for the birds—at this occasion, at least!

Guy, has Sheila had time to tell you about all the fun you missed while you and Rory were off loading the movie cameras? As you know, your little Dolly's only used to sitting in high chairs, but since this was such an important party we decided to let her sit at the regular table with all the other kids. So Dolly was seated next to our Cindy and everyone was eating nicely—Dolly, content at first with her bottle of milk. Then Sheila and I made the big mistake of leaving the room for a minute and when one of us returned, we discovered Dolly had snatched ice cream from four other children's plates!

Then, when peace was restored, and everyone was eating ice cream and birthday cake, all of a sudden I noticed three or four of the swan favors were missing. Sheila and I had set the tables and we knew we had put down enough of everything.

Then, I happened to look under table! There, on the floor, right at the spot where Dolly was sitting with Cindy and Bruce Morgan, were all the missing favors! While no one was looking, it seems Dolly had been taking the swans and one by one, hiding them under the table. Some sleight-of-hand artist, your youngest!

And Guy, thanks for being so wonderful about rounding up the fathers, and for taking movies of everything that happened—Rory tells me he appointed you chief camera operator while he lined up the shots. You know, I can vaguely remember Rory shouting, "Okay there, buddy, make sure you get plenty of light there. Don't forget, I'm buying half the prints!" That's our boy, always giving directions, I thought to myself, but was too busy to hush him. (Rory has just yelled at me, quote, "Ask that so-and-so where are my prints!" !!)

Well, you nice people, I guess this is a rather long thank you note to answer your thank you note. But we wanted you to know what fun we all had! I'll phone Saturday, Sheila. Maybe the four of us can get together for a grown-up party—we still have a few unused balloons and slightly used swans lying around.

Love from us all,
Lita

P.S. Next time, Sheila, let's not have paper table cloths. Let's try something the children can't tear to shreds. A nice sturdy linen, or better still, maybe Sears and Roebuck has cast iron ones!

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TOMMY

Continued from page 67

out and pulled her close. "Oh, Judi," he said. "Judi . . . can you believe it? I'm really twenty-one!"
She nodded. "This is the day—August 27th. How's it feel?"
"It feels like I'm getting old!" he laughed. Then his face clouded. "It feels . . . Judi, do you realize how good it is to know you?—you're the only girl now I can really tell how it feels. Really talk to."
"Then tell me, Tommy," she said softly. "That is, if you want to."
"I do," he said. "It's been a big year. Here I am, twenty-one, and I'm so mixed-up. Not mixed-up really, I guess, but everything's changed so much in the last year-and-a-half."
"For me, too," she said. "I know. Remember that first time we met?"
"Would I forget? It was that time we posed for some pictures together—way back when. I thought you were a nice girl—nice-looking, too. And by the time we finished, I thought you were terrific!"
"You didn't show it. But I liked you, too," she said. "You were kind of humble. It was right after you'd made that big hit in 'The Singin' Idol' on TV, and I—well, I didn't expect it."
He shook his head reproachfully. "If I had known—Hey! How come I didn't ask you for a date then, anyway?"
"Because you met Molly Bee!"
Tommy laughed. "Oho! That's why you kind of faded out of the picture. Molly's a pal of yours, isn't she?"
"She certainly is—I see her at church every Sunday. And I wouldn't have dreamed of butting in."
"Gosh, that's funny," Tommy chuckled. "Because after Molly and I broke off, I would have liked to ask you for a date. But then you were going with that fellow who worked with me on the road, and I didn't want to butt in!"
Judi looked up at him and smiled. "Guess we have to thank Studio One for finally getting us together again."

was, working with you on that show. You know, that was the first time I ever worked with somebody that I had known real well. I've always liked to work with people I don't know, because that way you can be anonymous and not feel as self-conscious. I'll admit I was skeptical about working with you. But it worked out real great. I felt you understood me—I could talk to you.
"You know," he went on quietly, "I kind of lost myself with you at times. For a little while, it was easy to love you and easy to think about you in terms of the show . . . very easy. Yet it was just as easy to turn it off again and be ourselves, afterward. And that's something really rare. For me it is, anyway."
She looked down at her hands, still held in his, and when she looked at him again, her eyes were like two deep, dark pools, fathomless with feeling.
"I felt the same way, Tommy," she confessed shyly. "At first, I thought how much older you seemed than you really were—you had so much understanding, and sympathy, and—I think the right word for it is compassion. I thought it must be because you had so many hard knocks—I knew you'd had a rough life. Then, when we began working, we weren't just tossing lines back and forth. We actually did the scene.
"What I liked most was that you were so honest about it. You really meant what you did, you believed in it."
A frown furrowed Tommy's brow. "Judi, do you really think that?" he asked anxiously. "I do try so hard. But here I am, twenty-one, and I'm—well—confused. That's what I wanted to talk to you about."
"How do you mean, Tommy?"
"Well, what bothers me is that I keep changing. It seems like I've been changing back and forth every two months. I change my taste in clothes, and my taste in girls, and what I like to do for a pastime, hobbies—just everything. I never seem to like the same thing too long."
"Is that bad?" she asked gently.
"That's it. I don't know. For instance, last year I felt I wanted to get married and needed somebody desperately. The year before that, I didn't. The year before that, I did! Right now, I don't feel I need anybody enough to get married. Frankly, I'm beginning to worry about myself because I don't think I will ever get married."
"Why?" she asked.
"You see, it's like this," he explained

seriously. "When you get to a point where you don't need anybody, it isn't a question that you are getting good, or set in your ways—it's that you don't need any one but you need everybody. Do you know what I mean?"
"Ye-es," she said slowly. "I think so. I feel the same way, lots of times. I guess it's part of growing up. You discover that needing people is a lot more complicated than a childish, romantic crush.
"Take us, for instance. We both want the same thing very much—to make good in acting. Right now, that's the most important thing in our lives. Marriage? Sure, I'd like to get married. You know what I dream about? Having five kids—all boys! But I know it's not for me now. I'm like you—I love acting. And I have to prove to myself I can be good at it—"
"Wait a minute!" he interrupted, chucking her under the chin. "You are good. Golly, you've got so much work—all those TV shows, and those three pictures you made for Universal—'Summer Love' was real good. Look how much you improved in 'Money, Women and Dreams' and 'Wild Heritage'—you're really going places!"
She gave him a quick hug. "Thanks, you're real kind. But you see—that's why marriage scares me. I know that's a big job, too. And to do both well—I think it's too much to tackle. At least, right now.
"But, Tommy, the important thing is that we know this about ourselves. And because of that, we can come to each other, and talk out our problems, and it's not a boy-girl type of thing. I can't explain it too well, but what I mean is that we can talk without being nervous or trying to impress. I don't have to say to myself, 'Be careful what you say, because he won't ask you out any more if you say what you think' because I know you aren't that way."
Tommy leaned back against the couch, with a happy sigh of relief. "Whew!" he breathed. "That's exactly what I mean! Remember, when we were working on that Studio One show, when I told you how worried I was, because lots of girls I went out with seemed to be interested only in getting married. . . ?
". . . What I meant to tell you then was how great it was to know someone like you, who likes to dance and read and be serious and have a good time and never presses a guy. You can't press a thing like romance. But I didn't tell you."
"Yes," she giggled, "and I told you, 'Tommy Sands, there's one thing you have to learn. When we come on the set, we forget outside life. You're not Tommy Sands, Boy, you're Tommy Sands, Actor—' she broke off in a gale of laughter. "Oh, wasn't I the tough one!"
Tommy laughed, too. "But you gave me some more good advice. You said, 'Just tell the girl that you don't want to get married. That hurts a lot less than trying to be nice and letting her find out the hard way.'"
Judi put her hand on his arm. "I guess that's the big thing, no matter what age you are. Being honest about your own feelings. Sure, we're young, and maybe for that reason our feelings aren't so clear yet. But if we're honest about them, the future will take care of itself, and we don't have to worry. Don't you think so?"
He took her hand in both of his, tightly. "Right!" he said. Then, jumping up and pulling her to her feet, "C'mon, we've got to celebrate my birthday. How 'bout a peach soda at Wil Wright's?"
"Fine!" she said. "Today you are a man!" And off they walked together—still holding hands. —ALEX JOYCE

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